

Feb. 25, 1985

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AVNER THE ECCENTRIC—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

CLIFFHANGER—A play by James Yaffe, with Henderson Forsythe and Lenka Peterson. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

COMING OF AGE IN SoHo—Albert Innaurato's very humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DIAMONDS—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Shakespeare's **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE FOREIGNER—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HANG ON TO THE GOOD TIMES—The buoyant, witty songs of Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford are here arranged into a musical of sorts, delightfully sung by Cass Morgan, Don Scardino, Terri Klausner, and Charlaime Woodard. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 20-22, at 8, and final performances Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23-24, at 2:30 and 8.)

HURLYBURLY—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner is as charming as ever, and so is the show that he has been starring in since the Civil War. Attendance is obligatory. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KUNI-LEML—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfajn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard

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Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 20-22, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3; Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 9:30; Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 1, at 9:30; and Saturday, March 2, at 2:30 and 9:30.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Feb. 24: **IOLANTHE**. . . Starting Wednesday, Feb. 27: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at

8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LONG TIME SINCE YESTERDAY—A play by P. J. Gibson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday and Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

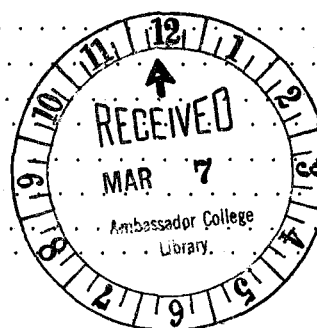
MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM—A first-rate play by August Wilson about some black performers of the blues in Chicago fifty-odd years ago—sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY—The first two in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) The other production is a disastrous revival of Booth Tarkington's **CLARENCE**. (Reviewed in

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COVER: Rea Irvin

DRAWINGS: Warren Miller, Edward Koren, Charles Saxon, Henry Martin, Charles Addams, William Steig, James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Burt Silverman, George Price, Frank Modell, Ed Arno, Bill Woodman, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Robert Mankoff, James Mulligan, Dana Fradon, Charles Barsotti, Eldon Dedini, Chon Day

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this issue.) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in *HENRIETTA*, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OUTSIDE WACO—A comedy by Patricia Brown-Griffith, with Carlyn Glynn and Elizabeth Berridge. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinees Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

PACK OF LIES—A modest domestic melodrama about a pair of professional spies and the effect of their capture on the lives of their closest friends, who have suspected nothing. The cast includes Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGeehan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. The author is Hugh Whitmore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—A revival of the J. M. Synge play, with Kate Burton and Ken Marshall. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 20. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

RUDE TIMES—Tom McDermott plays an old man who lives in one room at the Y.M.C.A.; in this modest drama by Stephen Wylie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Thursday at 6:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Eugene O'Neill's drama, with Glenda Jackson in the starring role she played last season in London. Keith Hack is the director. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 21, and will run through Sunday, April 7. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45.)

3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN—John Kasir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clark Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TOM AND VIV—A tedious work that purports to examine episode by episode—the miserable marriage of T. S. Eliot to Vivien Haigh-Wood. Edward Herrmann is Eliot; Julie Covington is Vivien; Max Stafford-Clark directed. Tedium is the least of it. (2/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

TRACERS—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WHOOPI! GOLDBERG—As a monologist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance; Miss Goldberg belongs in a night club and not on the stage of a big Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy.



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(Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Moves on Tuesday, Feb. 26, to the 46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St., 246-0246. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring George Hearn and Van Johnson. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CATS**: A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DREAMGIRLS**: Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,328 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **FOOL FOR LOVE**: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **GLENHARRY GLEN ROSS**: A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC**: A spirited

production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ...

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.) ...

MY ONE AND ONLY: Tommy Tune and Sandy Duncan are a pair of lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 3.) ...

NOISES OFF: Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject... but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed: (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH!**

CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE REAL THING**: A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwrighting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE: Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE TAP DANCE KID**: A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

AL CARMINES—Presenting a one-man show of songs and poetry. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 242-7900. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, March 3.)

EKKEHARD SCHALL—The leading actor of the Berliner Ensemble making his first appearance here, and performing two programs of songs, poems, and scenes by Bertolt Brecht. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. Program A: Monday, Feb. 25, at 7:30. (A benefit performance.) ... Program B: Tuesday, Feb. 26, and Saturday, March 2, at 7:30. ... Program B: Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 28, at 6:30; and Friday, March 1, at 7:30. Through Saturday, March 16.) For tickets to all performances, call 594-2370.

JEROME KERN FESTIVAL—A concert version of the composer's 1918 musical "Oh, Lady! Lady!," with lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, will be the second in a series of three revivals of shows originally created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Feb.

21, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

ISSUE? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Thursdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." . . . Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Piano Pieces," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . Friday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Calcium Light Night," "Chaconne," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Piano Pieces," "Eight Lines," and "Chaconne." . . . Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Andantino," "Eight Lines," and "The Concert." . . . Sunday, Feb. 24, at 1: "Rossini Quartets," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7: "Gounod Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," excerpts from "Who Cares?" and "Dances at a Gathering," "Tango," "Meditation," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Concert." A benefit performance. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

PILOBOLUS—Wednesday, Feb. 20; Thursday, Feb. 28; and Saturday, March 2, all at 8: "Mirage," "Can't Get Started," "Elegy for the Moment," "The Empty Suitor," "Untitled," and either "Pseudopodia" or "Miniature." . . . Thursday and Friday, Feb. 21-22, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 24, at 7:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Bonsai," "Stabat Mater," "Return to Maria La Baja," "Day Two," and either "Momix" or "Pseudopodia." . . . Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2; and Wednesday, Feb. 27, and Friday, March 1, at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Tarleton's Resurrection," "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Ocellus," and "Day Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 3.)

BASEL BALLET—A one-week engagement—Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 20-22, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Pierrot Lunaire" and another work to be announced. . . . Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Coppélia." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

MARIKO SANJO—With a nine-member company, in a program of Japanese modern dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **JOAN LOMBARDI DANCE COMPANY** (with NovEnsemble): Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2. . . . **INBAL**: Saturday, March 2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** sings in the Oak Room through Saturday, Feb. 23; on Wednesday, Feb. 27, singer **JULIE WILSON** will arrive. Music Tuesdays, except Feb. 26, through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesday through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Singer **CARMEN MCRAE** performs with her backing

crew until Sunday, Feb. 24; on Tuesday, Feb. 26, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will bring in his quintet. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 20, Neil Innes; Thursday, Feb. 21, polished-but-authentic-honky-tonk-bluegrass singer **RICKY SKAGGS**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, North Carolinian guitarist and singer **DOC WATSON** and singer-banjoist-songwriter **JOHN HARTFORD**; and Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, Soupy Sales. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and, right now, some very good piano-bass teams. **JOANNE BRACKEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** perform through Saturday, Feb. 23; Sunday, Feb. 24, will be claimed by **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER**; and starting Monday, Feb. 25, **MIKE ABENE** and **MICHAEL MOORE** will drop by nightly. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, doles out at least one portion of "Lullaby of Birdland" per night in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO & the Nighthawks** provide dance music. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano over in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—The old-time, bluegrass, string-band, and Irish music in here might make you swear you're off in the green hills of dear old wherever, but you're actually in the cobblestone-gray meat-packing district. The musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 20, Antoinette and Joe McKenna; Saturday, Feb. 23, **SKYLINE**, a bluegrass band with banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA**; Wednesday, Feb. 27, Jerry O'Sullivan; Saturday, March 2, fiddlers **MATT GLASER** and **KENNY KOSEK**. There is more Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditional, authentic (especially when the temperature outside drops to -2°) Chicago-style jazz most nights. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Funk pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** heads up his trio through Sunday, Feb. 24; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 26-27, singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw will share the bill; and starting Thursday, Feb. 28, **KENNY RANKIN**, the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will perform. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 20, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW** and others in a tribute to the Beach Boys; Thursday, Feb. 21, Diedre McCalla; Friday, Feb. 22, **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER**; Saturday, Feb. 23, June Millington; Sunday, Feb. 24, Terry Hogan, Danielle Gerber, and Cliff Rubin; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, Jonathan Edwards. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Monday, Feb. 25, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** will work with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tues-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days **CHUCK WAYNE**, a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.)

ROLAND HANNA is present through Saturday, Feb. 23, and on Tuesday, Feb. 26, Neville Dickie will move in. Pianist Jane Jarvis works on Sundays, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge of the keyboard on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degenerated Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Thursday, Feb. 21, **WHO IT IS**, a rhythm-and-blues outfit, featuring guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE** and pianist **RICHARD TEE**; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 24-25, singer, songwriter, and pianist **LEON RUSSELL**; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 26-28, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **CEDAR WALTON**, **RON CARTER**, and **BILLY HIGGINS** make up a piano-bass-and-drums trio that's hard to top, and they're here for a while every night but Monday. On Monday, Feb. 25, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will lead a big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS**, an uplifting, on-the-beat ensemble, make it absolutely impossible not to want to Lindy. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, Feb. 21, Eastern Bloc; Friday, Feb. 22, the Vipers and the Mosquitos; Saturday, Feb. 23, the Eurogliders; Thursday, Feb. 28, Ronnie Laws; Friday, March 1, John Hiatt; and Saturday, March 2, Tommy Shaw. Shows usually begin after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers can be heard Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 20, guitarist **VERNON REID**; Thursday, Feb. 21, Tiger Okoshi; Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23-24, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK**; Monday, Feb. 25, Delmar Brown and Kenwood Dennard; Tuesday, Feb. 26, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**; Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 27-28, saxophonist **STEVE SLAGLE**; and Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, the Bob Mintzer Big Band. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston

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St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Feb. 20, Mojanya; Thursday, Feb. 21, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; Friday Feb. 22, and Saturday, March 2, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAYA BAHIA BAND**; Saturday, Feb. 23, and Friday, March 1, **PE-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Feb. 24, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**; Wednesday, Feb. 27, Kip Hanrahan and Jack Bruce; and Thursday, Feb. 28, **KIMATI DINIZULU & THE KOTOKO SOCIETY**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** is here with his lilting septet, **EKAYA**, made up of **CARLOS WARD**, **RICKY FORD**, **CHARLES DAVIS**, **DICK GRIFFIN**, **CECIL MC BEE**, and **BEN RILEY**, through Sunday, Feb. 24, and with saxophonist **CARLOS WARD** on Monday, Feb. 25. On Tuesday, Feb. 26, earthy cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** will bring in his crackling hard-bop quintet. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Feb. 25, **RAY BARRETTO**, **CHICO MENDOZA**, their respective orchestras, and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, singer and pianist **NINA SHELTON** can be heard every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. The **BUDDY TATE-AL GREY** quintet works out through Sunday, Feb. 24, and on Tuesday, Feb. 26, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND Blast-Off** Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bop admirers and players. Tenor-sax honker **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 23, and on Tuesday, Feb. 26, drummer **HAROLD WHITE'S** quartet will move in. Music from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speak-easy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians: bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** with pianist **Carol Britto** through Saturday, Feb. 23, and with pianist **Eddie Thompson** beginning Tuesday, Feb. 26; gui-

tarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist **Jim Roberts** and bassist **Brian Torff** on Mondays. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GIORA FEIDMAN TRIO—With Manny Katz and Susan Jolles. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

EDDIE THOMPSON—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

ONE NIGHT WITH BLUE NOTE—Thirty jazz artists, including Kenny Burrell, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock, Cecil McBee, Michel Petrucciani, and McCoy Tyner. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

RODNEY DANGERFIELD—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8 and midnight.

CLEO LAINE AND JOHN DANKWORTH—With the Dankworth Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

B.B. KING, MILLIE JACKSON, and BOBBY BLUE BLAND—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 1, at 8 and midnight.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, March 1, at 8.

BOBBY SHORT AND RARE SILK—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, March 1, at 8.

SWING REUNION—With Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Louis Bellson, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 517-7674.)

BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE—The fourth in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Barbara Lea, Buddy Barnes, Marty Grosz, and David Finck in an evening devoted to Harold Arlen's music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, March 2, at 8.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET and SPHERE—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. Saturday, March 2 at 8:30.

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Feb. 22: John Eddie and Beat Rodeo. . . . Saturday, Feb. 23: Oliver Lake & Jump Up and Joy Askew. (17 Irving Pl. at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 9: Benny Powell quintet. . . . Monday, Feb. 25, at 9: Tom Pierson big band. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

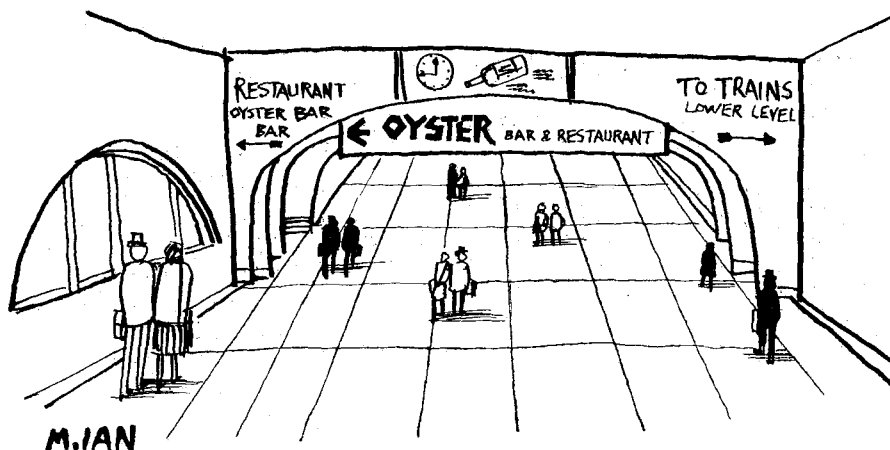
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-life and landscape paintings from the past ten years. Through March 16. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

POWER BOOTHE—New paintings by a colorist. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PAUL BOWEN / KATHLEEN FERGUSON—Sculptures composed of wrapped and tarred found objects. / Small-scale bronzes, individually patinated and dotted with oil paint. Through March 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Three exhibitions of paintings. Abstractions from nature in oils and watercolors. Through March 16. (Kourou, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) . . . Geometric abstractions in enamel on paper. Through March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . "The Continuous Painting" (1975) and other works. Through March 16. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)



SHEILA GIRLING—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through March 9. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—Colored drawings, all but a third of which were conceived as studies for sculptures. Through March 16. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCEL JEAN—Paintings and works on paper by a French Surrealist. Through Saturday, March 2. (Lessing, 130 E. 82nd St.)

JULES KIRSCHENBAUM—Figurative paintings expressing the artist's interest in Jewish mysticism and art history. Through March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EL LISSITZKY (1890-1941)—Watercolors, drawings, and lithographs from the PROUN series. Through March 30. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

ROBERT OHNIGIAN AND LEONARD STOKES—Collages by two artists whose work is complementary. Through March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

J. J. P. OUD (1890-1963)—Sketches and renderings by an influential Dutch architect and co-founder of De Stijl. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Paintings of nudes posed against all sorts of patterns—on linoleum floors, Mexican rugs, Japanese robes. Through March 9. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

OGDEN PLEISSNER (1905-83)—A retrospective concentrating on landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

KIKUO SAITO / MORGAN RUSSELL (1886-1953)—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and drawings of figures and abstractions. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANK STELLA—Cones and classical columns are prominent in these outsize relief paintings incorporating oil, urethane enamel, fluorescent alkyd, acrylic and printing ink on canvas, etched magnesium, aluminum, and fibre glass. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MARY JOAN WAID—Eleven pastel self-portraits. Through Saturday, March 2. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the first half of the twentieth century, in an exhibit that compares European artists with American artists. Picasso is shown with John Marin, Gino Severini with Morgan Russell, and so on. Through March 9. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SCULPTURE—Among various pieces are a bronze (of Balzac) by Rodin, a work in slate by Barbara Hepworth, and cast-polyester interlocking snakes by Niki de Saint Phalle. Through March 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOHN ALEXANDER—Large oils and pastels densely populated with predatory birds and fish, witch doctors, demons, and assorted bugbears. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

MICHÈLE AMATEAU—Paintings on canvas and paper, derived from Middle Eastern and Mediterranean wall mosaics. Through March 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

BARTON LIBICÉ BENÉŠ—A collection of singular objects—pre-Columbian ceramic dolls, for instance, or a two-thousand-year-old mummified fish from Egypt—displayed in extravagantly baroque frames. Through Saturday, March 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES BIEDERMAN—Wall sculptures, many of them made up of small, bright-colored rectangles of wood or aluminum which seem to grow out into space. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AARON BOHRD—This painter dotes on souvenir-shop gimcrackery, which he renders in painstaking detail—a jumble of dolls, harmonicas, figurines, pistols, windup toys. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

WARREN BRANDT / MERRILL MAHAFFEY—Still-life and landscape paintings. / Paintings of Chinle Valley, Arizona, and other Western landscapes. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AINSLIE BURKE—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil, plus works on paper. Through Saturday, March 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

IRENE BUSZKO—Nostalgia and precision are strong elements in these paintings of the Richmond Hill neighborhood in Queens, where the artist grew up. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—An eightieth-birthday show of works by a painter known for his figure studies. Through Saturday, March 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through March 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CONLON—Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID DEUTSCH—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL DILLON—Misty abstractions. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

JANET FISH—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Paintings done in the past quarter century, here and in the Near East, many of them in a mock-classical vein. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV—Oils and gouaches mainly, of abstractions and figures, dating from the twenties to the seventies. Through March 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

MARYAN (1927-77)—Expressionist paintings, most of them centered on a single figure (called "personnage" by the artist), which was his trademark; a two-gallery exhibit. Through Saturday, March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays. ... Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—This large show concentrates on early paintings and drawings and includes watercolors of chrysanthemums. Through March 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY MOORE AND HELAINE BLUMENFELD—Complementary sculptures by these two artists, plus prints and drawings by Mr. Moore. Through March 16. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGE NEGROPONTE—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GIUSEPPE PENONE—Four life-size semi-abstract bronze figures are intertwined with sprays of ficus and Russian olive growing in ceramic planters, creating a sylvan environment that is enhanced by large paintings of leafy groves. Through Saturday, March 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—A large exhibition of some of the manic treasures devised by this Dada artist—a spiked flatiron, for instance, or a mobile consisting of sixty-three coat hangers, or an electric lamp made from the head of a bass viol. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LEATRICE ROSE—Paintings, mostly interiors of her two studios, one with a view across the Hudson to Jersey, the other looking out on Long Island greenery. Through Saturday, March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEAN SCULLY—Stripe paintings in which small canvases are superimposed on larger ones. Through Saturday, March 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

MILLARD SHEETS—A painting of African women wearing and selling their print fabrics at a market in Dakar, idyllic paintings of the Golden Gate Bridge, and other works. Through Saturday, March 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE TOOKER—Representational egg-tempera paintings from the years 1948 to 1985. Through Saturday, March 2. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

DONALD ROLLER WILSON—Narrative paintings done with exceptional technical skill and a quirky surrealist wit. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 20 W. 57th St.: Prints and drawings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by artists of the Barbizon school, including Corot, Millet, and Daubigny. Through March 16. . . **PEARL**, 38 E. 57th St.: Seventeen paintings and sculptures whose forms are adapted from nature. Artists include Anna Bialobroda, Arthur G. Dove, and Lawrence Fane. Through Saturday, March 2. . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Portraits by contemporary practitioners, notably Martha Mayer Erlebacher (her oil is of C. Winton Balis), Alice Neel (Raphael Soyer posed for this painting), and Robert Arneson (a ceramic bust of Jack Beal). Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. . . **WUNDERLICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Currier & Ives prints. Through March 16.

SCULPTURE—Three-dimensional pieces by ten artists envisioning microcosms, including a four-square United States post office by Saul Steinberg; and, in a departure from the show's central theme, a maquette by George Segal (his first) for a twenty-four-foot sculpture of high-steel construction workers. Through Saturday, March 2. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL AFFARIAN—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures in some of which religious symbols appear—crosses, a burning bush, a ladder to heaven. Through Saturday, March 2. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

PETER ALEXANDER—Works by an artist who uses mixed mediums on black velvet to convey underwater scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

PHILIP ALLEN—Oil paintings jam-packed with both abstract and figurative elements inextricably tangled. Watchful eyes peep out of the canvases here and there. Through Saturday, March 2. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Solid craftsmanship and flagrant artificiality are united in these new paintings and sculptures made of Formica, Liquitex, Celotex, and wood. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GREGORY BOTTS—Semi-abstract landscape paintings, most of them in black-and-white and superimposed with a targetlike image of concentric circles. Through March 9. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

TROY BRAUNTUCH—Large, deliberately obscure paintings in which figures and architectural forms can barely be made out. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

PIZZI CANNELLA—Richly worked-over paintings of party dresses, seen singly, hanging in space; a dinner table acrawl with lizards; and a lonely-looking iron bed. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

RONNIE CUTRONE—Paintings of pop-culture images in mixed mediums. Through March 16. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

SAM GILLIAM/ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Geometric constructions using painted aluminum and canvas. / A new set of wild-looking animals and figures done with oil stick, a new medium for the artist. Through March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

MIKE GLIER—Social commentary directed at the news media: chalk-and-latex drawings on the walls, paintings on panels suspended from the ceiling. Through March 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

MICHAEL HURSON—Recent drawings, including a series devoted to sketches of wire coat-hanger sculptures made by the artist; plus monotypes. Through Saturday, March 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

MEL KENDRICK—Abstract shapes cut out of blocks of exotic wood, such as purpleheart, mahogany, ebony, and Brazilian rosewood, and mounted on stool-like pedestals. Through Saturday, March 2. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

STEPHEN LORBER—Sharply realist still-lives of quilts, shaker baskets, and furniture. Through March 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

JOHN MILLER/MIKE KELLEY—Cheerful, posterlike paintings. / Black-and-white drawings of a confrontational nature—Jesus side-by-side with Satan, or a map of the United States next to a map of Russia. There is also some puerile pornography. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

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PETER REGINATO—Whimsical painted-steel sculptures that measure from four feet to ten. Through Saturday, March 2. (112 Greene Street.)

MILO REICE—"Rites for the Birth of Rock and Roll," a large painting that borrows African motifs, plus another large work and two dozen preparatory studies. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

ELAINE REICHER—A hand-colored photograph of a tepee paired with a three-dimensional abstraction of the tepee in yarn and wool, and similar compositions. Through March 9. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

MARK SCHWARTZ—Abstract oils. Through March 9. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

PHILIP SMITH—Small pictographs covering eight-foot columns and variously sized canvases. The works are scratched through one layer of paint down to a different color beneath. Through Saturday, March 2. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

ROBERT SMITHSON (1938-73)—Early paintings and drawings, dating from 1959 to 1962. Through Saturday, March 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

VOLKER TANNERT—Large, gloomy landscapes: Valkyrian turf with crumbling ruins, mysterious caverns, deep ravines. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

DAVID WEINRIE—Paintings depicting curving, ribbonlike forms in metallic colors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

LINDA WHITAKER—Bold semi-abstract paintings based on the shapes of huge trees. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

BARBARA ZUCKER—Stylish vertical sculptures, made of painted wood and Styrofoam, several of which are set on pedestals with small wheels that add a new element to the works. Through Saturday, March 2. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Abstract paintings by twenty-one artists, including Max Cole, Valerie Jaudon, and Robert Zakanitch. Through March 30. . . **THORP**, 103 Prince St.: Abstractions, several of them unusually jubilant, by Matt Baumgardner, Richard Hennessy, Stewart Hitch, and Dan Wofford. Through Saturday, March 2.

OTHER GALLERIES

GARY KUEHN—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that stretch chronologically from 1963 to 1984. Through March 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

TED ROSENTHAL—A comic sensibility prevails in a group of painted textured-steel tableaux, one thirty feet long, the rest considerably

smaller. Through March 16. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

SMALL WORKS—Allan Stone, jury of one, selected the more than four hundred exhibitors in the ninth annual competition, which specifies a size limitation of twelve inches. Through Friday, March 1. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

CARTOONISTS ASSOCIATION—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Through March 29. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

P.S. I—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorf and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty. Through March 10. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through Saturday, March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

JAMES FRIEDMAN—"Poland 1983: Auschwitz, Majdanek, Treblinka," the title for and subject of color photographs. Through Saturday, March 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

LOUIS STETTNER / CARL PERUTZ (1921-82)—Black-and-white photographs. / Prints of theatrical people by a photojournalist. Through March 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PAUL STRAND (1890-1976)—Vintage prints that Strand considered to be his favorites among his own photographs. Through Saturday, March 2. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

BRIAN WOOD—Photographs mounted in narrative sequence (the artist was a filmmaker); images of hands appear throughout. Through March 15. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

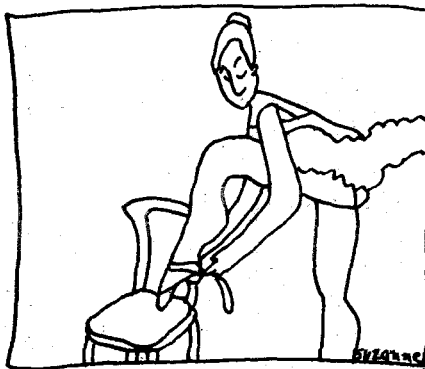
GROUP SHOWS—At **STALEY-WISE**, 177 Prince St.: Portraits of artists—Magritte (with a hat) by Duane Michals, Grandma Moses by Arnold Newman, Willem de Kooning by Hans Namuth, David Hockney by Annie Leibovitz; more than fifty photographs in all. Through Saturday, March 2. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WHITE COLUMNS**, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Art photography that intentionally mimics advertising photography; among the artists are Cindy Sherman, James Welling, Peter Hujar, and Vikki Alexander. Through March 8. (Open evenings, except Saturdays, until 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many more by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings, including his first documented work, 1886, and his final one, "The Dream" (1910). Starts Thursday, Feb. 21. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," the third and final exhibit in a series (held at two-year intervals) surveying the influences on this painter, himself one of the most influential artists of his generation, in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Through April 14. . . A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Starts Friday,





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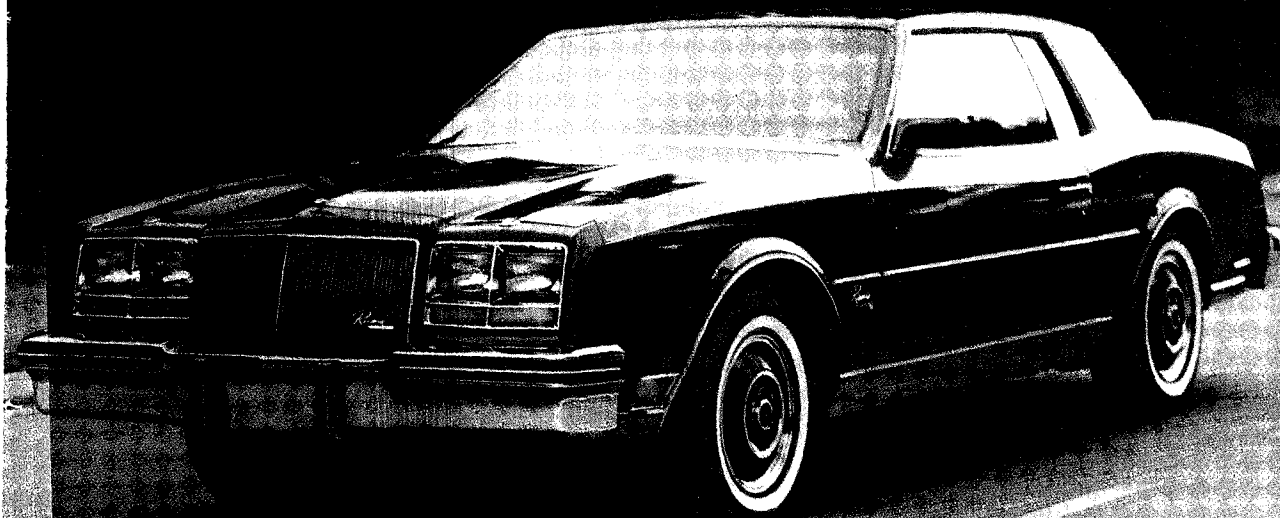
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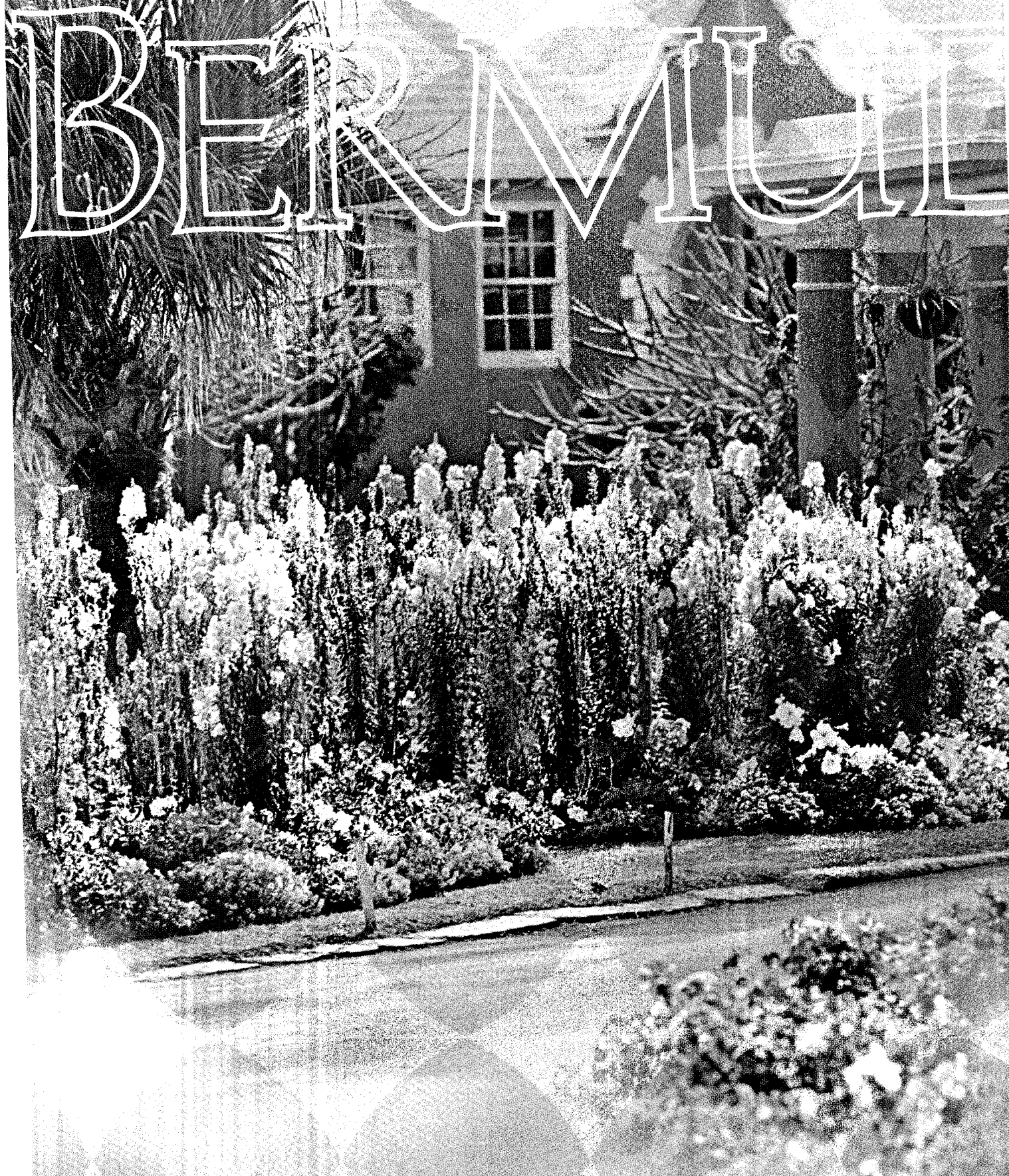


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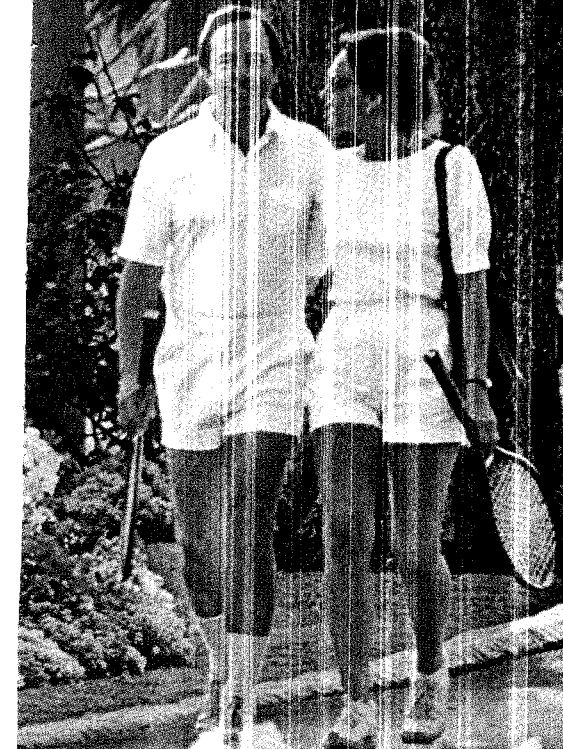
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ESPRIT



Kazuko Murono

Esprit Retail Store Visual Merchandiser
Age: 37

I talk to people who are ahead of their time, because I like to know what's in and what's out. My style is updated yet understated and I like to surprise people by wearing men's pajamas — day or night. My name means "child of peace"; and I think I have a good balance between my Japanese culture and the Western world. I feel comfortable with everyone, anywhere. Everything is "mondai nashi" or "no problem."

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered sheets of graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribes of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass head-dress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and silver earrings. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy-beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid pieces on hand. Through April 21. . . ¶ A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROlier CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to Sinclair Lewis on his centennial. First editions of his major works, original manuscript notes for "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith," and personally annotated scripts highlighting his theatrical interests are among the materials being shown. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and graphics represent this year's annual exhibition of National Academy members. Among those awarded prizes were Gregory Gillespie, Jerome Witkin, and Marshall Fredericks. Through March 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of fifty works from the collection, including a photograph by James Van Der Zee and a watercolor by Romare Bearden. Through April 5. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Alistair MacLennan (performance), from Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, to midnight on Friday, Feb. 22; Tom O'Neil, Joe Darmetko, Maureen O'Neil (performance), Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington

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Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Donald McIntyre; conducted by James Levine. . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 22, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Peter Hofmann, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Peter Hofmann, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Ernani," with Montserrat Caballé, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Pliska; Thomas Fulton. . . ¶ Friday, March 1, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 1: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Vasile Moldoveanu, Lenus Carlson, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . ¶ Saturday, March 2, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Peter Hofmann, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick.

OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Michael Recchiuti conducting six performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Feb. 20 and 27, and Fridays, Feb. 22 and March 1, at 8, and Sundays, Feb. 24 and March 3, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Dominick Argento's "Postcard from Morocco." Staged by David Ostwald, with the Juilliard Orchestra Ensemble conducted by Ronald Braunstein. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

HANDEL OPERA FESTIVAL—A performance of "Semele" in concert form is the third in a series of four operas to be presented, all honoring the composer's tercentennial. With Kathleen Battle, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Gail, countertenor; Rockwell Blake, tenor; Samuel Ramey, bass; and John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Kurt Masur directing an all-Handel program on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30 (all with Arleen Auger, soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and the Westminster Choir). . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Copland-Bartók-Brahms program Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 28-March 2, at 8, and Tuesday, March 5, at 7:30 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

GALA HANDEL 300TH BIRTHDAY CONCERT—Steven Richman conducting the Harmonie Wind Ensemble and guest musicians from eleven major orchestras and chamber groups, in a program featuring "Music for the Royal Fireworks," in its original instrumentation. With John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Charles Dutoit conducting, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Yehudi Menuhin conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Hans Stadtmair conducting, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting—The second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one called "Music + Visuals." With Barbara Noska and Dora Ohrenstein, sopranos; Guy Klucsevsek, accordion; and Jerry Hunt, pianist-composer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8. . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6374.) . . . ¶ A Nielsen-Mendelssohn-Brahms program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, March 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, March 3, at 2.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—At Alice Tully Hall—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: Gunther Schuller conducting, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Leo Smit and Vivian Fine, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 25, at 8: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Gerry Mulligan, saxophonist-composer, and Abraham Stokman, piano.

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting the third in a series of five concerts, this one with Lionel Hampton, vibraphone, and Gerry Mulligan, saxophone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

BRANDENBURG ENSEMBLE—Alexander Schneider conducting an all-Handel program, with Benita Valente, soprano, and Anthony Newman, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. Mr. Newman will give a pre-concert Bach-Handel recital at 7.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND SOLISTI NEW YORK—Flute and chamber orchestra, Ransom Wilson conducting and also playing the flute. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Vittorio Negri conducting an all-Bach program, with Christiane Edinger and Syoko Aki, violin, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a program of English music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30.)

"THEODORA"—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Seth McCoy,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tenor; Andrew Schultze, bass; the Fairfield County Chorale; and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, March 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing, with the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

FLAVIO VARANI—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—The Concord String Quartet, with Stephanie Brown, piano, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

TAFELMUSIK—A program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA AND DORA SCHWARZBERG—Piano and violin, in a program of Bach sonatas and partitas. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

AURORA—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano, in a program of Spanish music, celebrating the fortieth anniversary of her professional debut. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The fifth in a series of six concerts each featuring a guest violinist, this one with Kim Kashkashian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.) ... With Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

GALIMIR STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

LYRA—A program of baroque trio sonatas. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DAVID GOLUB—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

CALLOPE—A program of German Renaissance music, with Frank Hoffmeister, tenor, and Stanley Charkey, lute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Four performances of a program of Renaissance music from the royal courts of Europe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2. ... Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, and Saturday, March 2, at 8.)

JULIANA GONDEK—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

LEONARD RAYER—Organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

DONG-SUK KANG—Violin, in a program of French music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

FRANCES VERI AND MICHAEL JAMANIS—A program of works for two pianos and one piano, four hands. With vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—A program of music by David Hollister, Max Lifchitz, and Jack Beeson, performed by Linda Eckard, mezzo-soprano, and the Hampshire String Quartet. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The eighth in a series of concerts, this one performed by Pomerium Musices. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W.

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121st St. Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

ALEXANDRE LAGOYA—Classical guitarist, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Antonio de Almeida. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

SERGIU LUCA—The last in a series of recitals presenting the complete Bach sonatas and partitas for baroque violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

BACH CHAMBER SOLOISTS—A Bach-Scarlatti program, with Spencer Carroll, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

ARDEN TRIO—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 2.)

JANE COOP—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

RAPHAEL TRIO—The first in a series of three Mozart-Schumann-Fauré programs, each with a guest violinist, this one with Scott Nickrenz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 26-27, at 8.)

BALTIMORE WIND QUINTET—With Enrique Graf, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

MUSICAL ELEMENTS—Robert Beaser and Daniel Asia conducting a program of music by Hans Werner Henze, Peter Maxwell Davies, and others, with Paul Sperry, tenor; David Starobin, classical guitarist; Susan Jolles, harp; and Vicki Bodner, oboe. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RAMON JUSTICIA—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Feb. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

STEPHEN BURNS—Trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

PINCAS ZUKERMAN AND MARC NEIKRUG—Violin/viola and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 28, at 8, a program of Beethoven sonatas. ... Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

PETER SERKIN—Piano, in the first of two Beethoven sonata recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 1, at 8.)

CANTILENA CHAMBER PLAYERS—An all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 3.)

ROSALIND REES—Soprano, in a one-hour program of art songs by Gregg Smith. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 2, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

DANIELLE WOERNER—Soprano, in a program of baroque music, with assisting artists. (St. Mi-

chael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, March 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

DANIEL BLUMENTHAL—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 2, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Joan Benson, clavichord and fortepiano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 10, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 25, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Sunday, Feb. 24, at noon: ... Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30. ... Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 2, at 7:30. ... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Feb. 20. ... Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Feb. 22. ... Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Feb. 27. (Games begin at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 21. ... Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Monday, Feb. 25. ... Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Feb. 28. ... **NASSAU COUSEUM**: Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:05. ... Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) ... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:35. ... Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:35. ... Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35. ... Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Friday, March 1, at 7:35.

RACING—At **Aqueduct**: Daily, except Tuesdays. Through Monday, Feb. 25, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be 1. The Correction Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23, and the Next Move Handicap, Saturday, March 2.

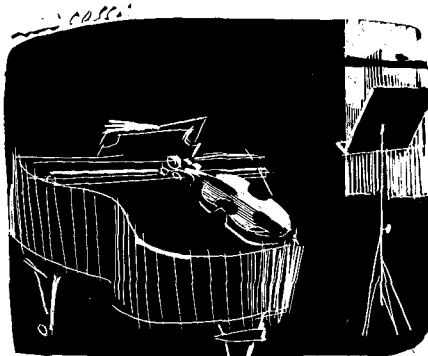
TRACK MEET—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 22, at 6:30.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. ... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Anita Brookner reading from her own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) ... Seamus Heaney reading from his translation of "Sweeney Astray" and from the late Robert Fitzgerald's translation of "The Aeneid." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8.) ... David Bradley, Gloria Foster, and Michael Harper reading from the works of black writers. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Monday, Feb. 25, at 8. Admission by contribution.) ... Sharon Olds and Eric Pankey reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.) ... Brad Leithauser reading from his new novel and Mary Jo Salter reading from her own poetry. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. ... Friday, Feb. 22, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. ... Wednesday Feb. 27, at 2: Contemporary art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 23. ... Thursday and Friday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and American decorative prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 23.



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BOTTEGA VENETA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
 "Shivers" (1981; directed by Wojciech Marczewski; in Polish).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
 "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
 Through Feb. 21: "The Cotton Club" (†); and "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
 Feb. 22-28 (tentative): "The Flamingo Kid" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
 From March 1: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
 "The Flamingo Kid" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
 "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
 "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
 Theatre 1: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.
 Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
 Theatre 3: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
 "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
 "Amadeus" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
 "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
 "Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
 "Blood Simple" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
 Theatre 1: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
 Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
 Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
 Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
 Feb. 20: "Freedom" (Scott Hicks; an Australian film), with Jon Blake.
 Feb. 21-27: "Between Wars" (1974; Michael Thornhill; an Australian film), with Corin Redgrave.
 From Feb. 28: "The Clinic" (David Stevens; an Australian film), with Chris Haywood.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
 Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret.
 Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
 Theatre 1: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
 Theatre 2: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
 "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
 Theatre 1: Through Feb. 21: "Mrs. Soffel" (†). From Feb. 22: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michele Pfeiffer.
 Theatre 2: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
 "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
 "Witness" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	1	2

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
 "Places in the Heart" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
 Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
 "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
 Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Theatre 1: "Ladies on the Rocks" (1983; directed by Christian Braad Thomsen; in Danish), with Helle Ryslinge and Anne Marie Helger.
 Theatre 2: Through Feb. 21: "When the Mountains Tremble" (1984; Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary. Feb. 22: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English); and "Portrait of Teresa" (1981; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados. Feb. 23: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker. Feb. 24: "Macunaima" (1972; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language). Feb. 25: "Sea of Roses" (1977; Ana Carolina; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "One Way or Another" (1974; Sara Gomez; a Cuban film, in Spanish). Feb. 26: "The

Hour of the Furnaces" (1968; Fernando Solanas; in Spanish). Feb. 27-28: "Habana" (1984; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 1-2: "Patakin" (1984; Manuel Octavio Gomez; a Cuban film, in Spanish).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

WAYVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
 Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
 Theatre 2: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
 Theatre 1: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
 Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Choose Me" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
 Theatre 2: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
 Theatre 3: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; in Hebrew).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "A Passage to India" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
 "Tchao Pantin" (Claude Berri; in French), with Coluche and Richard Anconina.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
 "The Bay Boy" (Daniel Petrie), with Liv Ullmann and Kiefer Sutherland.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
 Through Feb. 28: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
 From March 1: "A Private Function" (Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Birdy" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2 AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.
 Theatre 2: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).
 Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
 Theatre 1: "Blood Simple" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
 Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
 Theatre 2: Through Feb. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From Feb. 22: "A Marriage" (Sandy Tung).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
 Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Witness" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
 Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
 Theatre 2: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
 Theatre 2: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
 Theatre 3: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

Theatre 4: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Turk 182!" (directed by Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

Theatre 2: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi.

Theatre 3: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 21: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From Feb. 22: "Places in the Heart" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Cotton Club" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Starman" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 3: "Micki & Maude" (†).

Theatre 4: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Witness" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

MOVELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

Theatre 2: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

Theatre 2: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Feb. 27: A program of films by Jean-Paul Belmondo.

From Feb. 28: A program of new Dutch films.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 21: "Amarcord" (1974; directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Feb. 22-23: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon, Lori Singer, John Lithgow, and Christopher Penn.

Feb. 24-26: "The Little Drummer Girl" (1984; George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton, Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, and Sami Frey; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

Feb. 27-28: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

March 1-2: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), a concert film by the Talking Heads.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 20: "Rocky II" (1979; Sylvester Stallone) and "Rocky III" (1982; Sylvester

Stallone), both films with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, Burgess Meredith, and Carl Weathers.

Feb. 21-23: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

Feb. 24-25: "Garbo Talks" (1984; Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft, Ron Silver, and Carrie Fisher; and "The Turning Point" (†).

Feb. 26-27: "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (†) and "Gaslight" (†).

Feb. 28-March 2: "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Feb. 21: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "The Jigsaw Man" (1984; Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier, Michael Caine, and Susan George.

Feb. 22-23: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (1984; Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert, Ralph Richardson, and Ian Holm.

Feb. 24: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance, a French silent film).

Feb. 25-26: "Firstborn" (1984; Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller; and "Thief of Hearts" (1984; Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.

Feb. 27-28: "Vixen" (1968), "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1969), and "Common Law Cabin" (1967), all directed by Russ Meyer.

March 1-2: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Feb. 21: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

Feb. 22: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Pirosmeni" (1973; Georgi Shengelaya; in Russian).

Feb. 23: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Feb. 24: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Feb. 25: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Feb. 26: "Skyline" (1984; Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English); and "El Super" (1979; León Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in Spanish).

Feb. 27: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "The Men Who Tread on the

Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Feb. 28: "God's Angry Man" (1980), "La Soufrière" (1977; in German), and "Huie's Sermon" (1980), all directed by Werner Herzog.

March 1: "Eating Raoul" (1982; Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov; and "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

March 2: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Feb. 23: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young," 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Feb. 24-26: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.

Feb. 27-March 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Foreign Correspondent" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 20: "Blind Husbands" (1918; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Francilla Billington, Sam de Grasse, and von Stroheim; and "Foolish Wives" (1921; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Busch, Maude George, Miss Dupont, and von Stroheim.

Feb. 21: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "L'Image" (1976).

Feb. 22: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.

Feb. 23: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

Feb. 24: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Night Heaven Fell" (1958; Roger Vadim; in French), with Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli, and Stephen Boyd.

Feb. 25: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Flying Down to Rio" (†).

Feb. 26: "Leadbelly" (1976; Gordon Parks), with Roger E. Mosley; and "Lady Sings the Blues" (†).

Feb. 27: "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and "The Lost Moment" (1947; Martin Gabel), with Susan Hayward and Robert Cummings.

Feb. 28: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†).

March 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

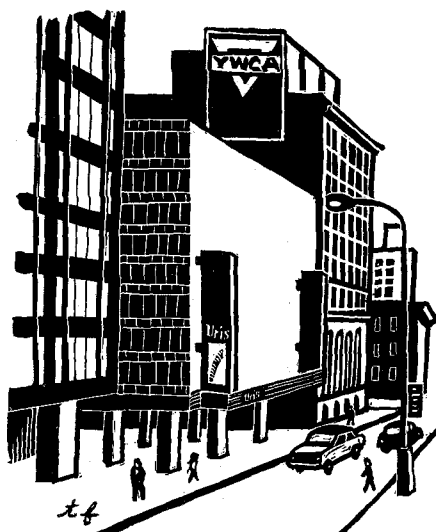
March 2: "Vojimbo" (1961) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 20: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

Feb. 21: "The Outlaw" (1941; Howard Hughes), with Jane Russell, Thomas Mitchell, Walter Huston, and Jack Buetel; and "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Feb. 22-23: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936;



- Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.
- Feb. 24: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
- Feb. 25: "Mayerling" (1936; Anatole Litvak), with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux; and "Madame Bovary" (1934 †).
- Feb. 26: "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940; Eugene Forde) and "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan.
- Feb. 27: "Brief Encounter" (†) and "Hobson's Choice" (†).
- Feb. 28: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
- March 1-2: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: Feb. 21 at 2:30 and 6: "Cabiria" (1914; directed by Giovanni Pastrone; a silent film). . . . Feb. 22 at 2:30: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945; Joseph H. Lewis), with Nina Foch and Dame May Whitty. . . . Feb. 22 at 6: "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Betty

Garrett, Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Bob Fosse. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "The Man from Laramie" (1955; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . Feb. 23 at 5: "Ride Lonesome" (1959; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott and Pernell Roberts. . . . Feb. 24 at 2: "Strangers When We Meet" (1960; Richard Quine), with Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak, Ernie Kovacs, Walter Matthau, and Barbara Rush. . . . Feb. 24 at 5: "Bonjour Tristesse" (1957; Otto Preminger), with David Niven, Deborah Kerr, and Jean Seberg. . . . Feb. 25 at 2:30: "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford. . . . Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Ride Lonesome" (1959; Budd Boetticher). . . . Feb. 26 at 6: "Bonjour Tristesse" (1957; Otto Preminger). . . . Feb. 28 at 2:30 and 6: "Intolerance" (1916; D. W. Griffith, a silent film), with Mae Marsh, Robert Haron, and Constance Talmadge. . . . March 1 at 2:30: "Strangers When We Meet" (1960; Richard Quine). . . . March 1 at 6: "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang). . . . March 2 at 2 and 5: Two different programs of 1984 Oscar-nominated documentary features and short subjects and animated and live-action short films.

THEATRE 2: Feb. 21 at 3 and 6:30: "I Be Done Been Was Is" (1983; Debra J. Robinson), a documentary. . . . Feb. 22 at 3: "Viktor-Viktoria" (1933; Reinhold Schuenzel; in German, with no English subtitles), with Renate Müller, Hermann Thimig, and Adolf Wohlbrück. . . . Feb. 22 at 6:30: "Woman in the Moon" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Willy Frisch and Gerda Maurus.

. . . Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Preliminary Investigation" (1931; Robert Siodmak; in German, with no English subtitles), with Albert Bassermann. . . . Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Razzia in St. Pauli" (1932; Werner Hochbaum; with no English subtitles), with Gena Falkenberg and Paul Andor. . . . Feb. 24 at 2:30: "The Last Company" (1930; Kurt Bernhardt; in German, with English subtitles), with Conrad Veidt and Karin Evans. . . . Feb. 24 at 5:30: "Woman in the Moon" (1929; Fritz Lang). . . . Feb. 25 at 3: "The Last Company" (1930; Kurt Bernhardt). . . . Feb. 25 at 6:30: A program of films by Tony Buba, who will be present. . . . Feb. 26 at 3 and 6:30: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Delphine Seyrig. . . . Feb. 28 at 3 and 6:30: "The Business of America" (1983), a documentary. . . . March 1 at 3: "Preliminary Investigation" (1931; Robert Siodmak). . . . March 1 at 6:30: "The Diary of Dr. Hart" (1916; Paul Leni; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Ernst Hofmann and Dagny Servaes. . . . March 2 at 2:30: "A Woman's Awakening" (1927; Fred Sauer; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Grete Mosheim. . . . March 2 at 5:30: "The Ugly Woman" (1933; Henry Koster; in German, with no English subtitles), with Dolly Haas and Max Hansen.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Feb. 23, a retrospective of the film and video work of Meredith Monk. Showings Tuesdays at 1:15, 3:45, and 6:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:15 and 2; and Sundays at 12:30 and 3. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gyping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

BIRDY—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's like "The Little Prince," rewritten by Kurt Vonnegut. It's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pieta after another. In flashbacks, through the two boys' thoughts and fantasies, we see them in their high-school days, when Birdy used to escape the meanness of the corrupt society by creating an aviary-world of his own. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. The movie is based on the late-seventies novel by William Wharton (a pseudonym). It probably needed a director who found the story tulling, tantalizing, its meanings hidden; Parker's technological sophistication nails everything

down. The score is by Peter Gabriel; the cinematography is by Michael Seresin. The screenwriters, Sandy Kroopf and Jack Behr, updated the material from the Second World War. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (Cinema 3.)

BLOOD SIMPLE—With John Getz, directed by Joel Coen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life"—an evocation of the emotions that lie dormant in respectable, middle-class existence. Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard play the pair who fall passionately in love but agree not to see each other again and return to their responsibilities. A celebrated, craftsmanlike tearjerker, and incredibly neat. Coward's material is implicitly condescending even while he's making the two heroic. With Stanley Holloway, Joyce Carey, Cyril Raymond, Irene Handl, and Valentine Dyall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

CHOOSE ME—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it's an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, George Coulouris, Ruth Warrick, Ray Collins, Erskine Sanford, William Alland, and Paul Stewart. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 1-2.)

THE COTTON CLUB—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything.

Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 21.)

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN—As it was reported in the press in the late seventies, the story of the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, the two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds who sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians, had everything—bravado, black humor, and a kind of all-American kinkiness. The movie version isn't really interested in what the boys did or in why they did it, either. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. The sumptuousness of Schlesinger's style is impressive. There's something lordly (and a little bored) in this director's command of the medium. While he gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, and the flickers of subversive life under his clean-cut, regular-featured handsomeness suggest where the drama in the story is. But Schlesinger treats all this glancingly, and does his ritual song and dance, showing us how we are really the guilty ones. And the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. (You feel as if the artist has disappeared and you were left watching a twerp playing a twerp.) With David Suchet as Alex, the K.G.B. man, and Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. The (disjointed) screenplay, by Steven Zaillian, is based on the book by Robert Lindsey. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and MovieLand.)

THE FLAMINGO KID—It's the summer of 1963, and Matt Dillon is the Brooklyn kid who gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. He plans to go to Columbia in the fall, but when he's taken up by the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

club's gin-rummy champ, Brody (Richard Crenna), he begins to think college would be a waste of time. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out. The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. Directed by Garry Marshall. With Hector Elizondo, Jessica Walter, Janet Jones, Carole R. Davis, and Bronson Pinchot. (1/28/85) (Gramercy.... St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 22-28, tentative.)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitated in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Thalia; Feb. 25.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding. The plot is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the top-notch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Ciannelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Regency; Feb. 27-March 2.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Ingrid Bergman is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. She runs the gamut from antimacassar to antimacassar, and it's good scary fun all the way. This pseudo-Victorian thriller is rather more enjoyable than one might expect. Bergman is occasionally genuinely moving. Boyer is expert, and the cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dame May Whitty, and Angela Lansbury (only in her teens, but you couldn't guess it). The full-dress production was directed by George Cukor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 26-27.)

HOBSON'S CHOICE (1953)—Charles Laughton is superbly vulgar in this whack at the backside of Victorianism. He makes a great vaudeville turn out of the role of an egocentric, prosperous bootmaker who doesn't want to part with his three marriageable daughters because they are too useful as unpaid labor. As the oldest daughter, Brenda de Banzie is so right that when she marries her father's best workman and puts belching, drunken old Dad out of business, one feels the good old-fashioned impulse to applaud. John Mills is the fortunate young man whom she overpowers. David Lean directed this English comedy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 27.)

INTERMEZZO: A LOVE STORY (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this debut for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and of domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher, who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to fill out the plump cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention is Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) seemed revolutionary at the time. The first director, William Wyler, was replaced by Gregory Ratoff. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 26-27.)

THE KILLING FIELDS—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his debut as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor and Billy Dee Williams. (Thalia; Feb. 26.)

MADAME BOVARY (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties, but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours and had a commercial disaster anyway. What's left is like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. It lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane" (see above), though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life—intense, harrowing squabbles. Tim Holt plays the arrogant, mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello, the fragile blond beauty of the silent era, is his soft, yielding mother; and as the nervous, bitter hysterical-spinster aunt, Agnes Moorehead is uncannily powerful, in a hyper-realistic way. (It's a classic performance.) With the amazing old Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. The film wasn't completed as Welles originally intended, but even in this truncated form it's astonishing and memorable. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 1-2.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the Second World War and the economic miracle that followed. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (Metro Cinema; March 2.)

MICKY & MAUDE—A light screwball farce with Dudley Moore as a TV reporter who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for the feelings of two pregnant women—the blazing Ann Reinking and the pearly Amy Irving. The director, Blake Edwards, brings out the bigamist's living-in-the-moment hopefulness, and the audience is put in the position of sharing his loony optimism. The movie may seem insipid to people who want something

substantial, but there's a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. With Richard Mulligan, Lu Leonard, H. B. Hagerty, George Gaynes, Wallace Shawn, and John Pleshette. (1/28/85) (Embassy.)

MRS. SOFFEL—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Quad Cinema. . . .) Loews New York Twin; through Feb. 21.)

A PASSAGE TO INDIA—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragic-comedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

PLACES IN THE HEART—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (U. A. 85th St. East. . . .) Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 22.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph

Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . .) Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 21.)

STARMAN—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy 1.)

STRANGER THAN PARADISE—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." The role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 28.)

THE TURNING POINT (1977)—This is a forties women's picture transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a galling, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen-acting debut, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance helped to make the film a box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unexcitingly; there's no visual sweep, no lift. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and James Mitchell. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 24-25.)

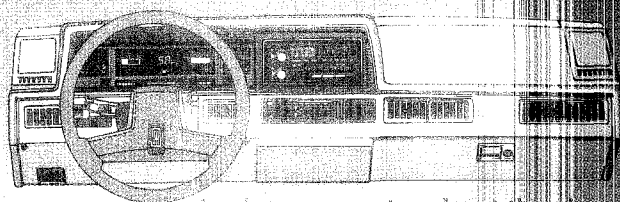
WITNESS—With Harrison Ford, directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)



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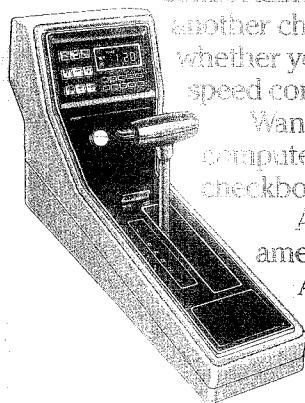
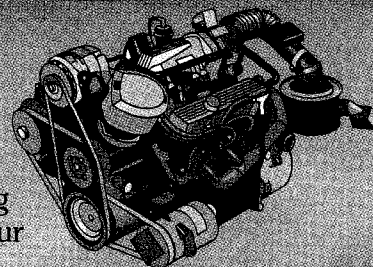
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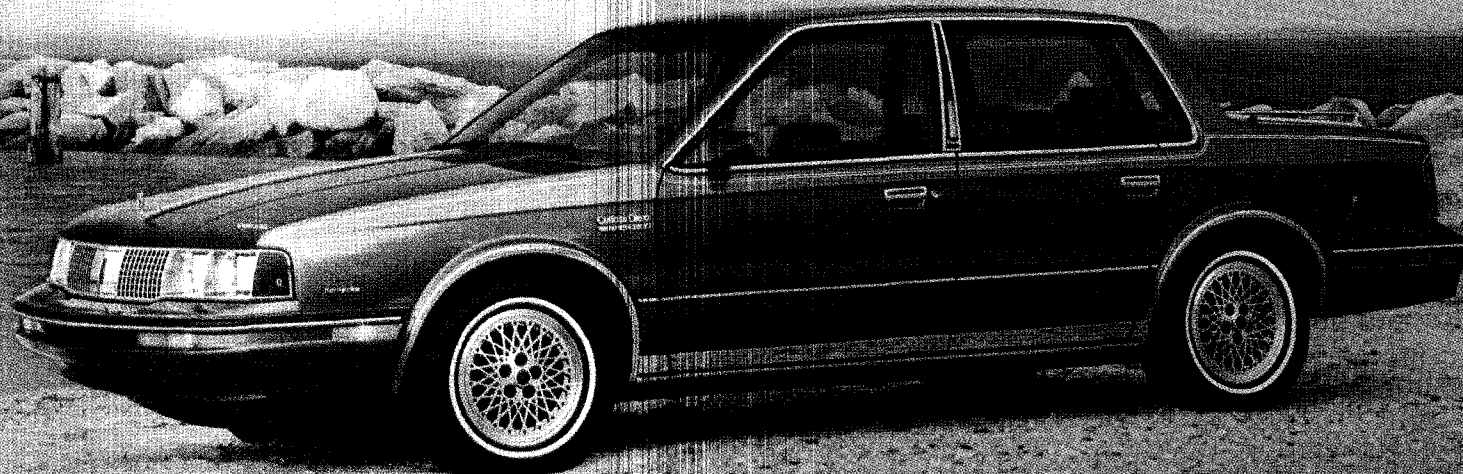


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"DEAR reader," begins a letter we received from a news magazine the other day, which goes on to describe us as skeptical and independent-minded and the sort of person who would make a good subscriber. It arrived in the same batch of mail as a letter from a food magazine which tells us we are a person who wants to fully savor the best that life has to offer. We lead an active and busy life, the second letter says, and so the food folks understand why we overlooked a previous subscription offer from them. They and the news people hope that we, a reader who is clearly a cut above the average, will mail in their postcards to receive free copies at no obligation.

Sometimes we think that we are skeptical, and then a doting publisher writes to us and we savor it fully. We like to be sweet-talked and be someone's dear reader. These days, readers are dear.

A dear reader and friend of ours stopped by at our office one day a few weeks ago to say goodbye on her way to a job in a small town where nobody knows her. For two weeks, she said, she would be teaching songwriting and singing to schoolchildren and living in a room in a motel, and when she mentioned that she had nothing to read we jumped right up and looked at our bookshelves. We imagined her, on a winter evening, reclining on a burnt-orange bedspread in a room with dark-brown carpeting and a view of a parking lot and dumpster, and tried to pick writers who would be good company for her and make her motel hours seem like minutes and bring her happily to where she could snap off the light and lay her lovely head on the pillow and go to sleep.

As an affectionate librarian, seeing one sweet reader alone at night in a

room that offers her only a television screen for company, we approached literature in quite a different way from the way we approached it when we were in school and wrote all those term papers about structure and narrative voice. We chose books for her simply by their covers, regardless of other merits, picking covers that we remembered holding in our hands for hours at a stretch, and sent her off with an armload, and now we think of her again. She has moved on to another school, a different motel. One of those books made us laugh out loud when we read it—not little nasal laughs but the major, structural laughs that take a reader down to the mat—and we hope it is tossing her around, too.

Thinking of her, we naturally think of you, dear reader, holding in your hands this magazine with the familiar Rea Irvin cover that marks our anniversary, the old gent raising his eyeglass for another look at the butterfly he has studied for sixty years. We are fond of this drawing, the oldest in our collection, though we don't claim to understand it. Mr. Tilley, as he is known, is of another age entirely—the late eighteenth century, to judge by his outfit—and why Mr. Harold Ross chose an antique to grace his jazzy

new magazine in 1925 we leave it to others to decide.

As we contemplate Mr. Tilley this week, we think of his near-contemporaries Mr. Fielding, Mr. Sterne, and other eighteenth-century novelists, and of the young Charles Dickens—writers who in the course of a story often stepped out from the prose proscenium and addressed the reader directly, as "dear reader" or "sensible reader," to expand upon the story or draw the dear reader's attention to this or that. All fiction began as letter-writing (we learned this somewhere; don't ask us where), and so those old masters felt quite comfortable in speaking directly to the customer.

Mr. Fielding begins "Tom Jones," "An author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money." Squire Allworthy and his sister Bridget are then brought in, but before either says a word the author pokes his head out. "Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digress, through this whole history, as often as I see occasion, of which I am myself a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever," Fielding says, and he tells the critics to mind their own business, and not meddle in things they know nothing about, such as his book.

We and all our friends are of a post-Tilley era: writers here keep their heads in, and the proprietor of the shop doesn't jump out on page 2 and holler, "Yowsa, yowsa, yowsa, have we got an issue for you!" Our reticence implies no lack of affection, however. "All sorts of pleasant and intelligent people read [my] books," John Cheever said long ago in an interview. "I don't know who they are, but they are marvellous and seem



to live quite independently of the prejudices of advertising, journalism, and the cranky advertising world. . . . The room where I work has a window looking into a wood, and I like to think that these earnest, lovable, and mysterious readers are in there."

Our window looks into a narrow, crowded street, and we like to think that you, earnest and lovable and mysterious reader, if you are down there, will be extremely careful walking across it. *Dear reader!* Our regards to you. We roll this sheet of yellow copy paper from the carriage and raise it to your health.

Other Magazines

LIL PICARD, an artist and writer born in Strasbourg, went to Berlin in 1919 to marry. "My so-called lover was a man I had seen only in his field-gray uniform. When I saw him in his civilian outfit, I fell out of love at this moment. The glamour was gone." Still, she married him and stayed in Berlin, working for the cultural pages of several newspapers, and hanging out at the Café des Westens on the Ku-Damm: "That's a main street in Berlin. It goes from the church you always see in the postcards." The Café des Westens revolved around Red

Richard, a hunchback and a vice lord; elsewhere, the *Größenwahr* were ascendant. "That means people who think they are Nietzsche but they are not, and who think they are Wagner but really aren't very good." Berlin throbbed anyway. "Everything in New York today is nothing but a copy of this time in Berlin, between 1919 and the early nineteen-thirties—there was freedom, liberty, you could do what you wanted as an artist." A small magazine, *Der Querschnitt* (*The Cross-Section*), run by Alfred Flechtheim, Berlin's principal art dealer, stood at the center of things cultural then. "They published Werfel, the famous Expressionist poet—people like that. I adored those people," Mrs. Picard said.

We met Mrs. Picard, now eighty-five ("I'm always as old as the year, so I can't lie. I'm very young-looking, though") and working on her memoirs, at a recent party in the East Village marking the first issue of a new magazine, vaguely inspired by *Der Querschnitt* but transoceanic in its aims. *New York-Berlin*, or *NYB*, will publish articles and poems and photographs and drawings by American and German writers and artists; some of the writing is in both languages, some in one or the other. "There's a lot going on in Berlin that American artists want to know

about," said the magazine's New York editor, Charles Austin. "There's a lot more installation work there—one man just taped the sounds of Cologne's train station and then went and played them in the ruins of Berlin's old station. There's stuff happening. Even though the whole Neo-Expressionist thing came out of Cologne and Berlin, they're moving now into the nonobjective."

And what about Berlin artists? What do they wish to know of New York?

"Quite frankly," said Pat Oleszko, a tall New York woman who was wearing a hat and a coat to which she had attached hundreds of pairs of dice, and who had just returned from Germany, "people in Berlin are interested in how much money they can make in our art scene." The first issue of the magazine sold out in Berlin and has gone to a second printing.

Mrs. Picard fled to New York before the Second World War and returned to Berlin in 1952. "Very little of the cultural scene was left, but slowly again it became the artists' center," she told us. She has continued to commute across the Atlantic, writing (she has an essay on garbage in the first issue of *NYB*) and performing. "My favorite performance—I did it in the early seventies, and in my early seventies, in both New York (at the Café au

Go Go) and Berlin—I stayed in bed the whole time. See, I had this electric bed, which you can push a button on and the feet and the back go up and down. And I'd wear dresses and housecoats and everything, and put on about fifty scarves, wrapping them all over me—such a big head I had. I was a real mummy. And then I'd start peeling them off. And all the time the bed was going up and down, and I'd be talking into the microphone about my views on the world. And, finally, everyone thought I had taken all my clothes off. I hadn't; I still had my black leotard on. But everyone applauded a lot anyway, in both New York and Berlin."



"Some people are good listeners—my husband, for example."

WE went to a party last Tuesday at the Waldorf marking the for-

tieth anniversary of *Guideposts*, a journal with a circulation that tops four million, which was founded by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Each month, *Guideposts* features inspiring stories of people who have walked up to adversity and kicked it. We talked to a man who was told by doctors he would die of cancer but recovered, and a man who dived under a subway train to rescue a blind man, and a man who dived into an icy lake to rescue a boy; all their stories had been told in *Guideposts* in the years since it started publication—with a four-page story by the aviator Eddie Rickenbacker about, among other things, the time his plane crashed and he drifted through the South Pacific on a rubber raft for twenty-one days. "Other reli-

gious magazines come out and preach to people," said William Deerfield, an associate editor of the magazine. "They give them the same stuff they hear on Sundays. But we tell the stories of ordinary Joes, and people can relate to that. An interesting thing, though, is that *Guideposts* didn't work very well in England. Presumably, people there are more reserved—they don't want to talk about their troubles."

In this country, the magazine grew steadily through 1975 and then really took off, doubling its circulation in the last decade despite the New Weariness. The editors had long thought of themselves as writing for the lonely travelling salesman, but a recent survey revealed a more diverse readership. "Over half our readers have been to college," said Mary Ann O'Roark, one of the magazine's senior editors. "The readers' average age is fifty-one, and they have a family income of twenty-three thousand dollars"—near the national average. And, for the most part, they are happy. "According to a lot of what you pick up today in books and movies, people's lives are all racked up," Ms. O'Roark said. "What our readers tell us is that sure they have problems, but their lives are filled with joy and contentment and satisfaction and happiness."

Dr. Peale, the author of "The Power of Positive Thinking" (he threw out the manuscript of the book, because he thought it wasn't good enough, but his wife rescued it), is a short, friendly man with an Ohio drawl who wears a Rotary pin in his lapel. He had eaten dinner at the White House the night before, with the President on one side and Yogi Berra on the other. "I told Yogi I'm an old Brooklyn Dodgers fan but as long as I was sitting by him I loved the Yankees," said Dr. Peale, who stepped down last fall as the preacher at Marble Collegiate Church, on Fifth Avenue, after half a century in the pulpit. "To be a pastor of a church, you have to come up with a brand-new speech forty or fifty times a year—that's more than any politician," he told us in explanation. "And, anyway, I get enough speaking of other kinds done. I give about three addresses a week. A week or two ago, it was the National Association of Secondary School Principals—they had about sixty-five hundred in New Orleans—and then four thousand ranchers in Montana, and then I was someplace else. When you get out into the country, you see things. It is my opinion we've been misinformed about all the cynicism these days. I would

characterize it as a seeking age—people desire something better than what they're confronted with. I think we've been handed this belief that everything is going to pieces. It's just a stylism, I think, and it's worn out, passé."

Hitting Father

NOTE: "Strange Interlude," the impassioned nine-act drama by Eugene O'Neill, had seen only two major productions since its Pulitzer Prize-winning appearance in 1928 until it was revived last year at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London's West End. That highly acclaimed production starred Glenda Jackson in the role of Nina Leeds, a woman whose life and entanglements with three men the play follows over twenty-five years. Miss Jackson opens in the play this week on Broadway, at the Nederlander Theatre. By an unusual arrangement with American Equity, she brings with her the three British actors who played her leading men in London. ("I said I wouldn't come if they couldn't come," she says, quite simply.)

THE SCENE: The Michael Chekhov Studio, a loftlike room on the eighth floor of a commercial building on



KOBEN

West Thirty-sixth Street. Folding metal chairs. A coatrack. A stage manager's table, loaded with scripts and plastic-foam cups.

ACT I: Charley Lang, a blond-haired young American actor in a red T-shirt, is standing alone at the end of the room which serves as the stage. Sometimes he frowns slightly and puts his finger to his mouth as he focusses on the director's murmured instructions and projects himself into the mind of the character he plays—Nina's son Gordon, a grown youth just engaged to be married. He stops and starts his monologue on command of the director, Keith Hack—a sparsely bearded, bespectacled, intellectual-looking Englishman, dressed in the style of Woody Allen. Hack has taken off his heavy snow boots and is conducting the rehearsal in his socks. From a chair in the wings—against the wall—Glenda Jackson looks on, and beside her sits Brian Cox, a handsome, dark-haired Scotsman, running slightly to flesh, who is cast in the role of Nina's former lover Edmund Darrell. Miss Jackson wears gray slacks and—on a pale, shiny, naked face—a look of almost ferocious intelligence and purpose. At a cue, Miss Jackson and Cox rise from their chairs (pushing off in unison, like race horses from the starting gate) and cross to join Lang onstage. His performance, like the performances of his fellow-American newcomers to the team, must blend with that of the original British quartet.

"And then I say, 'For God's sake . . . you don't know what you're doing: you're hitting your father,'" Miss Jackson says, in a flat, workaday tone.

Lang-Gordon bridles at Cox-Darrell in mounting rage, strikes him on the face. (Hearty theatrical smacking sound.) Cox-Darrell tumbles and sprawls some feet away from mother and son.

"For God's sake! . . . You don't know what you're doing! You're hitting your father!" Miss Jackson-Nina says, in a tone that is very far from workaday.

Hack intervenes. Moves are changed. Miss Jackson ventures a suggestion. *Crack! Smack!* Cox-Darrell is sent sprawling again.

"You're hitting your father!" says Miss Jackson-Nina. Intervention from Hack. Suggestion from Cox. Smack and sprawl. Cox gets up, looking rueful, rubs his elbow, ambles to the table, accepts a proffered peppermint.

Enter stage right, unobserved by mother, lover, and son as they resume the perennial tragedy of family affections, a stranger. A shortish man in his sixties, wearing a naval-officer's-style duffel coat (as if for a Pinewood Studio's battleship bridge), a vaguely Holmesian checked hat, and a character actor's mustache. He is Heywood Hale Broun, onetime actor; well-known raconteur; author of a 1983 memoir of his father, the famous newspaperman and drama critic Heywood Broun, and his mother, the noted critic and reporter Ruth Hale Broun; and critic-at-large of the CBS television program "Sunday Morning." Composedly, he sits down to await the lunch break, his cue to interview the cast.

"I've known ever since I was a kid that you and Darrell were in love with each other," Lang-Gordon is saying to his mother. "I hated the idea on Father's account. That's only natural, isn't it?"

Hack has been sitting with a tin of tobacco and cigarette papers on his knee, thoughtfully rolling himself a cigarette. He looks up and says, gently, to the young actor, "Gordon's just learned that wonderful thing—about not making easy judgments about people's moral behavior, because it's always infinitely more complex than you think."

ACT II: Miss Jackson and Broun are sitting in two chairs onstage, in the glow of television lighting.

Broun has told some anecdotes of his theatrical career. He has quoted from Edmund Kean, and from Cyrano de Bergerac in the original French. He has told Miss Jackson about his family and referred to it as "the oldest and least distinguished theatrical family in America."

Eugene O'Neill's father is the next subject—a famous actor whose career was scarred by alcoholism and a lucrative but soul-destroying allegiance to the part of the Count of Monte Cristo,

which he played for some thirty years. "This play, so experimental in its day, was O'Neill's rejection of the kind of work his father had done," Miss Jackson says. "It is an extraordinary piece of writing about the changes that go on in the human animal under stress. He was trying to show that feelings can change, second by second."

"Banned in Boston, in its day," Broun says, with a dramatic gesture. "Is the play still shocking?" he asks. (Abortion as well as fidelity and paternity is among its dramatic themes.) "Not shocking," Miss Jackson says firmly. "But *telling*. Audiences may approach the play with trepidation, but in London they sat for four and a half hours without moving a muscle. It has a deep effect."

"We need a shot of you reacting to what Miss Jackson is saying, Woodie," the camerawoman says.

"Ah, yes, *reacting*," Broun says, in his characteristically self-mocking, nasal singsong. He gives a brief, sparkling cameo performance of a person listening to another with interest: eyebrows moving up and down, head cocked this way and that. The lights go down. Exit Miss Jackson. Exit Broun.

Huggaland

LAST week, we dropped in at the Eighty-second Annual American International Toy Fair.

"Your basic human-type goodness is the hottest concept here, and Kenner is leading the way," said a happy young woman, one of what seemed to be hundreds of public-relations or marketing representatives available to steer visitors around the merchandise displayed at the fair, which was held in and around the Toy Center, at Twenty-third Street. She represented Kenner, natch—one of the eight hundred and twenty-five exhibitors of the twelve-billion-dollar (retail sales last year) toy industry.

We took in the full force of Kenner's realization of the concept.

"Our hottest new item for 1985 is Hugga Bunch," the young woman went on, with the cheeriest manner we've seen this side of Ronald and Nancy Reagan. "Hugga Bunch is a whole line of eight dolls, all soft—even their faces—based on a whole concept of love, hugging, and togetherness. Kenner wants to show how important it is to show affection and love. Kenner believes that hugging and expressing your feelings is good."



And this is where they live—each in their very own Hugga Nook or Nooklet in Huggaland, wearing their Huggewear. All in one hundred per cent soft plush. The whole point is there's not enough hugging around. In the toy business today, your plush is Up, your high tech is Down. We want to spread the joy of hugging to everyone. We've even got a Hugga Bunch Creed: 'Promise to hug at least once a day ... With each hug you get, give two away!'

We toured the Up merchandise in Huggaland: Huggins, the leader of the Hugga Bunch, with her Hugglet, named (don't stop us) Hug-A-Bye; Patooty, a hugger-in-training, with her Hugglet, Cushy; Hugsy, sort of a male doll, with his Hugglet, Tuggins; Tickles, with her Hugglet, Gigglet; Precious Hugs, with her Hugglet, Fluffer; Bubbles, a black doll, with her Hugglet, Chumley; Impkins, with her Hugglet, Nuzzler; Tweaker, a sort of Hispanic, not white, not black, with her Hugglet, Jitterbug. And the Huggewear: Sun 'N Fun Suit, Set-Sail Suit, Tutu Pretty, and Swimmy Suit. And, of course, the tie-in licenses: books, movies, albums, games, puzzles, etc.

Wait. Don't hang up. Louis Gioia, Jr., a short young man with a black Lincoln-esque beard and thick black hair parted in the middle, who's vice-president of Kenner's Marketing Services, had more to tell us. He said, "Hugga Bunch in its singular, defined form has not been and cannot be imitated. Nobody else has a concept like it. We set up the concept. We dominate the market. We created our concept around what a parent and a grandparent feel. If you want to talk Hugga Bunch, it's the first humanlike plush doll. It's not a rag doll. It's plush. Plush is Up. The product is unique and is spreading the joy of hugging and showing of emotions. We can tell already that Hugga Bunch in 1985 is going to be bigger than Care Bears in 1984, when we did—its second year—two hundred million dollars plus."

"Care Bears?" we asked.

"You don't know Care Bears?" Mr. Gioia asked, with the most amazed expression we've seen this side of you-know-who again. "Care Bears was the hottest item of 1984. We've got three new Care Bears for 1985—Champ Bear, Share Bear, and Secret Bear, who talks, saying 'I promise I won't tell.' Tenderheart and Grams Bear—a lot of grandmas got a kick out of Grams Bear—were big sellers in



"No, I didn't see the sunset last night, but I heard about it."

1984. Care Bears have more of an emotional-type concept. They help you express your feelings through the symbolism on their tummies. We set up this concept. We dominate the market. We have an embroidered tummy patch with a symbol on it—a big red heart. Tenderheart Bear. A competitor can put out 'I love you' on the tummy of a plush elephant or monkey or bear, but it won't be Tenderheart. And it won't get anywhere without our marketing clout."

On to Coleco, maker of the Cabbage Patch Kids, for corroboration of this leadership-in-heartfeltness business. No corroboration. In the past year and a half, twenty million Cabbage Patch Kids have been "adopted." Over five hundred million dollars' worth.

"The Kid with the new tooth, the Kid with the eyeglasses, the Kid with the big ears are new," a Coleco P.R. woman told us. "Girl twins, boy twins, boy-and-girl twins are new. Kids' designer fun furs are new. Kids' playpens, Kids' carriers, Kids' merry-go-round, Kids' musical buggy. All new. The Kid Preemies have new outfits. Coleco wants to encourage big families. Preemies are shaped for hugging, for loving, and they all have newborn-

Preemie clothes. We have all the accessories loving children want for their Kids. Our entire concept is based on love."

Hold on. One more. Susan Smith, a marketing director of Mattel Toys, told us about Mattel's Heart Family of dolls. "It's a warm, loving concept," Miss Smith said. "The family is back in vogue, and we've got the only family of dolls. The only family of dolls on the market. A family that's all heart. The whole family are sold together—Dad, Mom, and the boy-and-girl twins. They live in a lovely little home. They have a lovely little nursery with a baby's bed that transforms into a bath and holds real water, with a wickerlike high chair, and a play set, with a pony rocker, with a baby walker, with a toy bunny, with everything a baby could want. The Heart Family have their own lovely little new convertible, a two-door Volkswagen Cabriolet, with personalized license plate, with seat belts, with baby car seats. Their Loving Home is decorated in pastels. Where Mattel goes, so goes the industry. Nobody else has our family. The Heart Family are fabulous dolls. They're family. Who can not love that?"

THE PRICE YOU GOTTA PAY

America's future rests in a thousand dreams inside your hearts. It rests in the message of hope in songs of a man so many young Americans admire—New Jersey's own Bruce Springsteen. And helping you make those dreams come true is what this job of mine is all about.—*President Reagan, quoted in "People."*

From the Commissioner

There have been a number of changes on this year's 1040 Federal Income Tax Form and the shorter Form 1040EZ, because of recent legislation and certain requests made by the President. As you no doubt know, this Administration is committed to making the dreams of so many young Americans come true.

Nevertheless, be sure to report all of your earnings and income. In all fairness to the vast majority of taxpayers, who voluntarily comply with the tax laws, we must continue to seek out those of you who lie to us. Please don't lie to us; we're sure you won't. Look, everybody's got a secret, but you can't carry it with you every step you take.

Someday you're gonna have to cut it loose or let it drag you down.

Understating your income will be more costly for you because of interest penalties in addition to the aforementioned burden of carrying said secret.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Changes in This Year's Form

1. If you have been and still are working all day in your daddy's garage, and you have gotten up every morning and gone to work each day, you may qualify for an additional personal exemption. Note: If your eyes have gone blind and your blood runs cold, see instructions for Medical and Dental Payments on page 19.

2. A person who sells (or otherwise

transfers) an interest in a tax shelter must attach Form 4133 in completed form to this return. Note: You may omit Form 4133 if you talk only to strangers and walk with angels that have no place and you don't care anymore. (See instructions, page 23.)

3. Investment losses are treated differently this year. For more information and details obtain Publication 463, "Out on Highway 9, Where Dreams Are Found and Lost," available at your post office, or order from your regional tax office.

4. Some of the deductions for medicine and drugs have been changed. If you can't use all of the medical expenses on Form 2441 because of the earned-income limitation and you're running on the bad side and got your back to the wall, you may still be entitled to take additional allowances for expenses incurred in renovating your personal vehicle if it meets the following criteria:

a. Your non-business vehicle has a 396 (350 permissible for California) with fuelie heads.

b. You and your partner Sonny built said vehicle straight out of scratch.

c. You have met the qualification with said vehicle by takin' all the action that you can meet. (See Schedule 11: "Shutdown Strangers Rumbling Through This Promised Land.")

d. You have, throughout the tax year, ridden roads till dawn, wasted on something in the night. (Attach Schedule 344: "Forgotten or Forgiven Credits.")

5. If you spent at least six months of the tax year workin' in the fields until you got your back burned, you may be eligible for special agricultural-induced disability tax credits. (See Schedule 177: "Badlands and Freeze-Outs.")

Personal Deduction Changes

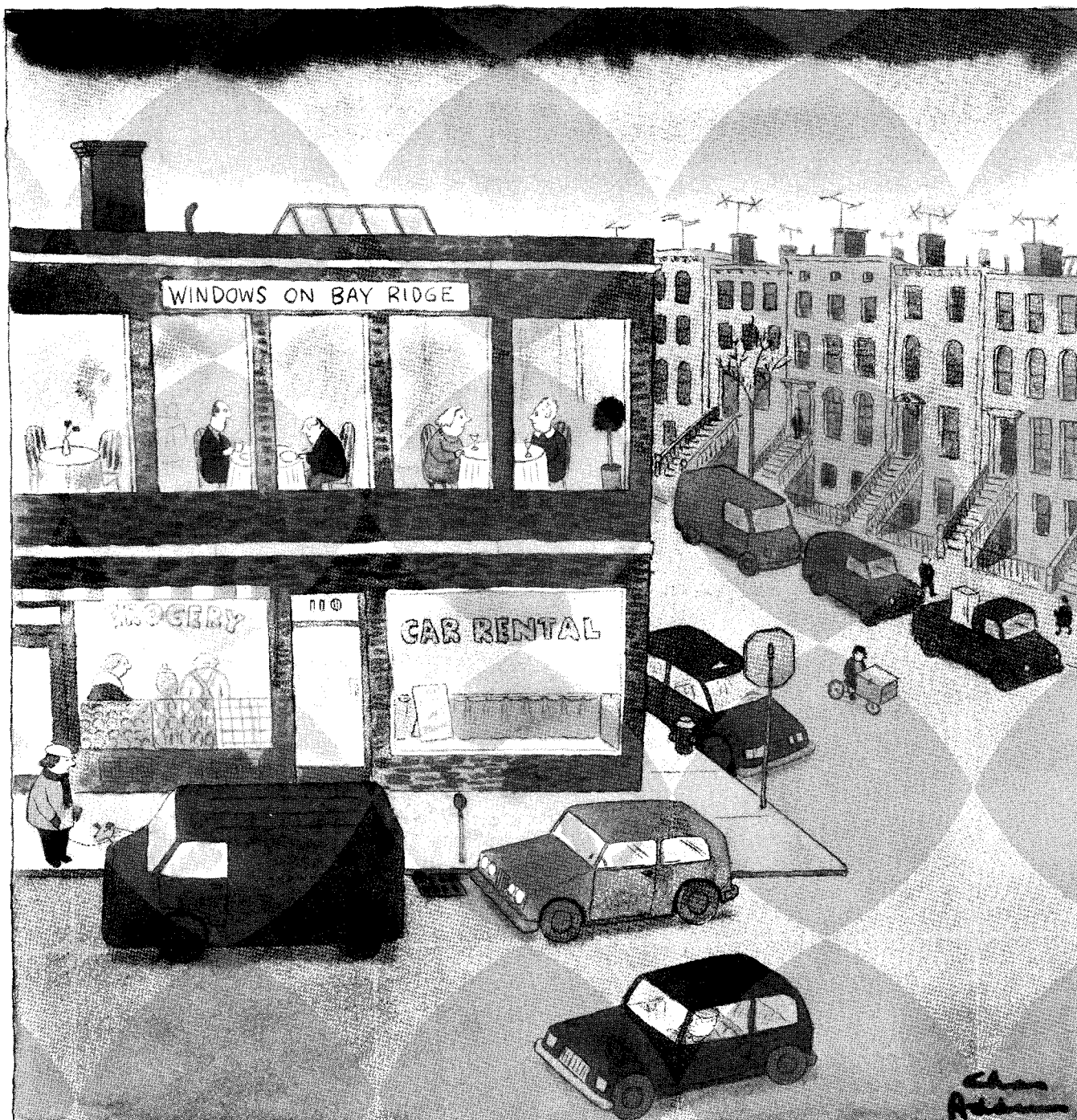
• You may take an additional deduction for your baby if she's got wrinkles 'round her eyes now and she cries herself to sleep at night. Note: You may claim this deduction only if *both* criteria—babyhood and wrinkles—are met. Also, said situation must meet the tests described elsewhere on this page under **Married Persons Who Live Apart** (i.e., *Things You Just Can't Live Down*), and you must provide documentation to that effect.



H. M. F.

"Dear Diary:

Tonight Blake and Krystle seemed unusually happy, but of course Alexis had to spoil it all by barging in with..."



• If during the tax year you and your spouse were full-time students at an institution of higher education in the United States, you may claim a tax credit if either spouse was, while an enrolled student, simultaneously payin' for the sins of somebody else's past. You may not, however, use any sums paid as tuition to a college or technical school to figure in any tax credit unless you can provide documentation to prove that you also spent at least six consecutive weeks of the tax year walkin' empty rooms lookin' for something to blame. (See instructions, page

32: "Head of Household Empty Room Rollovers.")

• Credit may be taken for certain fuels from a non-conventional source. (See instructions, page 14: "Hemi-Powered Drones and Last-Chance Power Drive Option.")

Miscellaneous Expenses You Cannot Deduct

- ☐ Political contributions. (But see instructions for Form 1040, line 44.)
- ☐ Your daddy's Cadillac.
- ☐ Certain "freeze-out" legal fees.
- ☐ Metallic depreciation. (See instruc-

tions, page 13: "Rat Traps, Lined Circuits, and Chromed Invaders.")

- ☐ Local and state gasoline taxes paid while driving sleek machines over the Jersey state line.
- ☐ Expenses incurred while blowing away the dreams that break your heart (unless documentation is provided of complete breakage).
- ☐ Expenses incurred while acquiring income eligible for partial taxation via Tier 1 Railroad Retirement Benefits. (See instructions, page 10: "Screams Into the Night.")

—FRANK GANNON

A CONSTELLATION OF EVENTS

THE events felt spaced in a vast deep sky, its third dimension dizzying. Looking back, Betty could scarcely believe the days had come so close together. But no; there, flat on the calendar, they were, one after the other—four bright February days.

Sunday, after church, Rob had taken her and the children cross-country skiing. They made a party of it. He called up Evan, because they had discussed the possibility at the office Friday, while the storm was raging around their green-glass office building in Hartford, and she, because Evan, a bachelor, was Lydia Smith's lover, called up the Smiths and invited them, too; it was the sort of festive, mischievous gesture Rob found excessive. But Lydia answered the phone and was delighted; as her voice twittered in Betty's ear, Betty stuck out her tongue at Rob's frown.

They all met by the Pattersons' field in their different-colored cars and soon made a line of dark silhouettes across the white pasture. Evan and Lydia glided obliviously into the lead; Rob

and Billy, who every day looked more like his father, and Fritz Smith, who in imitation of her mother was quite the girl athlete, occupied the middle distance, the little Smith boy struggling to keep up with this group; and Betty and her baby—poor bitterly whining, miserably ill-equipped Jennifer—came last, along with Rafe Smith, who didn't ski much and whose bindings kept letting go. He was less tall than Rob, more of a clown, fuller of doubt, hatchet-faced and green-eyed: a sad, encouraging sort of man. He kept telling Jennifer, "Ups-a-daisy, Jenny, keep in the others' tracks, now you've got the rhythm, oops," as the child's skis scrambled and she toppled down again. Meanwhile, one of Rafe's feet would have come out of his binding and Betty would have to wait, as the others dwindled in the distance.

The fields were immense in their brilliance. Her eyes winced, taking the immensity in. The tracks of their party, and the tracks of the Sno-Cats that had frolicked here yesterday in the wake of the storm, scarcely touched

the marvellous blankness—slopes up and down, an oak on a knoll, rail fences like pencilled hatchings, the weathered NO TRESPASSING signs. A creek, thawed into audible life, ran where two slopes met. Betty was afraid to follow the tracks of the others here; it involved stepping, in skis, from snowbank to snowbank across a width of icy, confident, secretive water. She panicked and took the wooden bridge fifty yards out of their way. Rafe lifted Jennifer up and stepped across, one of his bindings snapping on the other side, but no harm done. The child laughed for the first time that afternoon.

The sun came off the snow hot; Betty thought her face would get its first touch of tan today, and then it would not be many weeks before cows grazed here again, among the mayflowers. Pushing up the slope on the other side of the creek, toward the woods, she slipped backward and fell sideways. The snow was moist, warm. "Help," she said, and was pleasurably aware of the massy uplifted curve of her hip in jeans as she looked down over it at Rafe behind her, his green eyes sun-narrowed, alert, startled.

"Want to get up?" he asked, and held out a hand, a damp black mitten. As she reached for it, he pulled off the mitten, offering her a bare hand, bony and pink and surprising, so suddenly exposed to the air. "Ups-a-daisy," he said, and the effort of pulling her erect threw him off balance, and a binding popped loose again. Both she and Jenny laughed this time.

At the entrance of the path through the woods, Rob waited with evident patience. Before he could complain, she did: "Jennifer is going crazy on these awful borrowed skis. *Why* can't she have decent equipment like other children?"

"I'll stay with her," her husband said, both firm and evasive in his way, avoiding the question with an appearance of meeting it, and appearing selfless in order to shame her. But she felt the smile on her face as undeniably, as unerasably, as the sun on the field. Rob's face clouded, gathering itself to speak; Rafe interrupted, apologizing, blaming their slowness upon himself and his defective bindings. Rob offered to inspect them. For a moment that somehow went through her—perhaps no more than the flush of exertion meeting the chill blue shade of the woods, here at the edge—the two men



Antiquarian

stood together, intent upon the mechanism, her presence forgotten. Rob found the misadjustment, and Rafe's skis came off no more.

In the woods, Rob and Jennifer fell behind. Rafe slithered ahead, hurrying to catch up to his children and, beyond them, to his wife and Evan. Betty tried to stay with her husband and child, but they were too maddening—one whining, the other frowning, and neither grateful. She let herself ski ahead, and became alone in the woods, aware of distant voices, the whisper of her skis, the soft companionable heave of her own breathing. Pine trunks shifted about, one behind another, aligned and then not aligned—shadowy harmonies. At some points, the trees grew down into the path; a twig touched her eye, so lightly she was surprised to find pain lingering, and herself crying. There was an open place where paths diverged. Here Rafe was waiting for her; thin, leaning on his poles, he seemed a shadow among others. "Which way do you think they went?" He sounded breathless and acted lost. His wife and her lover had escaped him.

"Left is the way to get back to the car," she said.

"I can't tell which are their tracks," he said.

"I'm sorry," Betty said.

He relaxed on his poles, and made no sign of moving.

"Where is Rob?" he asked.

"Coming, with dear Jennifer. I'll wait; you go on."

"I'll wait with you. It's too scary in here. Do you want that book?" The sentences followed one another evenly, as if consequentially.

The book was about Jane Austen, by an English professor Betty had studied under years ago. She had noticed it, lying on the front seat of the Smiths' car while they were all fussing with their skis, and had exclaimed. In a strange suspended summer of her life, the summer when Billy was born, she had read through all six of the Austen novels, sitting on a sun porch waiting and waiting and then suddenly nursing. "If you're done with it."

"I am. It's tame, but dear, as you would say. Could I bring it by tomorrow morning?" He had recently left a law firm in Hartford and opened an office here in town. He had few clients but seemed amused, being idle; there was something fragile and incapable about him.



"Frankly, Dobbins, we were going to let you go, but we've decided to keep you on as a wild card."

"O.K.," she said, adding, "Jennifer comes back from school at noon."

And then Jennifer and Rob caught up to them, both needing to be placated, and she forgot this shadowy man's promise, as if her mind had been possessed by the emptiness where the snowy paths diverged.

MONDAY was bright, and the peal at the door accented the musical dripping of the icicles ringing the house around with falling pearls. Rafe was hunched under the dripping, the book held dry against his parka. He offered just to hand it to her, but she invited him in for coffee; he seemed so sad, still lost. They sat with the coffee on the sofa, and soon his arms were around her and his lips, tasting of coffee, warm on her mouth and his hands cold on her skin beneath the sweater, and she could not move her mind from hovering, from floating in a golden consciousness of the sun on the floorboards, great slanting splashes of it, rhomboids broken by the feathery silhouettes of her houseplants on the windowsills. From her angle as he stretched her out on the sofa, the shadows of the drips leaped upward in the patches of sun, appearing to defy

gravity as her head whirled. She sat up, pushed him off without rebuke, unpinned and repinned her hair. "What are we doing?" she asked.

"I don't know," Rafe said, and indeed he didn't seem to; his assault on her had felt clumsy, scared, insincere. He seemed grateful to be stopped. His face was pink, as his hand had been. In the light of the windows behind the sofa his eyes were very green. An asparagus fern hanging there cast a net of shadow that his features moved in and out of as he apologized, talked, joked. "Baby fat!" he had exclaimed of her belly, bending suddenly to kiss the crease there, his face thin as a blade, and hot. He was frightened, Betty realized, which banished her own fear.

Gently she maneuvered him away from her body, out of the door. It was not so hard; she remembered how to fend off boys from the college days his book had brought back to her. In his gratitude, he wouldn't stop smiling. His body as he crossed the melting street fairly danced with relief. And for her, again alone in the empty house, it was as if, along with her fear, much of her soul had been banished; feeling neither remorse nor expecta-

tion, she hovered above the patches of sun being stitched by falling drops, among the curved shining of glass and porcelain and aluminum kitchen equipment, in the house's strange warmth—strange as any event seems when only we are there to witness it. Betty lifted her sweater to look at her belly—pale, slack. Baby fat. Middle age had softened her middle. But then Lydia was an athlete, tomboyish and lean, swift on skis, with that something Roman and androgynous and enigmatic about her looks. It was what Rafe was used to; the contrast had startled him.

She picked up the old book from the sofa and surprised herself, in her great swimming calmness, by being unable to read.

TUESDAY, as they had planned weeks ago, Rob took her to Philadelphia. She had been born there, and he had business there; taking her along was his tribute, he had made it too plain, to her condition as a bored housewife. Yet she loved it, loved him, once the bumping, humming terror of the plane ride was past. The city in the winter sunlight looked cleaner and tamer than she remembered it, her rough and enormous dear drab city of brotherly love. Rob had come because his insurance company was helping finance a shopping mall in southern New Jersey; he disappeared into the familiar old Egyptian façade of the Penn Mutual Building (its inside, however, all raw new glass). She wandered window-shopping along Walnut Street until her feet hurt, then took a cab from Rittenhouse Square to the Museum of Art. There was less snow in Philadelphia than in Connecticut; some of the grass beside the Franklin Parkway even looked green. At the head of the stairs inside, Saint-Gaudens' great green Diana, whom her childhood imagination had somehow confused with the good witch of fairy stories, still posed on one tiptoe foot at her shadowy height, though within the museum there were many changes, much additional brightness. The three versions of "Nude Descending a Staircase" and the big bald "Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even" no longer puzzled and offended her. The daring passes into the classic in our very lifetimes, while we age and die. Rob met her, just when he had promised, at three-thirty, amid the Impressionist paintings. Her sudden love of

THE VIRUS IN RUDE WEATHER

When your body weakens toward virus
the calm enters you; familiar and slow,
like common other beauties, you devour
the products of the National Biscuit Co.

Having shaved your legs, you bathe in sunlight,
watching the wallpaper, rhododendron
by rhododendron, pretend to be dead.
You'd trade your disease with anyone.

The green-haired girls in the neighbor's garden
demand a chess notation with the real.
They don't believe disease begets desire.
What lies the world can't offer we steal,

or attempt to. All life is cowardice, too.
Two gray squirrels mating in the attic
drown out the radio next door.
White blossoms fill the trees with static.

—WILLIAM LOGAN

him, here in this room of raw color and light, felt like a melting. She leaned on him, he moved away from her touch, and in her unaccustomed heels Betty sidestepped to keep her balance.

They had tea in the cafeteria, out of place in their dark suits among the students in their jeans and down vests. "How do you like being back?" Rob asked her.

"It's changed, I've changed. I like it where I am now. You were dear to bring me, though." She touched his hand, and he did not pull it away on the smooth tabletop, whose white reminded her of snow.

Happiness must have been on her face, glowing like a sunburn, for he looked at her and seemed for an instant to see her. The instant troubled him. Though too heavy to be hand-

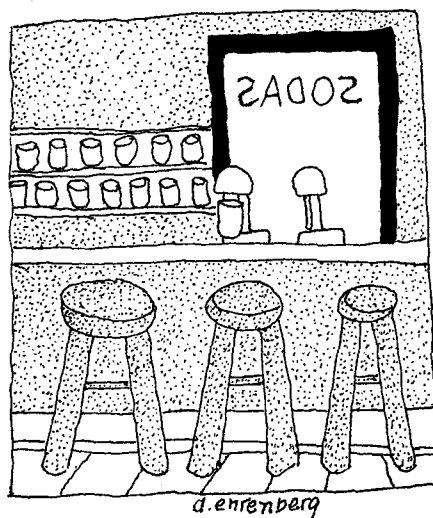
some, he had beautiful eyes, tawny and indifferent like a lion's; they slitted and he frowned in the unaccustomed exercise of framing a compliment. "It's such a pity," he said, "you're my wife."

She laughed, astonished. "Is it? Why?"

"You'd make such a lovely mistress."

"You think? How do you know? Have you ever had a mistress?" She was so confident of the answer she went on before he could say no. "Then how do you know I'd make a lovely one? Maybe I'd make an awful one. Better just accept me as a wife," she advised complacently. The table was white and cluttered between them; she could hardly wait until they were home, in bed. His lovemaking was like him, firm and tireless, and it always worked. She admired that. Once, she had adored it. Until her adoration had seemed to depress him. And something in her now, at this glittering table, depressed him—perhaps the mistress he had glimpsed in her, the mistress that he of all the men in the world was barred from, could never have. She touched his hand as if in acknowledgment of a shared sorrow. But happiness kept mounting in her, giddy and meaningless, inexplicable, unstoppable, though she saw that on its wings she was leaving Rob behind. And he had never seemed solid or kinder, or she more fittingly, as they rose and left the museum, his wife.

On the flight back, to calm her ter-



ror, she pulled the book from her handbag and read:

As Lionel Trilling was to say in 1957 (before women had risen in their might), "The extraordinary thing about Emma is that she has a moral life as a man has a moral life. . . . A consciousness is always at work in her, a sense of what she ought to be and do."

Rob looked over her shoulder and asked, "Isn't that Rafe's book?"

"One just like it," she answered instantly, deceit proving not such a difficult trick after all. "You must have seen it on the front seat of his car Sunday. So did I, and I found a copy at Wanamaker's this morning."

"It looks read."

"I was reading it. Waiting for you."

His silence she took to be a satisfied one. He rattled his paper, then asked, "Isn't it awfully dry?"

She feigned preoccupation. A precarious rumble changed pitch under her. "Mm. Dry but dear."

"He's a sad guy, isn't he?" Rob abruptly said. "Rafe."

"What's sad about him?"

"You know. Being cuckolded."

"Maybe Lydia loves him all the better for it," Betty said.

"Impossible," her husband decreed, and hid himself in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* as the 727, rumbling and shuddering, prepared to crash. She clutched at his arm with that irrational fervor he disliked; deliberately he kept his eyes on the newspaper, shutting her out. Yet in grudging answer to her prayers he brought the plane down safely, with a corner of his mind.

IN her dream, she was teaching, and among her students Rafe seemed lost. She had a question for him, and couldn't seem to get his attention, though he was not exactly misbehaving; his back was half turned as he talked to some arrogant girl in the class . . . It was so exasperating, she awoke, feeling empty and slightly scared. Rob was out of the bed. She



"Oh, he's charming, all right, but only in small doses."

heard the door slam as he went to work. Billy and Jennifer were downstairs quarrelling—a merciless sound, as of something boiling over. Wednesday.

The children gone to school, she moved through the emptiness of the house exploring the realization that she was in love. Like the floorboards, the doorframes, the wallpaper, the fact seemed not so much pleasant as necessary, not ornamental but functional in some way she must concentrate on perceiving. The snow on the roof had all melted; the dripping from the eaves had ceased, and a dry sunlight rested silently on the warm house, on the bare street, the speckled rooftops of the town beyond the sunstruck, dirty windows. The children's valentines littered the kitchen counter. The calendar showed the shortest month, a candy box brimming with red holidays. Rafe's office number was newly listed in the telephone book. She dialled it, less to reach him than to test the extent of her emptiness. Alarmingly, the ringing stopped; he answered. "Rafe?" Her voice

surprised her by coming out cracked.

"Hi," he said. "How was Philly?"

"How did you know I went?"

"Everybody knows. You have no secrets from us." He stopped joking, sensing her fear. "Lydia told me." Evan had told her; Rob had told him at work. There was a see-through world of love; her bright house felt transparent. "Was it nice?" Rafe was asking.

"Lovely." She felt she was defending herself.

"What did you do?"

"Walked around feeling nostalgic. Went to the Museum of Art. Rob met me there and we had tea."

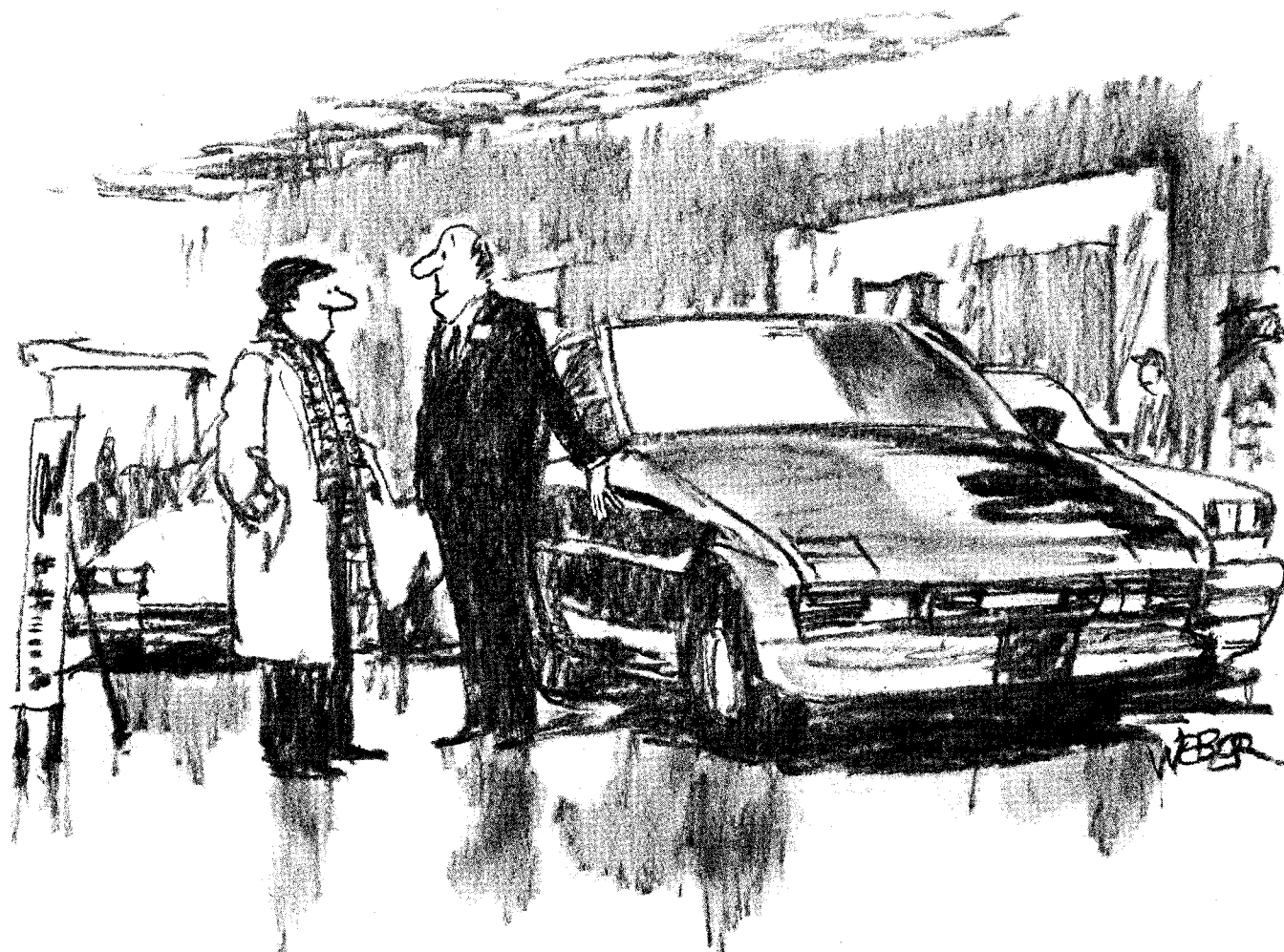
"It does sound dear." His voice, by itself, was richer and more relaxed than his physical presence, his helpless, humiliated air. Her silence obliged him to say more. "Have you had time to look into the book?"

"I love it," she said. "It's so scholarly and calm. I'm reading it very slowly; I want it to last forever."

"Forever seems long."

"You want to see me?" Her voice, involuntarily, had thickened.

His answer was as simple and sharp



"This model represents the exciting new American dedication to selling more cars."

as his green glance when she had exclaimed "Help." "Sure," Rafe said.

"Where? This house feels so conspicuous."

"Come on down here. People go in and out of the building all day long. There's a hairdresser next to me."

"Don't you have any clients?"

"Not till this afternoon."

"Do I dare?"

"I don't know. Do you?" More gently, he added, "You don't have to do anything. You just want to see me, right? Unfinished business, more or less."

"Yes."

Downtown, an eerie silence pressed through the movement of cars and people. Betty realized she was missing a winter sound from childhood: the song of car chains. Snow tires had suppressed it. Time suppressed everything, if you waited. Rafe's building was a grim brick business "block" built a century ago, when the suburb had appeared to have an independent

future. An ambitious blazon of granite topped the façade. The stairs were linoleum and smelled like a rainy-day cloakroom. He was waiting for her in his waiting room. On his sofa, a chill, narrow, and sticky couch of Nau-gahyde, beneath a wall of leather-bound laws, Rafe proved impotent. The sight of her naked seemed to stun him. Through his daze of embarrassment, he never stopped smiling. And she at him. He was beautiful, so lean and loosely knit, but needed to be nursed into knowing it. "What do you think the matter is?" he asked her.

"You're frightened," she told him. "I don't blame you. I'm a lot to take on."

He nodded, his eyes less green, here in this locked, windowless anteroom. "We're going to be a lot of trouble, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"I guess my body is telling us there's still time to back out. Want to?"

On top of one set of bound statutes, their uniform spines forming horizontal streaks like train windows streaming by, lay a different sort of book, a little paperback. In the dim room, where their nakedness was the brightest thing, she made out the title: "Emma."

She answered, "No."

And, though there was much in the aftermath to regret, and a harm that would never cease, for things thus bent are never put right, Betty remembered these days—the open fields, the dripping eaves, the paintings, the law-books—as bright, as a single iridescent unit, not scattered like a constellation but continuous, a rainbow, a U-turn.

—JOHN UPDIKE

The guns are a rather expensive fad at \$70-\$90 apiece. They emit a \$50,000 volt charge which stuns victims for up to 15 minutes.—*Chicago Maroon*, newspaper of the University of Chicago.

Just like Con Ed.

PROFILES

CITY VOICES

JON SCHUELER AND MAGDA SALVESEN

PAINTERS should live close to the sky—for light, for stimulation, for perspective. That, in many ways, is what the painter Jon Schueler does. He divides his year between New York and Mallaig, in Scotland. In New York, he and his wife, Magda Salvesen, live in a big white twelfth-story loft in the West Twenties. It has four exposures and a view that runs from Hoboken, in the west, to the Chrysler Building, in the northeast. The sky presses in at every window. In Mallaig, a small fishing village on the west coast of the Highlands, Schueler and Salvesen live in an old schoolhouse under the huge weatherswept Hebridean sky. Since his first visit to Mallaig, in the late fifties, he has ceaselessly painted its skies, and they have come to possess him. He has attempted to describe what he does, but emotion invariably wells up and his words grow dizzy. Here is part of a note he wrote for the catalogue of a one-man show held at the Whitney Museum in 1975: "From the claustrophobic terror of my studio I enter the unframed sky. There I find every passion, soaring to Death, as certain and as fleeting as the intimacy of a night mist... I fall in motionless silence across a high sky. I watch the light spread through the shadowed snowcloud and the sea, and I recognize what I have always known and have come here to find: Not the Highlands, but a nameless place—unless North is a name. It is truly North. The sun and shadow and infinite sea, all of it the sky, vast and intimate..." John I. H. Baur wrote in the same Whitney catalogue:

Jon Schueler has walked a difficult path between opposites. His paintings look abstract but are not. The character of the Scottish coast... speaks through these poetic canvases with remarkable clarity and exactness... And yet these are basically abstract pictures, not unrelated to the work of Mark Rothko or some of Clyfford



Still's big canvases. They have that kind of largeness, mystery and power... He risks more by deliberately exploring a narrow area where nothing is secure, where everything is changing, evanescent and evocative. We see his paintings one minute as clouds and sea and islands, the next as swirling arrangements of pure color and light.

The writer B. H. Friedman, another Schueler admirer, talked of him recently: "I first met Jon at a party in the fifties. Franz Kline was there, and I told him I had just bought a painting by a young painter named Jon Schueler. Kline introduced us, and we've been friends for thirty years. Jon has always looked at me as an orderly man, and I've always looked at him as a romantic. His interest in jazz, his love of women, his painting—all these things are highly romantic. And when I first knew him he was extremely good-looking—in a Peter O'Toole way. He is very loyal. He remained loyal to Clyfford Still, who had been a teacher of his, and Still was one of the most difficult people I've ever met—irascible and practically a John Bircher. Jon has never let politics get in his way, and he has always had a remarkably clear head on such matters. He understood what a terrible mistake we were making in Vietnam long before I or anyone I knew did. Unlike many painters, he is a careful reader and an astute critic. He has an

amazingly large and diverse social circle. He loves meeting new people, and he always carries cards and a little address book and follows up in a nice way. He is a generous host. Once, he gave a party for a West African dance troupe, and I recall a guest's asking one of its members—they were all sophisticated French-speaking blacks—what tribe she was a member of and her replying, '*Je suis Pygmée*.' Jon is highly respected by other painters, but he has not had the success he should have had. He was a mem-

ber of the second generation of Abstract Expressionists, and got caught between the first generation, of Rothko and Still and Pollock and Newman and Kline, and the third generation, of Rauschenberg and Warhol and Jasper Johns. The money came down on both sides of him. Countless people have admired the Schuelers I own and not known who he is."

Schueler's early sky paintings, dating from the late fifties, were bold and heavy and intense, and were done with strong, complex fingerlike strokes. They tended, in texture and weight, to be more earthen than ethereal. Since then, his sky paintings, some enormous, have moved back and forth between periods of subtlety and delicacy and periods of great strength. In the delicate ones, the fog or mist or clouds look as if they had been breathed onto the canvas. The mountains and islands float, the sea is blue light. Everything is lucent and gentle. A layer of light gray covers a darker gray, and under that is still another gray. Grays and blues and violets and off-whites rule these canvases. In his strong periods (he is in one now), his pictures are often full of reds and blacks and yellows; they are tumultuous and angry. Their images are noisy. They come up off the canvas. All his pictures appear to be bottomless. They are never still. They have a restlessness and

fluidity that are further stirred by whatever light they hang in. A Schueler seen in the morning and at dusk is two different pictures.

THE elevator to the Schueler-Salvesen loft opens into a wide hallway. At the right is Schueler's office, and across the hallway is his studio. To the left, the hallway passes a utility room, a bathroom, and a spacious open kitchen. Opposite the kitchen is a dining area, and beyond that a bedroom. The hallway ends in a big, light living room, and off the living room is Magda Salvesen's office. Schueler's paintings hang everywhere, and they are like windows in the walls. Schueler is thin and stooped and medium-sized. He stands out against the Arctic white of the loft. He has intense blue-gray eyes, overhanging eyebrows, and wild gray hair. A small, ruly beard balances his hair. His quiet voice camouflages the urgency behind everything he says. He has a bright, short laugh and a snaggletoothed smile. Magda Salvesen is slim and lithe; she appears taller than Schueler but isn't. She has a cloud of curly brown hair and a V-shaped face, lit by deep-brown eyes and a dazzling smile. She is quick. She runs from the living room to the kitchen to fix lunch, she runs to answer the intercom or telephone. She thinks and talks fast, and has a kind of stutter, in which whole words, rather than letters or syllables, jam together in their haste to get out. When she answers the telephone, she may say four "Hello"s in a row. She has a luxurious, stately contralto that seems to assuage the flow of her words. Sometimes the sound of her voice blots out her words. She loves to talk and so does Schueler, and here, in counterpoint, are their autobiographies:

SCHUELER

"I WAS born in Milwaukee, in 1916. I come from the German middle classes. My mother's father, Rudolf Haase, was born in this country and was in the furniture business. My father's father, Fred Schueler, came from Bern, but was German. The Schuelers had a printing company in Switzerland. Both grandfathers prospered and were moral, hard-working men. Grandfather Haase didn't miss a Monday Rotary Club lunch for fifty years. My father met my mother, Clara Haase, at a Masonic party. I see my childhood two ways. When I was in it, it looked like this: I

lived for several years with my Uncle Fred Schueler and Aunt Marie, who was of Polish extraction and was a warm and giving sort of person. One day, walking along a path, I met the woman who would be my stepmother and to all intents and purposes my mother. Her name was Margaret Alice Vogt. My father had met her at



S. FREDIANO'S

S. Frediano is St. Finnian
Who spelled the rivers with his wand of faith,
The Ayrshire Garnoch and the streams of Down.

He brought his water-miracles to Tuscany,
Turning the Serchio with a little rake,
Praying, perhaps, when it was done, in Gaelic.

In Lucca he was far away from
That college on the coast of Galloway,
Candida Casa's white myth-Pictish stone.

He lies under the high altar in S. Frediano's
In a faint aroma of cypress,
His bones united by fine silver wires.

It is cool and dark in S. Frediano's church.
Parishioners pray in this visited sanctity,
Listlessly pious, old, *simpatico*.

The tourists listen in on telephones
To stories in the language of their choice.
There is that smell of medieval history.

I hear a bird high in a vitreous blur
Singing its song of the holy windows,
Its coincidental literature.

St. Zita, mummified, is dressed
For blessed waltzing when the trumpets sound.
Her skin is fastened like a frozen dust.

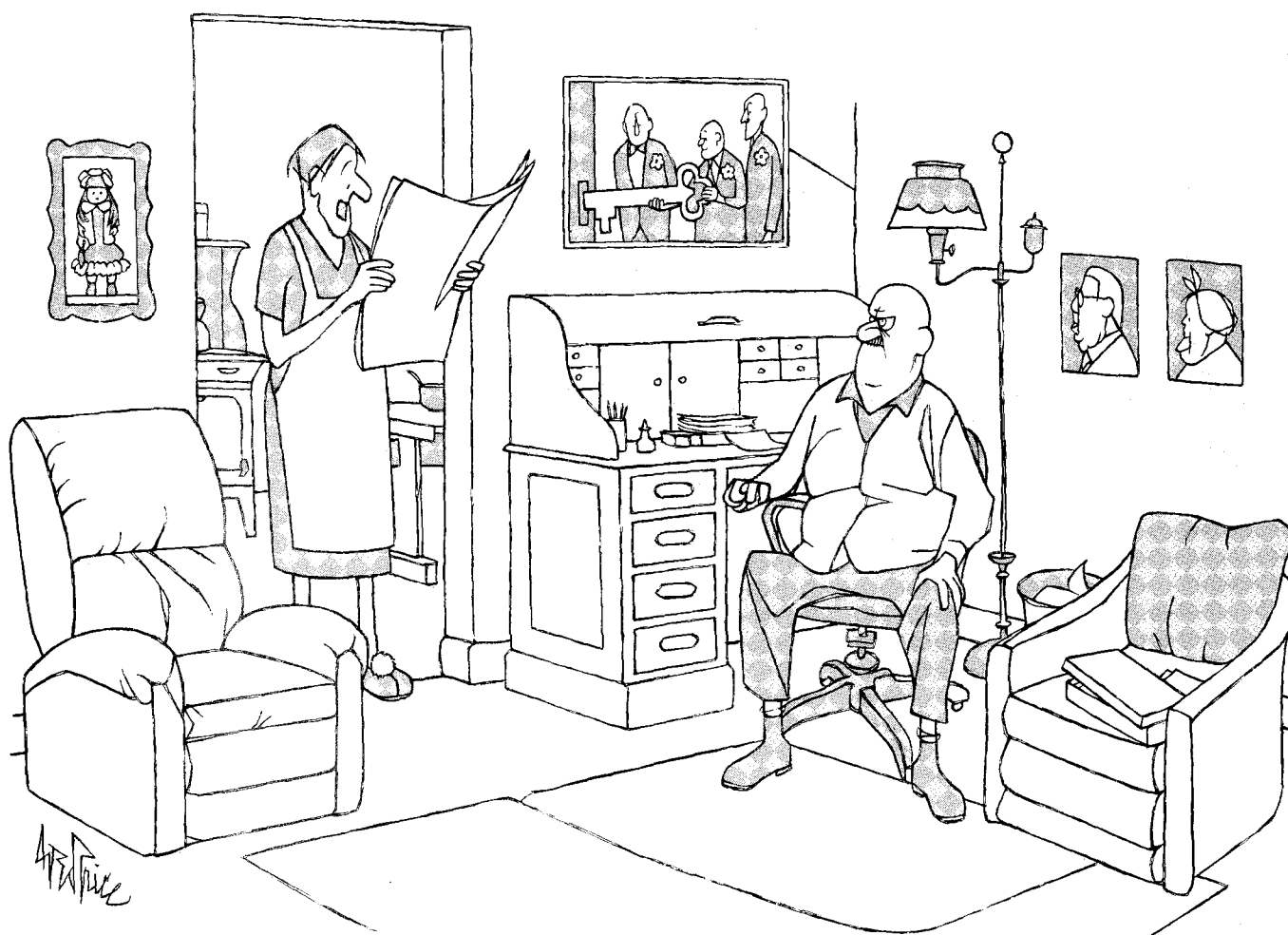
In her glass case, she is an exhibit
In a museum of charity.
The light Italian lire clink in the coin boxes.

It is a human place—there, a tourist
Stooped in a pose of scholarly inspection,
And here, a couple who light candles for

Their dead, a wife, a father, unaware
S. Frediano learned his miracles
In places they came here to be away from.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

Battle Creek Sanitarium, where she had been studying to be a dietitian. She was thirteen years younger than he was, and she was beautiful. There were always levels of combat between us, but she raised me in her way. When I was twelve, that childhood ended. I happened to overhear a maid talking about someone who had died when I was six months old, and I slowly understood that she was talking about my mother. I never told anyone what I'd heard. I never asked my father, and it became a kind of guilt-ridden secret. When I was nineteen, my stepmother brought a shoebox down from the attic and gave it to me.



"'Fuming in Flatbush,' 'Spooked in Staten Island,' 'Vexed in the Village,' but nothing from 'Miffed in Manhattan.'"

It was full of my mother's effects—rings, letters, photographs. I burst into tears, and my stepmother was furious, and said, 'I did everything for you!' In San Francisco, after the war, I heard from the woman who had nursed me as a baby. She had probably saved my life. She told me that when she came to work for us I was suffering from rickets and malnutrition. It seems my mother was breast-feeding me, and because there was something wrong with her, her milk had no nutrition. My mother died—I still don't know why—and that nurse brought me back to health. She stayed on a couple of years, and one day, she told me, she said she was going for a ride with her brother and she never came back. I don't know exactly what happened, but I suspect things had gotten too intense and she wanted to marry my father, or vice versa. I tend to lose things, and by degrees I have lost everything in the box my stepmother gave me, with the result that my

mother, vanished, looms larger than ever. The beat of my life has come out of her death and the mystery that surrounds it. My father could be hard, but he had integrity and he was fair. I came to have great affection for him. He never went beyond the eighth grade, and he was a self-made businessman. He had some problems during the Depression, but my stepmother kept him together. It was her saving pennies that enabled me to go to college. I asked my father once why he had always taken her side in our battles, and he said that the marriage would have broken up if he hadn't, and that in many ways she was a good woman. When he retired, they moved to Santa Monica; he planned to spend the rest of his days playing golf, which he loved and had tried to teach me. But he had a heart attack almost immediately and died. My stepmother is still out there, near my half brother and half sister.

"I had done well in school until

puberty and the news about my mother hit me. Then I started going up and down like a teeter-totter. I went out for basketball in high school, but I wasn't any good, and I went out for track and became a miler, but I was never in any races, because no one else had a miler. I had worked one summer at J. C. Penney, selling ties and shirts, and when I graduated they asked me to stay on. That was pretty depressing. Then my stepmother gave me the money to enroll at the University of Wisconsin. It was a very liberal place, and I went a little crazy. I joined Alpha Delta Phi, which was the best drinking house on what may have been the best drinking campus in the country. But it's a good thing I cut loose, because I had been treated like a twelve-year-old at home. When I was in high school, I had to go to bed at eight-thirty, and all my clothes—terrible clothes—were chosen for me. I studied journalism at first, and ended up with a degree in economics. I was

at loose ends after graduation until a girlfriend of mine released the dream in me of being a writer. She persuaded me to get my M.A. in English and become a teacher. I got my degree, and the summer of 1941 I went to the Bread Loaf School of English, in Vermont, paying my way by waiting on table.

"I didn't have any desire to be drafted, so I joined the Air Corps in September of 1941. I wanted to be a pilot, but they discovered an astigmatism in my right eye, and I ended up a navigator with the 303rd Bombardment Group, in Boise, Idaho. My pilot was a Jack Armstrong type named Billy Southworth. His father was the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. We didn't get on too well at first—particularly after I had messed up on the way out on a training flight and he had said to me in plain hearing of the crew, 'I don't suppose you know where we are?' On the way back, I used dead reckoning and hit everything one hundred per cent, and that night he told me in the officers' club that I'd done a terrific job. We became great friends, and I was devastated when he was killed in an accident after the war.

In November of 1942, we flew our B-17s to Newfoundland and from Newfoundland to Prestwick, Scotland. We were socked in eleven days in Newfoundland, and finally took off one night at twelve-thirty after being on alert since six that morning. We flew between layers of storm clouds, and we were tossed all over the sky. It was beautiful inside the plane, with the green lights on the instrument panel and the *ah-ah-ah-ah* of the great piston engines. Then, after a couple of hours, the stars came out, and I felt I could contain the universe. I discovered we were eighty-five miles off course. I corrected our heading, and we landed in Prestwick just forty seconds off our E.T.A. The next day, we flew down to Molesworth, sixty miles north of London, for three weeks of training, and after a two-day pass in London we started flying missions. We were one of the very first American bomber groups. We had no fighter-plane protection, and very little idea of what we were doing. We missed targets more often than we hit them, and the Jerries discovered very quickly that the B-17 was vulnerable from the front. We flew over France,

then went into Germany. I flew nine missions. One of the worst was when we ran into hundred-mile-an-hour head winds coming home and were forced to fly at an airspeed of fifty or sixty miles an hour. The Germans were on top of us, and our planes were going down everywhere. I remember saying to myself, 'Please, God, get this terrible boredom over.' The creeping along and the endless destruction had turned into a kind of huge, deadly boredom. Around the time of my seventh or eighth mission, I got a terrible cold. Colds were an anathema, and we dreaded them. Nonetheless, I volunteered for a mission over Saint-Nazaire, and on the way back we were forced to go right down to the deck to avoid the flak and get away from the German fighters. I have never felt such excruciating pain as I did in my ears on our descent. After my ninth mission, I was made an assistant command navigator and was transferred to the VIII Bomber Command, in High Wycombe, west of London. I caught the mumps and went into a terrible depression, and after that I got chicken pox. They put me through narcosis treatment, which is supposed to stop anxiety from feeding on itself, and in the fall of 1943 they sent me home. I was discharged in February, 1944. Three-quarters of the people I had flown to England with had been killed. The day rarely goes by that I don't think of that."

SALVESEN

"I WAS born in 1944 in Midlothian, about five miles from the center of Edinburgh. It was still countrified. We had two fields and a river and a garden. I was the fifth of six children—Kirsty (or Kirsteen), Ann, Katrina, Johnny, me, and Andrew. My given name is Magdalene. My father and his father were born in Scotland, but the Salvesens had come over from Norway in the nineteenth century. My father still spoke a thick Norwegian dialect, which he kept up for business purposes but never suggested we learn. We went to Mandal, in southern Norway, every other sum-



"Pay no attention to him. He's not supposed to beg at the table."



"I don't like myself, and Peter doesn't like himself, but we do like each other."

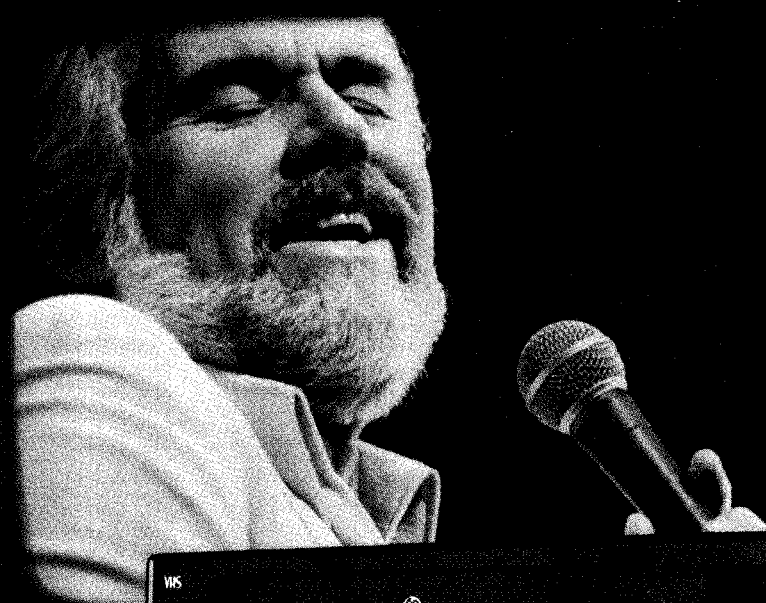
mer, and when we were eleven we were permitted to go up to the fishing hut my father had built in the hills. We stayed two or three weeks, and almost the only people we saw were occasional berrypickers and a farmer a couple of miles away who sold goat's milk. There were ponies and a lake, and we slept in a loft in narrow beds laid between the joists. My mother loved it. I have often wondered if she was fearful being so far from a doctor, but, if so, she never showed it. Her name was Eleanora Cameron. She was called Mora. She came from a Scottish naval family and grew up in genteel poverty. They moved from naval base to naval base, usually in England—it was a peripatetic life. My mother had a soft face and lovely hazel eyes, and had red hair when she was young. She had been beautiful, I think, but she didn't trust her looks at all. She was of that period when all women had permanents, and she would get to look so much prettier when her hair got loose and frizzy—then off she'd go to have it done up again. Mother was twenty-six when she got married. She thought it very old. She was ten years younger than my father, so by the time I was a teen-ager both parents were middle-aged, and that is probably why I have always thought of them more as

grandparents than as parents. All my mother had ever wanted was to run a house and have six children, and she did it wonderfully well. She had worked in an AGA-stove showroom before she was married, but there was nothing in her that felt that a career was of the least importance. It was baffling to her that I wanted to go to university. She was afraid of intelligence, particularly in women. She did read biography, because she had a compassion for people, a great patience for people. Her life was the kind that touched those around her very deeply. My father's name was Harald. He was remote, but in his way he was a family man. He was proud of his peasant ancestry and proud of how far his family had come. He ended up in shipping, but he spent the First World War in the Army in India and Persia. He never lost that Army look of the straight back and the mustache and the neatly brushed hair. After the war, he went up to Oxford and got a first and stayed on as a don for three or four years, teaching economics. Lord Longford was one of his students, and so was Hugh Gaitskell, of whom he was very proud. My father was very Scottish. He was élitist, and it was never easy for him to talk to people of all sorts. Yet he was truly democratic,

and if there had been a Social Democratic party he would have been a member. He believed you should take responsibility and think things out for yourself. He was wary of people who had inherited high positions and didn't live up to them, and he couldn't stand civil servants who didn't take their work seriously. I had always thought of him as domineering, but after he died, in 1970, the schedule at home went on just as before—breakfast at eight on weekdays and at a quarter to nine on Sundays, lunch at one, and dinner at seven-fifteen. My mother continued to arrange flowers and keep up her garden."

SCHUELER

BEFORE I'd left the States for England, I had married a girl named Jane Elton. She was a saucy little thing—very amusing, very sharp. She was a speech pathologist, and she taught riding in the afternoons. She was the second person who has saved my life. I had with great difficulty gotten permission to go off base and get married just before we shipped out, and because of that I missed a disastrous training flight—the plane I would have been on flew into a storm and crashed, and everybody was killed. When I got back to



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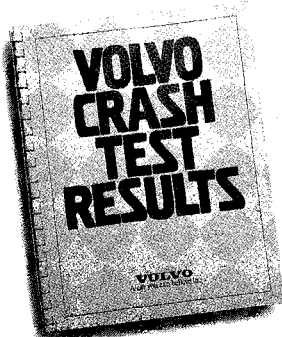
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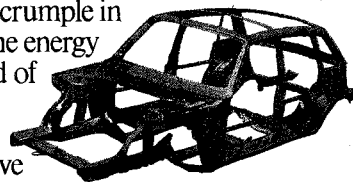
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by line. When I spent six months in Paris between Prior's Field and university, I would read Racine and Molière in the same way before going to see productions of them at the Comédie Française. We wrote papers about social mores in Hardy and about whether or not the Napoleonic Wars had any influence on Jane Austen's novels. We were never told anything about Maugham or Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh or T. S. Eliot or Yeats. Yet we were supposed to be incredibly eclectic in the British way—debate any side of a question and be thoroughly convincing. I've since had a terrible reaction to the education at Prior's Field. I rarely read a book or go to a play that doesn't have to do with the twentieth century.

"I went on to the University of St. Andrews, across the Firth of Forth. It was sixty miles from Edinburgh, and you took a ferry to get to it. We had mostly lectures, and I think the teachers were bored. I took French and English and Latin and moral philosophy. I took a whole year of Anglo-Saxon, and I still know the reasons that 'mouse' turns to 'mice' in the plural. I was somewhat cowed by St. Andrews. That made me unadventurous, and even more timid than I already was. What saved me was spending a year on scholarship at Sweet Briar College, in Virginia. The campus was lovely, and there were views of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It was very sheltered, and your morals were looked after. It was 'Now, girls, time to work' or 'Now, girls, we're going to the theatre in Charlottesville.' Sweet Briar stimulated me far more than St. Andrews. I was still terribly idealistic, and many of the teachers there were really involved in their subjects. And there was a steady infusion of outside culture, ranging from Peter, Paul, and Mary to Reinhold Niebuhr. There were also many ambitious, intelligent girls.

"I went to the University of London after St. Andrews and got my M.A. in the history of fine art. That was 1968. My mother was horrified. She found it all very dangerous, and



"Can you cut it a little finer, Mergeson, than 'umpteent'?"

felt that the more educated I became the less likely I was to get married. So much education made you selfish and opinionated and bossy. My options when I graduated were getting a job as an assistant curator in a museum or teaching art at the college level. I went home and worked in a gallery in Edinburgh, hardly being paid. Then I got a job as an exhibitions officer with the Scottish Arts Council. They had a gallery in Edinburgh and one in Glasgow, and they put together all manner of exhibitions that travelled all over Scotland. I helped choose the exhibitions and supervised their hanging. It was a great challenge to arrive in a new town late in the afternoon and find all your paintings stacked against the walls of whatever hall, waiting for you to put them up. I had a Mini car, and I travelled up and down the country. It was a wonderful job."

SCHUELER

"AT first, I lived in Clyfford Still's studio, on Cooper Square. It was on the top floor of a town house with elaborate bannisters. We had lunch together a lot, either at a cafeteria that became the first Five Spot or at McSorley's. My first studio was at Twelfth Street and Fourth Avenue. I was there a year, then moved around the corner. The first building had a

little restaurant on the ground floor, which sent evil smells up the airshaft, and the second had a noisy union. Many of the painters in New York lived where I was, and it was a tremendously exciting time. I continued seeing Still, and I met Barnett Newman and Franz Kline. I liked Kline immediately. He never got out of his painting clothes, and his studio was a mess. But he always had one beautiful thing on hand. Once when I went to visit him, there was a gleaming sink from Macy's sitting in the middle of everything. He'd sold a picture and bought it. And he loved cars. He had a Thunderbird, then a Ferrari. I had taken up the bass in California, and I was still playing. I had a good beat, at least, and I sat in at places like the Village Vanguard. I studied with Lennie Tristano, who was the Clyfford Still of the piano. We'd play together after my lesson, and it would lift you into realms you had never been in before. But the bass was taking up too much time. I had to make a decision, and I did: no more bass playing. It was sad, because I probably had more fun doing that than anything else in my life.

"You could live for nothing in New York then. The Tuesday-night openings at the galleries provided free social gatherings, and most evenings I

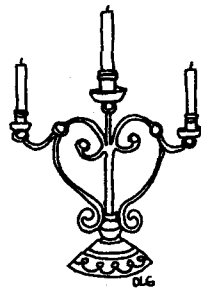
had dinner at the Cedar Street Tavern—or the Cedar Bar, as we called it. It was on University Place at Eighth Street, in a building now gone. The clientele was chiefly white-collar people and artists—groups that floated easily through each other's curves. It was a homely, nothing bar with wooden booths and very good spaghetti. Fridays, everybody went to the Club. It met on Eighth Street and in various lofts. There were panels and heavy discussions, and afterward we'd take up a collection and buy a bottle of whiskey. The generations of painters were all mixed up. Nobody had any money, so we were all together. That changed later, and you became uncomfortable being around an artist who was selling paintings for fifty thousand when you weren't selling any. Lofts were just coming in, and they were plentiful and cheap. Their high ceilings and great wall space were one reason that the abstract painters began doing such big pictures. Also, there was the influence of the Mexican muralists of the thirties, like Diego Rivera. And the painters discovered they could go downtown to John Boyle's canvas shop and buy cotton duck for a couple of dollars a yard instead of linen for twenty. When I got to New York, I thought I was well on the way to becoming a good painter, but I was soon shattered. Nothing much happened until Philip Guston came by my studio and looked at my work and told Eleanor Ward, of the Stable Gallery, about it. The Stable was on Seventh Avenue. She gave me my first show, in 1954. Three years later, Leo Castelli opened a gallery, and I was his first one-man show. On the basis of that, I went to Scotland.

"In England during the war, I had met a lovely, slim-boned girl named Buntly Challis. She drove one of those big, boxy ambulances, and nothing rattled her. She had been to the Highlands, and she would talk about its mountains and skies in images that reached dream images of mine—even though she was not that articulate. I brought back to this country what she had told me, and it stayed with me. Then I happened to see 'I Know Where I'm Going,' with Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey, and that did it. I rented a car in Scotland and drove around the Highlands looking for a place to live and work. Someone told me about a fishing village on the west

coast called Mallaig. It was monumental. I was moving into my world. I stayed in a small hotel owned by Archie MacLellan, who rents me the house I live in in Mallaig now. He took me out to a little bungalow set all by itself near the Sound of Sleat, and I rented it. There I was all alone at the end of the world and the winter coming on. I hate being alone, and I thought, How am I going to get through this? But I caulked the house up—"It's not fair to the wind," the villagers said—and I did forty-five paintings. After that, I went down to Paris, and came home and had another show at Castelli and a show at Hirschl & Adler."

SALVESEN

"I MET Jon at the Demarco Gallery, in Edinburgh, in 1970. He was very American, very definite about what he wanted. I was amazed by his ways in comparison with our muted Scottish ways. The relationship developed extremely slowly at first. He moved up to Mallaig—he had been going there off and on for years—and when he came back he announced that he was moving into my apartment in Edinburgh. He wanted to do a piece of writing and persuaded me to let him use my study. I only half wanted him to move in, but I didn't have the guts to say no. He was like a bull in a china shop, and I never knew what he was going to do next. I didn't tell anybody.



I had never fought with my family. I was utterly different from my mother and didn't want to be sucked into her way of thinking, but I didn't want to hurt her, either. I didn't lie. It was an absence of telling at first. Then I told her in bits. She was very upset when she understood. Finally, I made up my mind

about Jon. In 1971, I left the Council and moved to Mallaig with him, but kept my apartment.

"Mallaig is not a pretty, old, decaying Highlands village. It's a fishing village, and ugly and busy. Huge refrigerator trucks come in on the winding, tiny roads all the way from Bremen and Copenhagen to pick up fish. The surroundings are beautiful. On the east coast of Scotland, you look out and there's nothing there but the North Sea. On the west coast, you look out at islands and straits and sounds, and the feeling is utterly different. From Mallaig you see the

Sound of Sleat and the islands of Eigg and Rhum and Muck and the Isle of Skye. Every island has its own shape and look, and they make an extraordinary combination. The weather changes constantly, so it affects you. You never know whether it will rage or shine or snow. You are very much aware of nature in Mallaig. Man has made no impact at all. The land gives nothing, and the people squeeze a living from it. There is little social life and no gentry, but there is a middle class, made up of the headmaster, ministers, bankers, and some retirees. They live in private houses, and much of the rest of the housing is council housing. There is a certain social life in the streets, and when I first went there I would be invited to women's houses for elevenses. They would serve tea and cakes, and I would ask them back for tea and a coffee cake or a cranberry-nut cake—things that they had never had before and that I had learned about in America. We would exchange recipes. There are many, many children in Mallaig, so I worked in a day-care group. I also did a great deal of reading and took care of our dog and arranged trips for Jon and me to Spain and Morocco and Italy and America. Jon is a timid traveller, and I had always travelled. I also did a lot of work for him—not willingly, I admit. He wanted me to be in on everything he was doing. He thought it far more important that I work for him than do things for myself. I resented his self-centeredness. People like Jon are very sure of their direction. I respect distance between people, but Jon will suck anyone into his life, his drama. He revels in emotion. He lives by the rule that feeling anything is better than feeling nothing. Also that there is no need to put the lid on any emotion. Of course, there were compensations. He was very appreciative of what I did for him, and he shared everything with me. But in 1975 we split up. I went back to Edinburgh and attended a teachers' training college, and Jon went back to America. But we wrote to each other, and in 1976 I came over, and we were married in July. Since then, I've taught several years at the Day School, up on Fifth Avenue, which I loved but which was exhausting because I also had to keep up with Jon. I've done some public-school remedial teaching, and now I'm teaching English as a second language. We go to Mallaig every summer and fall, and we've been to China, and I've just



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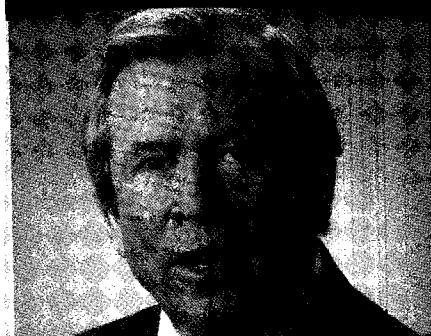
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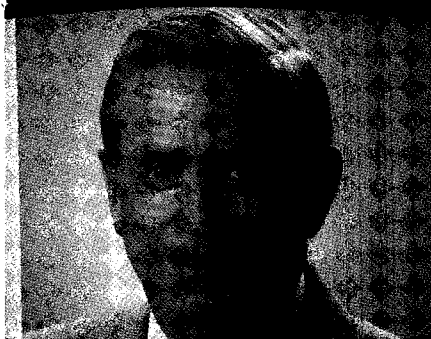
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finished editing Jon's autobiography, which is over a hundred thousand words long.

"I see life in New York in terms of Mallaig and Edinburgh. In Mallaig, our life is extremely simple. Almost everything is cut out of it. We go days without seeing people, and one engagement a week can press on us. We're terribly excited when we get back here, and we go to all the galleries and see our friends, and then we retreat and settle down. Keeping up with what's going on in New York is a week-to-week thing, as opposed to Edinburgh, where it's month-to-month. In New York, you do things scatteringly—you dart off, you do things by chance. New York is a city of individual buildings. It's raw compared with Edinburgh, which has its little green parks and seems built for people. Edinburgh is a wonderful residential city. I loathe the suspicion New York arouses in me vis-à-vis other human beings. Edinburgh is genteel and has few excesses. So much about a city like New York is unvoiced, but it is those very unvoiced things that keep you away from other American cities, which lack it."

SCHUELER

"AROUND 1960, I got divorced from my second wife, Jody Todd. She had been married to the poet Ruthven Todd, and I had met her on Martha's Vineyard. She was a painter. We were married in 1956 and separated in 1957. She had come over to Mallaig to make hotcakes for me, and she hated it, and we plunged into hell. Then I went through a time when I seemed unable to resist getting married. I would meet someone, like her, ask her to marry me, watch the relationship deteriorate the minute the word 'marriage' was mentioned, get married, go through hell, and have the marriage annulled. This happened twice—with a young black dancer and with a cheery girl who had just come down from Boston. The sixties were a bad time all around. Pop Art was taking over, Abstract Expressionism wasn't selling, and painters were talking about nothing but money. I had two shows at the Stable. I taught at Yale. I visited Alastair Reid in Spain. I found a new loft, at Broadway and Twentieth. In 1967, I went to the Isle of Skye, and did a very important series of watercolors. They took me closer to Turner, whose secrets are in his watercolors. I sold my lease to my studio in New York and moved

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to Chester, Connecticut, and built a fancy studio there. Then I got an offer from the University of Illinois—a full professorship, tenure, and twenty thousand a year. They wanted a kind of spiritual leader. I was painting, but I was broke. I suffered the anguish of indecision, then signed on the dotted line. I taught a year and took a leave of absence. I tried to take another leave, and they said no, and that was that. I had been approached by a dealer in Edinburgh named Ricky Demarco, who wanted to give me a show. I went over in 1970, and I met Magda at his gallery. She was with her mother and some relatives, and they were on their way to 'Blithe Spirit,' which is not my favorite play. But I wormed my way into the party and went. Magda is like none other. She is independent and self-contained and she never feels the need to explain. She kept disappearing over the horizon. I really had to pursue her, to court her. In 1973, I showed a hundred and fifty paintings in three working studios at the Edinburgh College of Art. I mounted them myself. I had tables and chairs and arranged for a light lunch. People could sit down and look at the pictures and take their time. The show lasted four weeks, and I sold a lot of paintings. Between 1974 and 1981, I showed in Minneapolis, at the Whitney, at the Cleveland, and in Chicago. Then, in 1981, I again had a marvellous experience in Edinburgh. I was invited by the Talbot Rice gallery to be part of the Edinburgh Festival. What I did was paint six rather large paintings—two were eighteen feet, three were fourteen feet, and the last was ten feet—in public over a period of a month. I worked in a large studio, and the public watched from a gallery. I had an eight-foot palette table on wheels. The paintings were meant to reflect one another and to be in a state of counterpoint yet to be true to themselves as single paintings. I was stimulated by all that canvas, by the idea of the whole thing, by the public.

"In Mallaig, I often paint at night. In New York, the kernel I strive for is nine in the morning to one in the afternoon, although there are many distractions in the city. Each day, the struggle to paint starts again. It's easy to talk a picture and very hard to paint one. I try to make the experience of light real. I make my hand think light. I try to get the organic quality of movement, of change. If you let your eye move up a blank white wall, that wall changes every second. There are

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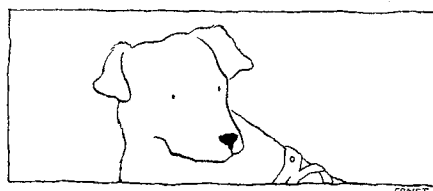


a thousand whites. Change is constant. So is surprise. Once a canvas is finished, the paint is frozen there. Yet it has an inner life, and as day moves over it it changes and changes. Long ago, I decided to go through Abstract Expressionism and come out the other side. The abstract painters rejected everything, but I felt that all painters were my brothers. I started painting skies before I knew what I was doing. Now it is my odyssey."

SCHUELER's studio measures roughly ninety feet by fifty feet, and has an eleven-foot ceiling. It takes up two-thirds of the loft—a ratio that, Schueler has said, "most artists demand of their nearest and dearest." One end faces north, and has five good-sized windows. Four large tables line the windows. The tables on either side are palette tables, and the middle ones are covered with tools. The south end of the studio is filled with paintings, many of them enormous. Some are stacked face to the wall and some are in racks. Two dozen aluminum studio lamps are fastened to metal rods hung from the ceiling. Schueler paints perhaps a hundred pictures a year. He prepares his canvases, which are made of cotton duck and are stretched by an assistant, with two coats of acrylic gesso, each sanded. He uses house-painters' two-and-a-half- to three-inch brushes, and one-and-a-half-inch brushes for final touches.

It is four o'clock on a cold afternoon, and Schueler is in his painting clothes—bluejeans, a tattered bluejean jacket, a blue turtleneck, and a bluejean hat. The sky is still blue, and the top of the Chrysler Building is silver white. Schueler drives two nails into the west wall and hangs a fresh canvas, measuring forty-four inches by sixty-five inches. Before he hangs it, he sprays the reverse side of a small dent in its lower right-hand corner with water to tighten the cotton duck. He drives another nail into the wall at the foot of the canvas to keep it steady, and steps back about twenty-five feet. He stares at the canvas a long time, moving from side to side. He walks to the palette table near the west wall, squeezes out some paint, and walks back to where he had been standing and stares again at the canvas. Then, moving quickly on a semicircular path, he goes to the table, picks up a brush, works its end in the paint, continues on to the canvas, leans forward, and makes a single, startling horizontal pale-blue pattern from the left edge to

the middle of the canvas. The pattern vaguely suggests a flintlock pistol, its butt to the left. He squeezes out more paint and covers the pattern with a pale gray, enlarging its right end at the same time. He takes a new brush and works at the right end of the pattern again, making it still longer and softening its edges. He keeps his brush at a thirty-degree angle to the canvas, and he works fast, holding the brush between his thumb and fingers the way old-time drummers held their sticks. Many of his strokes go against the grain of the brush. Using a battleship gray, he places a roundish, windy figure above the original pattern, adding a separate daub at the left edge of the canvas. He softens these new patterns with pale gray. He inserts a large blue-gray patch at the lower right of the canvas, and stands back and looks at what he has done. He covers the new blue-gray with a darker gray, and stands away again, the brush hanging loose in his right hand. His stance is easy, his knees slightly bent. He goes back to the canvas and makes a blue-gray pattern at its top left, a cloud coming into a clear sky. He darkens the center of the original flintlock pattern with a purple-gray, and adds a whitish gray to its butt. The layers of paint float on the canvas. He puts a whitish blue on the new cloud pattern at the top, and places daubs of it in mid-right and upper right. A third of the canvas is filled with paint. The sky outside has darkened, and the studio has grown brighter. More whitish gray appears at the top of the picture and at the right of the original pattern. Schueler pedals back like a quarterback and stares a full minute at the canvas. He holds his brush in both hands in front of him—a cook about to drain a big saucepan. He adds blue-gray to the top pattern and down in the lower right, and enlarges the right section of the original pattern. Its outlines are no longer visible. Gray goes into the center of the canvas and whitish gray along what was the bottom of the original pattern. He adds a blue swatch to the bottom of the painting and a narrow band along the underside of what was the flintlock. Blues and grays control the canvas. Schueler



inserts a patch of violet in the top right quarter of the canvas. Then he stretches a more vivid violet across the bottom left and over a gray area at bottom right. His movements have got quicker, and the only sounds in the studio are his shoes and the soft *thrush-thrush-thrush* of his brush. He joins part of the top right section to the right end of the original pattern with a bold gray-white column. He picks up a small brush and puts dark gray over the bottom left corner and between the original pattern and the top of the canvas, so that a rough, heavy gray arc dominates it. It is dark outside: the last of the afternoon light has been sucked into the studio. He covers the right center of the painting with a pale-blue swatch, and walks back almost to the opposite wall. He moves forward and sits down in a chair and stares at the painting for several minutes, his face propped in the fork of his left hand. He goes to the palette table and back to the canvas and applies a whitish patch at the left center, near the heavy gray, and in the upper right corner, and sits down again. He gets up and closes a white area at the top of the canvas with pale violet, and another, at top left, with pale blue, and the canvas is filled. During the next ten or fifteen minutes, he makes dozens of tiny changes with a small brush: a whisper of violet below the dark-gray center; a touch of white-gray at the upper right and along one edge of the dark gray, which produces the first hard edge in the picture; a very light coat of gray over a patch of blue at the upper right; a little staring white near the gray center. He softens the center by rubbing it with a cloth, then with two fingers. He adds a little blue to the top left corner and some pale gray to the far right. He puts down his brush and backpedals into the studio and stands still. There, suddenly, is the picture. It is an abstraction of a cloudy sky, and at the same time it is a cloudy sky. We are looking up into the sky, or perhaps we are in the sky looking down through clouds at still blue water. No matter where we move in the painting, the painting moves. Schueler is apparently finished. He clears his throat and says "Well!" and laughs. "It's that time of adjustment. I could go on until the whole picture was repainted, but I'll wait and see how it looks in the morning." An hour and five minutes has passed since he put the first blue on the canvas.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

REFLECTIONS

FLASHBACKS

THE passage of the fifty-year interval since the establishment of Soviet-American diplomatic relations at the turn of the year 1933-34 led to an intensive search by a large number of people—publishers, editors, television interviewers, arrangers of academic-lecture series, you name them—for someone who was involved in that particular episode and whose memories could instruct or divert those today whose impressions of what it all amounted to might be dim or nonexistent. There was a search, in particular, for someone who could relate that event to the previous state of Soviet-American relations and to the immediately following years of the Stalin era. This search soon revealed, to my surprise no less than to that of its authors, that of all those thus directly involved in the episode itself I appeared to be the sole survivor (on either side), and of those who served in the Soviet Union off and on through the remainder of the Stalin period I alone seemed to have the dubious double distinction of being an eyewitness and trying to be a historian. The pressures, therefore, centered on me.

Others who have studied, thought

about, and written about as well as experienced much of a given phase of history will understand the distaste with which at an advanced stage of life one receives the suggestion that one should undertake an analytical effort to put the whole subject once again in historical perspective. Historical perceptions, like *affaires de cœur*, are a matter of a particular stage in one's life; attempts at repetition are unlikely to be successful. When my mind returns to the events in question, what comes to it is primarily the memories of individual experiences along the way. Some of them, it seems to me, speak for themselves; and I would rather recall them as they were, and let them tell their own story, than try to embroider them analytically.

With apologies to my own memoirs, in which most of the recollections had some sort of place, I offer a few of these recollections here to any who might like to know what it was like or (to borrow the common query of the TV interviewer) "how it felt" to be involved with Soviet-American relations at the moment of their establishment and in the ensuing years of Stalinist horror. To stress the respon-

sibility of these memories in speaking for themselves and to distance the young man who received the experiences from the elderly one who now recalls them, I take the liberty of putting them in the narrative present.

I MUST begin at a point a bit more than fifty years ago—in 1932, to be exact—just before the establishment of diplomatic relations which we have lately been recalling. My wife and I are living, at this point, in Riga, Latvia. Latvia is a country that has until recently been part of the Russian Empire and will soon become part of the Soviet one but is now, during a twenty-year interval, independent. The atmosphere of the old, prerevolutionary Russia still hangs over it. The city of Riga is itself a smaller edition of the prerevolutionary St. Petersburg, but without the palaces. The sleigh in which I am sometimes driven to the office in winter—a one-passenger open-air affair, in which the fur-coated passenger sits behind and below the massive figure of the bundled coachman on the box—is right out of Tolstoy. In summer, because we are poor, we live in a little wooden cottage out at the seashore.

I commute on the suburban trains. The trains and the passengers, I among them, seem to be right out of Chekhov's stories. And if one goes farther into the countryside all that one sees—the cobbled roads, the swamps and fields, the birch trees and evergreen forests—is the purest Russia. I drink it all in, love it intensely, and feel myself for a time an inhabitant of that older Russia which I shall never see again in the flesh.

In the office, here in Riga, my work is the study of the Soviet Union. I have already been established as a Russian expert. I know the Russian language, and I, with two or three others, go thoroughly and systematically through the Soviet news-



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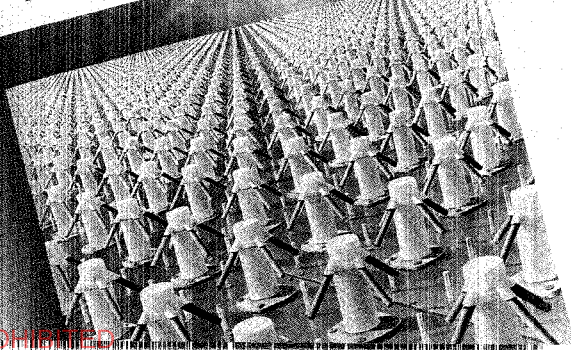
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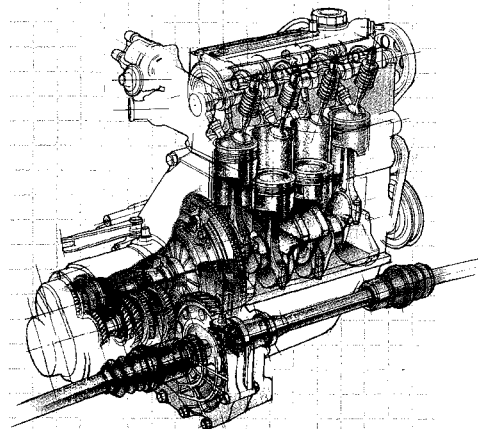
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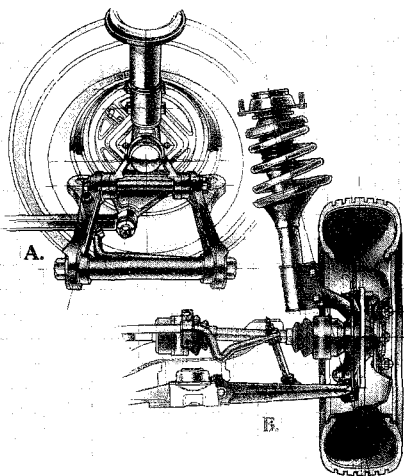
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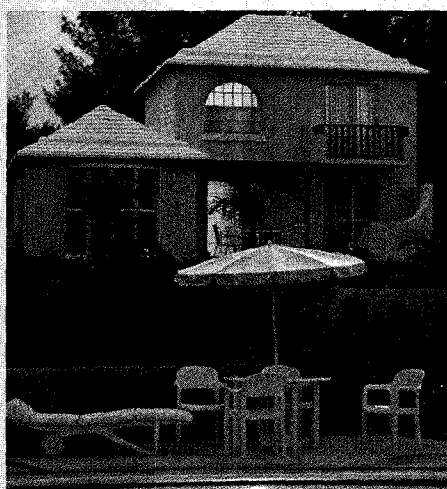


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papers and magazines, reporting to our government on what they reveal of life in the Soviet Union. It is through these thousands of pages of small-type, poor-quality newsprint that I am obliged to form my first picture of the great Communist country that lies so near at hand and extends so far away to the east. I, like my colleagues, am appalled at the propaganda that pervades every page of this official Soviet literature—at the unabashed use of obvious falsehood, at the hypocrisy, and, above all, at the savage intolerance shown toward everything that is not Soviet. I am seized, as are my colleagues, with the desire to strip away this brazen façade, and to reveal, in the reports to Washington, the reality that lies beneath it. And I am surprised to find how easy it is, if one looks carefully and thoughtfully, to perceive what does lie beneath these gray and brittle pages, and to realize that the meaning of the propaganda is not in the literal text but in the subtle changes that occur in it from day to day—changes that every sophisticated Russian knows how to decipher and to interpret, as we ourselves, in time, learn to do. And this is my introduction to the Soviet Russia.

LET us jump ahead now to the days, fifty-one years ago this past November, when diplomatic relations were being established between the United States and the Soviet Union. I happen at this time to be at home on leave of absence, and I am chosen to accompany, as interpreter and diplomatic secretary, our first Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Mr. William C. Bullitt, on his journey to Moscow, where he is to present his diplomatic credentials.

Bullitt is a striking man: young, handsome, urbane, full of charm and enthusiasm, a product of Philadelphia society and Yale but with considerable European residence, and with a flamboyance of personality that is right out of F. Scott Fitzgerald—a man of the world, well educated, fluent in French and German, confident in himself, confident of the President's support, confident that he will have no difficulty in cracking the nut of Communist suspicion and hostility which awaits him in Moscow. He is not a radical, but he is not afraid of radicals. He was once a friend of John Reed, and he was later married, for a time, to Reed's widow.

From Le Havre, where the ship lands, we travel by train, via Paris and

Berlin, to Moscow. The train takes two nights and two days. Also on the train is Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs. He, too, has just been in Washington, negotiating the establishment of relations, and he is now returning to Moscow.

On the second day of that long railway journey, on a brutally cold afternoon, when the train has been rolling for hours over the frozen fields of western Poland, we stop for a while at the Polish town of Bialystok, and Litvinov gets out and paces gloomily up and down the station platform, coat collar up against the wind. Bullitt goes out and joins him, and Litvinov then tells Bullitt (as Bullitt later reports to me) that this place, Bialystok, is actually the place where he was born and brought up; and he observes how strange it is for him to find himself there again after all this time, and confesses to Bullitt that he never wanted to be Soviet Foreign Minister in the first place—that his real ambition had always been to be a librarian. And from this very human confession I begin to realize what I am never to be allowed to forget: that these Soviet Communists with whom we will now have to deal are flesh-and-blood people, like us—misguided, if you will, but no more guilty than are we of the circumstances into which we all were born—and that they, like us, are simply trying to make the best of it.

Well, then, a few immensely exciting days later Bullitt and I are standing with three or four other people in the middle of the vast parquet floor of one of the great empty ballrooms in the Kremlin palace, and Bullitt is giving his little speech and presenting his credentials to the titular head of the Soviet state—old Daddy Kalinin, as we used to call him—who is the only man of peasant origin in the Soviet leadership, and looks the part, with his venerable gray beard. And a few moments later Kalinin is speaking kindly to me, and telling me with what excitement and enthusiasm he and his friends, when they were young radical students, had read the books about

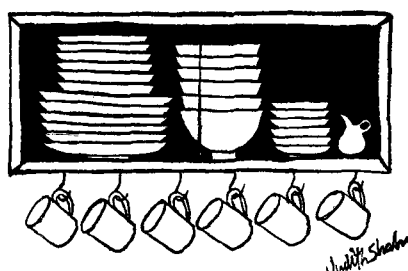
Siberia written by my grandfather's cousin, the elder George Kennan. The books were, Kalinin says, to my astonishment, the bible of the early Bolsheviks.

Such was the Russia of that day—and this. It could whipsaw you at times between its great extremes: the cold and the hot, the cruel and the tender, the callous and the humane.

ANOTHER change of scene. It is now my first winter in Moscow—the winter of 1933-34. Bullitt has gone home to organize an Embassy staff and has left me here for two or three months as our first regular diplomatic representative in Communist Moscow. The Stalinist terror has not yet begun, though it is not far off. The political atmosphere is still relatively relaxed.

My wife has joined me. We are the first American diplomatic couple to appear in the Moscow diplomatic corps. We are sometimes invited to parties: marvellous Russian-American parties in shabby Moscow apartments, at which nobody cares whether the apartments are shabby or not, or where you are to put your coats, or what there is to eat and drink—parties that are full of good talk, endless talk, in the Russian manner. And later in the evening we all go out to the great Park of Culture and Rest along the Moscow River and skate down the broad ice-covered paths from rink to rink, under the frozen Russian stars, to the strains of the "Skater's Waltz" rendered by scratchy loudspeakers somewhere up in the trees.

LET us jump ahead again. It is now 1937. I am still in Moscow. But times have changed. Difficulties have arisen. The terrible Stalinist purges have begun. Bullitt, disappointed and embittered (because he was too impatient and wanted everything at once), has left Russia, never to return. His place has just been taken by a new Ambassador, a shallow and politically ambitious man, who knows nothing about Russia—has no serious interest in it. His only real interest is in the publicity he can get at home. We are ashamed for him before our diplomatic colleagues, not because of his personal qualities or imperfections (I have no idea what those were) but because of his obvious unfitness for the job. To us, the Foreign Service officers stationed here, his having been sent out as our chief seems like a gesture of contempt on the President's part for us





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and our efforts—a revelation of how little the American political establishment knows or cares about the Foreign Service. And it brings home to me for the first time that, however much a Foreign Service officer may learn about the government to which he is accredited, he learns at least as much (and it is sometimes a harsh lesson) about the government he represents.

But to get back to my story: The purges are now at their height. The new Ambassador is invited to attend the second of the three great public purge trials—the visible tip of the immense iceberg of terror and cruelty which is now crushing Soviet society. He takes me with him as his interpreter, and I, sitting next to him, whisper into his ear what I can of the proceedings. He understands nothing of what is really going on. He even thinks the accused are genuinely guilty of the preposterous charges to which they are confessing, and he sententiously pronounces this opinion, during the intermission, to the assembled American journalists. But I do know what is going on; and the sight of these ashen, doomed men, several of them only recently prominent figures of the regime but now less than twenty-four hours away from their executions—the sight of these men standing there mumbling their preposterous confessions in the vain hope of saving themselves, or perhaps the members of their families, from disaster, the sight of their twitching lips, their prison pallor, their evasive, downcast eyes—is never to leave my memory. Nor is the impression mitigated by the fact that they would happily have seen the same thing done to others. Revolution is indeed, as someone has said, a beast that devours its own children.

LET us now move ahead again—some years ahead this time. Many things have happened in those intervening years. I have served in a number of other places: Washington, Prague, Berlin, Lisbon, and London. But I am now once more in Russia. It is wartime—the final months of the Second World War. Averell Harri-man is the Ambassador in Moscow—and an excellent Ambassador he is. I am his No. 2. The Russians are now our allies, and the Soviet Union is now winning victories. The building we live and work in faces the Kremlin across a great sea of asphalt pavement; and night after night we hear the

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booming of the gun salutes in celebration of the victories and see the fireworks rising triumphantly from Red Square.

I look on the war with mixed feelings. I have recollections of nearly two and a half wartime years spent in Germany, most of that time in the early period of the war, before our country entered the contest. I have no love for Hitler. I have never questioned the necessity of defeating him. But I also have no hatred for the German people.

One July Sunday, I stand among the curbside spectators on one of the great circular boulevards of Moscow and watch fifty thousand German prisoners forced to march through the city at double time, as a spectacle for the Moscow populace. I have told about the episode in my memoirs.

It is a hot day. The sun beats down. The men, obviously just removed from the freight cars in which they have been transported, are weak, tired, and thirsty. But they are hounded along. Those who fall are pulled aside to be picked up later. Mounted guards ride their horses into those who show signs of lagging behind. It is a cruel spectacle. I don't doubt that the German Nazis are doing worse than this to many innocent people, in Russia and elsewhere. But I am sickened. These young men are presumably draftees, most of them nineteen or twenty years old. They are no more responsible for the accident of birth that brought them to this place than are the young Russians who fight against them. They, like the rest of us, didn't choose their parents, or the time or the country of their birth. The crowds of Russian spectators, mostly women, look on impassively at this spectacle, but insofar as I can divine their real reactions from their eyes and their expressions these people are not devoid of sympathy for the prisoners. Russians—especially these Russians—have experienced too much of suffering not to feel for it when they see it before them.

It occurs to me, standing there at the curb, that in a great war like this the populations are all victims alike. Their fate and their sufferings bear no relation, as a rule, to the propaganda slogans and pretensions and professions of the governments that drive them to this slaughter. There are times and instances, I have no doubt, when a people has no choice but to stand up and fight. But such cases are rare, and I come away with the conviction that one should beware of all the collective hysterias of modern na-

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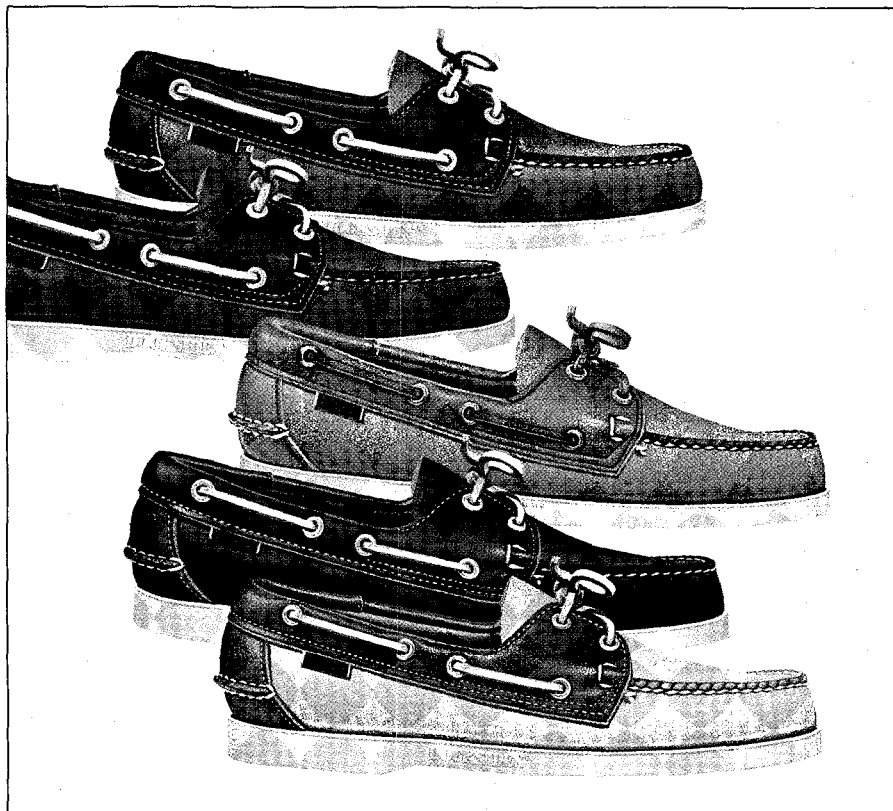


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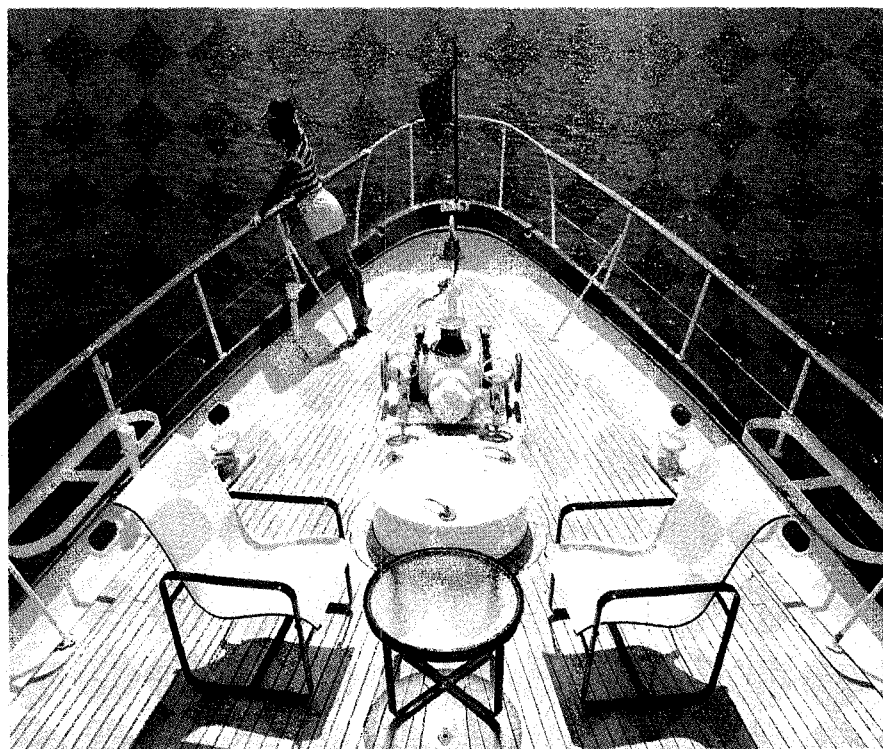
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tionalism—the artificially fanned hatreds, the chauvinistic self-idealization, the professions of noble principle. The tragedies of war are a thousand times as deep as these hysterias, and put them all to shame.

WE come now to the year 1945 and the month of May. It is victory day—the day of the ending of the war in Europe. The city of Moscow goes wild with joy and relief. People pour out onto the streets by the million. This is their day. They cannot be controlled; nor does anyone seriously try to control them.

The Party leaders, true to their ingrained habits, do try to channel the street demonstrations to places where the cheers and wavings will appear to be tributes to the regime's own wise war leadership. It does no good. To everyone's consternation and amazement, even to ours, the only place in Moscow where crowds of this order choose to gather and to demonstrate seems to be the enormous square before the American Embassy. They crowd up against our walls in thousands, waving and cheering—they cannot be induced to go anywhere else. After some hours of this, I, being in charge of the Embassy at that moment, feel it necessary to acknowledge in some way this great demonstration of good will; and I go out onto one of the pedestals of the high pilasters on the front of the building and say a few simple words to the crowd in Russian, congratulating them on the common day of victory. They love it and roar their approval. But Stalin, learning of it, resents it intensely. It is the first time a bourgeois representative has been publicly cheered by a Soviet crowd. This is taken by Stalin as a humiliation, and I should know that someday I shall be made to pay for it if there is any way he can cause me to do so.

A FEW more months pass. It is the winter of 1946. The war has ended. The problems of policy are now those of the postwar future. In mid-February, Averell Harriman is away for a time, and again I am left in charge of the Embassy. I am ill in bed, as I recall it, with a severe sinus infection. Among the incoming telegrams brought to me one morning for my consideration is one from the Department of State informing me that the Russians are declining to join the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. The Department's telegram reflects bewilderment over

the reasons for this attitude. Why, it asks me, should the Russians decline to take part? How do I explain it?

I am filled with impatience and disgust at this naïveté. For two years, I have been trying to persuade people in Washington that the Stalin regime is the same regime we knew in the pre-war period, the same one that conducted the purges, the same one that concluded the Non-Aggression Pact with the Nazis—that its leaders are no friends of ours. I have tried to persuade Washington that dreams of a happy postwar collaboration with this regime are quite unreal; that our problem is deeper than that; that Stalin and his associates are now elated with their recent military and political successes and think they see favorable prospects for extending their political influence over all of Europe through the devices of infiltration and subversion. Until they are weaned from these rosy hopes, I argue, it is useless for us to suppose that they will participate in idealistic schemes for worldwide collaboration under our leadership—particularly in such areas as economics and finance, where their ideological commitments are wholly different from our own.

To explain all this, I sit down and draft a preposterously long telegram—some eight thousand words, if I remember correctly—going right back to the beginning and describing, as though in a primer for schoolchildren, the nature, the ambitions, the calculations of these men. It is a grim and uncompromising picture. I wonder uneasily what the reaction will be at home. To my amazement, it is instantaneous and enthusiastic. The telegram goes the rounds in official Washington—to the other departments and to the White House. It is even made required reading for hundreds of senior military officers. For the first time in my life (and the last, incidentally), I seem to be on the same wavelength as official Washington. But, more important and more significant than that, I seem to have aroused a strain of emotional and self-righteous anti-Sovietism which in later years I will wish I had not aroused.

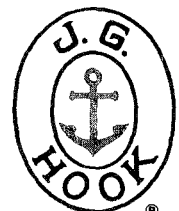
THE scene shifts to Washington in the years from 1947 to 1949. I have been given a high position with policymaking responsibilities in the Department of State. It is still primarily Soviet-American relations that I am concerned with, but the problem now is with my own government, not with the Soviet one. I have my own

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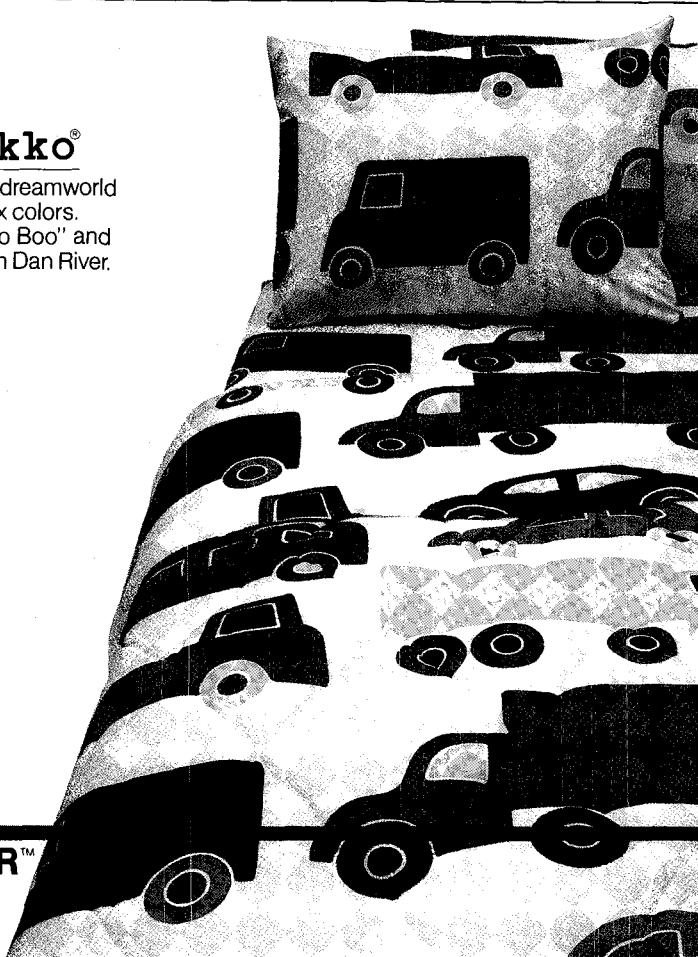
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concept of what American policy should be in this immediate postwar period. It is a simple concept: first, of course, to pursue "containment"—in the sense of restoring economic health and political self-confidence to the peoples of Western Europe and Japan in order that they may be resistant to local Communist pressures—and prove to the men in the Kremlin in this way that they are not going to succeed in extending their rule to further areas by political intrigue and intimidation, that they cannot serve their own interests without dealing with us; and then, when a political balance has been created, to go on to the negotiation with Moscow of a general political settlement.

Well, the first part of this concept proceeds without difficulty. The Marshall Plan, which is an integral part of it, is marvellously successful. And something very similar is accomplished, primarily on my initiative, for Japan. The time for negotiations, as I see it, is approaching. Here the difficulties begin. The subject of any real negotiations with the Russians would have to be the removal of the unfortunate division of Germany and Europe to which the final operations of the recent war have led. But our European allies do not want that, nor does the emerging German leader, Konrad Adenauer; and the Secretary of State agrees with them. They all mistake the Soviet threat for a military one, and feel that there must be a military response, in the form of the NATO alliance. I am not enthusiastic. I feel that this will cause us to take our eye off the ball of economic recovery. I particularly deplore the idea of bringing West Germany in as a partner. This, I maintain, will freeze the division of Europe and make it impossible to remove, and will create bitter problems for the future. But I am overruled. Military thinking, here and in Europe, has taken over from political thinking. People are reverting to nineteenth-century patterns of thought—and this in the nuclear age, to which, it seems to me, these patterns are not relevant. But I can do nothing to stop it. I also disagree with our government's intention of developing the hydrogen bomb. Robert Oppenheimer and I would both prefer to have another try at negotiation with the Russians before we take this fatal step. Again, I am overridden. So at the end of 1949 I give up my job as head of the Planning Staff, am soon granted, at my request, a long leave of absence

without pay (for at this point they are glad to get rid of me), and go off to Princeton to try to become a scholar.

BUT the respite is not long. Only a year and a half passes before I am called to Washington again and appointed Ambassador to Moscow. The assignment has nothing to do with Soviet-American relations. The present Ambassador, it seems, is leaving. It is the election year of 1952. For purely domestic-political reasons, the Administration is afraid to leave the post vacant. Foreign policy—policy toward the Soviet Union—plays no part in the decision. It never occurs to people in the Administration that the position of American Ambassador to Moscow has anything to do with policy toward the Soviet Union. They don't really know, to tell the truth, what an ambassador is for. But it suits their book that someone should be out there, at this politically delicate moment, to keep the chair warm. So now I am again in Moscow, but this time in the lofty and lonely position of Ambassador.

Gone now is the familiarity with one's Foreign Service colleagues which marked the earlier years in that city. I reside in the solitary splendor of Spaso House. But it is a gilded cage. The political atmosphere could not be worse. The Korean War is still on. People on both sides expect it soon to develop into a real Soviet-American war. The Embassy is isolated from the population as never before. I, as Ambassador, am the Soviet Union's Enemy No. 1. The walls of the Embassy compound are floodlit from the outside and patrolled by armed guards, like a prison's. Five burly gentlemen—all carefully picked colonels of the internal and border guards—are stationed at the gate day and night. Wherever I go, whether on foot or by car, they accompany me. Never did anyone have more constant companions. We politely salute each time I come out; but we never speak. Yet as the months go by—the months of this constant silent companionship—I see that they are doing their duty faithfully, as I am trying to do mine. And I sense growing up between us a certain tacit, helpless sympathy; for, once again, what are we all if not the products of the accidents of birth?

On some of the warm summer nights, we walk—this odd little cortege—among the crowds in the Park of Culture and Rest, where once, in happier times, I skated. We are any-

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mous here. We merge with the crowds, for my guardians are in civilian clothes and I am informally dressed and look much like anyone else. If the other people knew who I was, they would be interested but frightened, as would my guardians; for it would be dangerous for anyone to have even the most casual conversation with me. So I walk among these crowds of people, observing them, hearing their conversation, near to them in one way but endlessly far from them in another; seeing but myself unseen; hearing but myself unheard. I console myself by fancying that I am an invisible disembodied spirit from another time or another planet, privileged to move about amid the life here below but never to participate in it, never to communicate with it—to be always near it but never part of it.

NEXT picture. It is still 1952, but a few more weeks have passed. I am now in Western Europe for a few days—in Geneva, where I have a young daughter in boarding school. I suddenly receive a phone call from the American Consulate General in that city. A telegram has been received from the Embassy in Moscow. The Embassy has just received a note from the Soviet Foreign Office saying that I am declared persona non grata, which means that they will no longer recognize me as Ambassador and I shall not be permitted to return to Moscow. The news has not yet been announced to the world press but will be shortly. Within six months, now, of his own death, Stalin is apparently in a strange state of anxiety and suspicion; and presumably he suspects me of God knows what.

I am thunderstruck. I cannot know, of course, that this will be the end of my Foreign Service career, but I know that it will mean a great change in my life. In one way or another, an epoch is ending for me. I also know that at any moment the world press will be tracking me down, demanding statements, interviews, photographs. I am not prepared for all this. It is too sudden. To give myself a little protection and a few moments to think about what has happened, I escape to a nearby movie house and sit there in the dark, trying to figure out what has happened to me and how I should respond to it. And shortly, to my intense disgust, I find myself watching with interest the silly movie, and I have to pinch myself to turn my eyes away from the screen and take account



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once again of my altered situation. In such absurdity, such human weakness, such childish helplessness, there approaches the rather ignominious end of some twenty years of official service in the Soviet Union.

I RETURN home, of course, with my family. The Presidential election of 1952 has just taken place. A new Administration—in some respects like the one we have today—has installed itself in the seats of power in Washington. No one having said anything to me about what I am now to do, I live quietly through the winter at our farm in the country. The weeks go by. Finally, I come to Washington to see the new Secretary of State. He receives me civilly, and casually tells me that he knows of no niche for me in the Department or in the Foreign Service. I am, in other words, fired. No reason is offered. But, says he, before you go I would like you to give me your impressions of the situation in Russia today. I pull myself together and do this. "Well, well," he says. "You know, when you talk about these things you interest me. Very few people do. I hope you will come down here from time to time and let me have your views on what is happening in Russia." I ask him how it is proposed to announce my dismissal to the press and the public. The Secretary says I should go to see his press secretary—he will work it out.

I go to see the press secretary. He professes helplessness. "Honestly, I wouldn't know what to say," he says. "Would you have any suggestions?" I tell him I would like to have a few moments to think about it. So I go out to a restaurant for lunch, take out a piece of paper, and draft, so to speak, my own death warrant—the terms of my dismissal from the Foreign Service. I take it back to the press secretary, who reads it and says to me, "Geez, Mr. Ambassador, that's elegant—I couldn't have written that."

With these expressive words, twenty-six years of foreign service, and twenty years of official involvement with Soviet-American relations, years always full of irony, come to an ironic end.

WELL, thirty-odd years have now gone by since I left the government service. I have continued to be involved with Russia, both czarist and Soviet, but this time as a historian—no longer as a participant. Some

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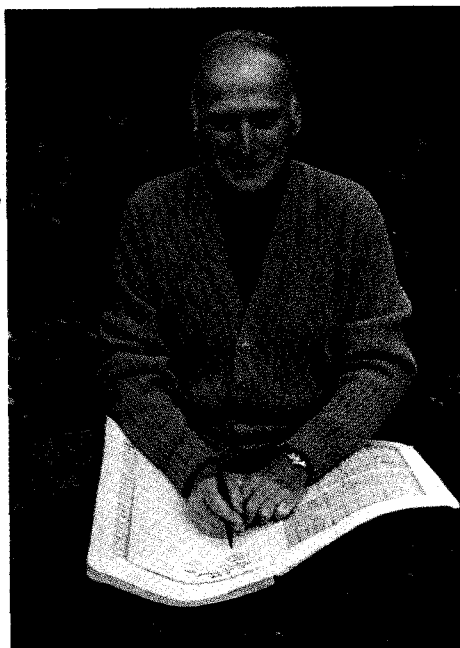
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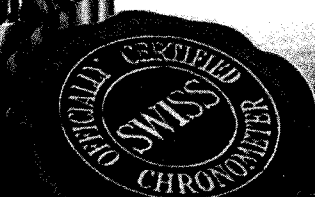
But one instrument that he never changes is to be found on his wrist.

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of the books I write deal with the final years of the prerevolutionary Russia and the first years of the Soviet one. The work is not unrewarding. I come to know my principal historical characters—the heroes or antiheroes of my books—as though I had known them in the flesh. I relive, together with them, their times, their struggles, their disappointments. I know, as they could not know, that they are all actors in what will ultimately be seen as a tragic drama; but I try to judge them for what they were, and for what they knew. And I find it striking that here, again, as in all my years of official service in Russia, I am myself remote from the people I am observing. I see them again, as I once saw the Soviet Union in Riga, through the record of the printed word; but I must myself remain unseen, as I was on the paths of the Park of Culture and Rest—must always be *near* to what interests me but never be *of* it.

I would like, of course, to be able to communicate to those now in power something of what I see through these historical lenses; for I fancy myself to perceive, in these records of the past, lessons that, if they were closely looked at, could help us all to identify the hopeful roads into the future and to refrain from entering, and from pulling others along with us, on those paths at the end of which there is no hope, and from which no one ever returns. The efforts I make in this direction are not crowned, as a rule, by any conspicuous success; but there are certain professions, such as medicine, teaching, and the priesthood, in which one does not inquire anxiously into the results of one's efforts, and the writing of history is one of them. The effort, here, is its own reward. The results are the concern of a Higher Authority.

—GEORGE KENNAN

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AROUND CITY HALL

STATES OF CONFUSION

THE formal agendas of the top political leaders at various governmental levels for the first couple of months of each year are well established. Their constituents can be sure that during this period they will have laid on them, besides snow and sleet, many numbers, none of them small, and many words of varying degrees of magniloquence, which will not necessarily prove out. In recent weeks, New Yorkers have been treated to State of the Union, State of the State, and State of the City messages. In this last address, delivered on January 30th, Mayor Edward Koch declared that conditions here were excellent. ("That rosy glow on the horizon is real.") He spoke also of his vision of "a city of diversity without division." Besides this mayoral view, and the comparably roseate reports on the conditions of the state and the nation, there have been the annual federal, state, and city budget messages, complete with charts, graphs, and other visual aids for maximum enlightenment. Also in accordance with tradition, the delivery of the federal budget message was followed by cries of anger from leaders at lower government levels and from members of the Democratic opposition. Mayor Koch called its provisions "devastating," "dreadful," and "stupid." It all had a familiar rites-of-winter ring. Local newspaper editors treated each of the season's formal government messages as front-page news, giving their more earnest readers the opportunity to try to sort out the rights and wrongs of divergent federal, state, and local claims. A large share of the readers (and of the editors), however, were preoccupied with very different matters, which were also the subject of official interest at three levels of government. Instead of concern about conflicting revenue-sharing statistics and the like, there was the question of whether a bit of one finger or most of the hand of an elderly lady named Eleanor Bumpurs had been shot off by a local policeman named Stephen Sullivan before he pumped up his twelve-gauge shotgun and fired at her again, this time fatally. There was the controversy over the true cause of death—which the city's chief medical examiner gave in a preliminary report as "cardiac arrest"—of a young man named Michael Stewart, who had received severe in-

juries while in the custody of city Transit Police for having written three letters, each a foot high, on the wall of a subway station. There was also the question of how it had come about that Bernhard Goetz had escaped indictment for attempted murder by a Manhattan grand jury after having shot four youths because (according to a taped conversation with a neighbor which was played for the grand jury) he was "almost sure" they were "vicious, savage people" who he thought were going to rob him, whereas a grand jury in the Bronx indicted Officer Sullivan for second-degree manslaughter in the killing of Mrs. Bumpurs—although his actions, according to the Police Department, fell within departmental guidelines. Urged on by provocative headlines and fiery editorials, many New Yorkers were busy trying to sort out the rights and wrongs of the operations of various elements of this city's criminal-justice system—and often discovering much that they had not known about grand juries, the offices of the district attorneys, the Police Department, the Medical Examiner's Office, and about the relationship of all these to City Hall.

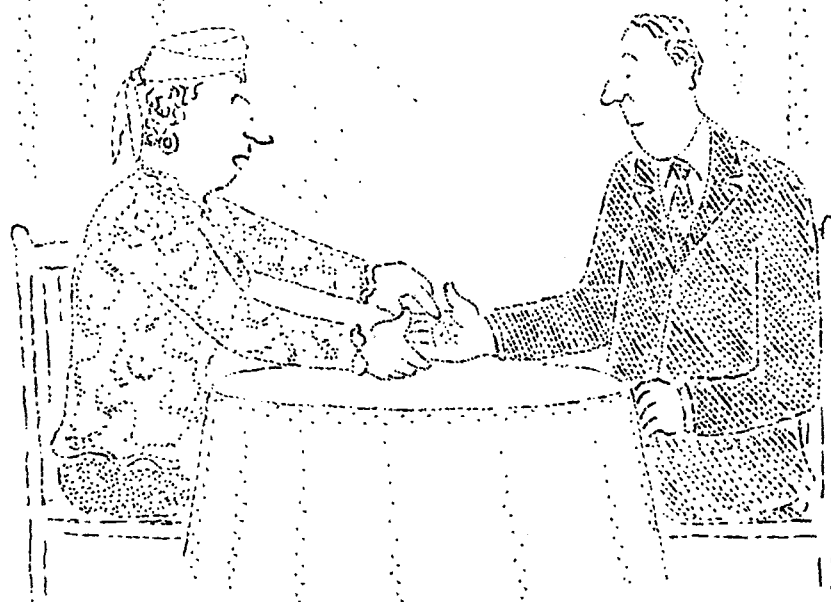
The largest amount of formal governmental attention is currently trained on Chief Medical Examiner Elliot Gross, whose performance in office was the subject of four long articles in the *Times*, by Philip Shenon, beginning on January 27th. Koch named Gross to his present post on August 9, 1979; Michael Baden, Gross's predecessor and another Koch appointee, had been dismissed a few days before by the Mayor. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, who is a good friend of the Mayor's (when Koch loses a bet to an official of some other city over, say, a sporting event, he often pays off in apples from Mor-

genthau's upstate farm), had complained that Baden was sloppy and uncooperative; the city's four other district attorneys had praised Baden highly. The fact that Koch's right to fire him without a hearing was subsequently upheld in court seemed to demonstrate that a chief medical examiner's hold on the post—which in previous administrations had been treated as practically a lifetime assignment, giving it considerable independence from City Hall—might now be subject to mayoral whim. At the moment, the office is under formal investigation by an in-house City Hall group and by an outside counsel appointed by the Mayor. An earlier in-house study of the office, in connection with the Stewart case, concluded that Gross had for the most part acted properly but that he could use a good public-relations adviser; the study had never been released. When Koch was asked if he had been roused to public action on the matter because "the heat's on from the *New York Times*," he replied, "That's not a bad way of putting it." Also in progress are two state investigations and one by United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, who expects to bring evidence before a federal grand jury for possible criminal action. According to Giuliani, this concentration of attention is appropriate, because the Medical Examiner's Office, with its control over evidence, is "central to the whole criminal-justice system." His decision to investigate the office, he explained, was reached after meetings with black leaders, who urged him to file a suit against Bernhard Goetz on the ground that Goetz had violated the civil rights of the four black youths he had shot. Giuliani has so far not agreed to declare the Goetz situation a federal case, but the inquiry into the Medical Examiner's Office, which black leaders also proposed, clearly qualified because of possible tampering with evidence in the Bumpurs and Stewart cases, both of which were already under investigation by the F.B.I. for alleged violations of the victims' civil rights. Bumpurs and Stewart were black, and in most of the other cases the *Times* discussed in which there appeared to be a possible coverup by the Medical Examiner's Office of excessive use of force by the police, the victims were also either black or Hispanic—a circumstance that, in the glare cast by five investigations, will not make it easy for the Mayor to demonstrate that New York may soon be-



come a city with diversity but without division.

CONCERN over crime in the subways, set off by the Goetz case, is already reflected in the city budget for the current fiscal year: Koch has increased police coverage in subway stations during the day and has put a policeman on every subway train in the nighttime hours, at a cost of two million dollars a month. City Hall's latest solution to the drug problem among the city's young people is a plan to put undercover policemen in the schools, disguised as cafeteria workers and janitors. In his state-of-the-budget press conference, the Mayor said that the new budget would undoubtedly provide money for the hiring of more policemen in the next fiscal year. Developments in connection with the local criminal-justice system have also affected an undertaking with which many black New Yorkers have been preoccupied for months: the choice of a candidate, preferably a black, to run in this election year against Koch, whom they regularly accuse—unfairly, he insists—of being insensitive to blacks and of contributing to the racial polarization of the city. Despite much effort, black leaders seemed unable to find a black politician willing to run and with some chance of election whom they could all support. The black journalist Earl Caldwell seemed to have the answer in his February 4th *Daily News* column. The column was headed, "THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE: MAKE TOP COP MAYOR." Caldwell immediately explained, however, that he was not referring to Benjamin Ward, the city's first black police commissioner. In January, 1984, when Ward was sworn in, Harlem Representative Charles Rangel said that "it will be a comfort just to know that he's there," but Ward's performance in office has been a disappointment to many local blacks, who when he was appointed had perhaps forgotten that he had a reputation in the city's Department of Correction, which he had headed since 1978, for going along to get along, and that he had not won appointments as the first black commissioner of the state's Department of Correctional Services and the first local black police commissioner by playing an aggressive role in the civil-rights movement. Despite the hopes of many New Yorkers, of all races, that Ward would make a difference, over a year after he took office the Police Department is only



MANKOFF

"Now, right over here there's going to be some congestion, so get off I-95 and take the Hutchinson River Parkway."

approximately ten per cent black, as it was ten years ago, and the black police officers' fraternal organization, the Guardians, complains that there is only one black captain on the entire force. Before he became commissioner, Ward had said that he did not object to the idea of including private citizens on the Police Department board that considers complaints about police conduct, which often come from minority communities. The members of that board, and those investigating such complaints, however, continue to be employees of the department. Caldwell wrote of Ward that "the events of last week in the Bumpurs case were proof positive that he's not the top cop." On January 31st, immediately after Officer Sullivan was indicted in the shooting of Mrs. Bumpurs, Ward suspended him from the force. There was a huge outcry from the policemen's union—the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, to which all members of the force are required to belong—and particularly from the P.B.A.'s president, Philip Caruso, who called the indictment "a travesty of justice." The following day, Sullivan was restored to the payroll (though he did not get

his gun back), a development that proved, Caldwell said, that "in New York the top cop is Phil Caruso." Ward's explanation to reporters for his about-face—that the grand-jury indictment "does not provide a basis for changing my . . . preliminary finding," which was that Sullivan had acted within departmental guidelines—implied that there were two kinds of law: the law of the land and the law of the police. Caruso, for his part, said that he was "gratified" by the reinstatement. Obviously, said Caldwell, "when Phil Caruso talks, people listen," and the best over-all solution was to "make the top cop the mayor."

Although the *Post's* headline on the decision on the subway shootings was "BERNIE GOETZ A BREAK," the Manhattan grand jury had not let Goetz off entirely; he was indicted on three counts of illegal weapons possession. One of his lawyers called this "practically an exoneration." It is hard to realize that until the afternoon of December 31st, when Goetz turned himself in to authorities, no one but a few relatives and neighbors had ever heard of him; he is now a household name everywhere. Over in London, in an

article last week on Reagan's State of the Union message, *The Economist* observed that the President's position that the United States could assist so-called freedom fighters in other countries if this act was seen as self-defense was one "that Mr. Bernhard Goetz's lawyers would approve of." Mayor Koch had originally seemed critical of the subway vigilante ("Vigilantism will not be tolerated in this city"). After the grand jury's action, however, he challenged City Hall reporters to prove that he had ever referred to the subway shooter as a vigilante; it appeared that he had only been referring to vigilantism in a general way. During Goetz's meteoric rise to folk heroism, the Mayor had kept saying that the whole matter should be left to the grand-jury system, in which he had the utmost faith. He called the jury's decision "Solomonic," which he later defined as "intelligent" and "brilliant." However, the *Daily News* took a very different position, in an editorial headed "IT'S NOT DODGE CITY." For the criminal-justice system "now to free Goetz of any accountability for the shootings is not only outrageous," it said. "It is an appalling affirmation of the ugly, virtually anarchic premise that *there is no justice* in New York." There was talk that the grand jury's decision would surely have been different if a black man had shot four people, black or white, and there was mention of the fact that two of the youths had been shot in the back. One of the four youths, Darrell Cabey, is paralyzed and in a coma. Two days after the decision that absolved Goetz of responsibility, Eleanor Bumpurs' daughter, Mary Bumpurs, said, "This is like what they did to my mother. . . . These things happen to blacks, not to white people."

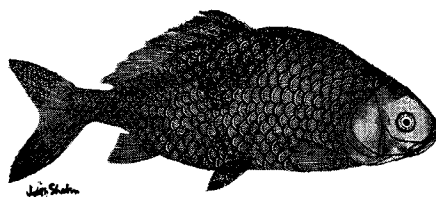
AFTER the Manhattan grand jury's failure to indict Bernhard Goetz for attempted murder, many New Yorkers were taken aback when, less than a week later, a grand jury in the Bronx, where Mario Merola is the district attorney, handed up a manslaughter indictment against Officer Sullivan in the killing of Eleanor Bumpurs. The Mayor's first reaction was to reiterate his belief in the grand-jury system. The following day, however—the same day that Ward reversed himself on Sullivan's suspension from the police force—Koch put out a statement saying that the indictment "saddens me," and praising Sul-

livan as a superb officer. A few days later, he said that in this case he disagreed with the grand jury ("It does not mean they are bad people"), and declared that he hoped Sullivan would be acquitted. The Mayor, who is a lawyer, also said that there was no reason not to exercise his "First Amendment rights" at this stage of the process, before a trial had even begun, because "people are interested in my opinion." It is possible to sympathize with future trial jurors (or with a judge, should Sullivan ask to face just a judge rather than a jury made up of Mrs. Bumpurs' fellow Bronx residents) who might believe that there are grounds for Sullivan's conviction but know that if they vote that way they may well be public targets of the wrath of the city's highly articulate mayor and the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association.

"Had there been no second shot, there would have been no indictment," Merola told reporters on the day the Sullivan indictment was announced. The critical issue was thus that of excessive force. This could also have been a critical issue in the Goetz case. However, Arthur Browne, a *News* reporter who is also a lawyer, pointed out that in the taped interrogations of Goetz that were played during the presentation of the case to the Manhattan grand jury, the police never pressed Goetz on the question of why, believing that the four youths might be about to rob him, he had not tried to disperse them without bloodshed, simply by taking out his gun. If Goetz had been forced to answer that question, Browne noted, the jury's view of his culpability for the shooting might have been different. According to Browne, the jury did hear testimony from other passengers on the subway that day, who said that although the four had been rowdy and had asked for cigarettes and the like, the youths had moved away when they said no or didn't answer. Despite this testimony, the jury took only seventy minutes to vote not to indict Goetz for the shootings.

The Bronx grand jury concluded that the second shot fired by Officer Sullivan at Mrs. Bumpurs had been

excessive. Her death occurred on October 29th, in connection with attempts to evict her from her small apartment in a South Bronx public-housing project, for which monthly rent payments of ninety-six dollars and eighty-five cents were four months in arrears. It is not entirely clear why the city was so eager to evict Mrs. Bumpurs, who was sixty-six years old, since if she were to become homeless she could be eligible, under the city's program for the homeless, to be sheltered at a public expense many times her rent. According to the autopsy report, Mrs. Bumpurs was five feet six inches tall and weighed two hundred and seventy-three pounds. P.B.A. spokesmen—who gave her weight as three hundred pounds—saw her obesity as menacing. It was seen as immobilizing by those critical of the police action, including her family, who said that she was also arthritic. She had a history of mental illness, although not—again, according to her family—of violence. A psychiatrist who had seen her a few days earlier said that Mrs. Bumpurs believed that agents of President Reagan and Fidel Castro were after her. She was observed sitting on a stool and holding a kitchen knife, perhaps to fend off these forces, by six members of the Police Department's Emergency Service Unit, who had been called in by representatives of the Housing Authority and the Housing Police, who were overseeing her eviction. The E.S.U. is a two-hundred-and-seventy-man unit, often described as "élite," that has been specially trained to handle violent family disputes, threatened suicides, and similar crises. In a city that is close to half black and Hispanic, such calls more often than not involve members of minority communities, but the men assigned to the much-sought-after duty with the E.S.U. include only eight Hispanics and six blacks. Mrs. Bumpurs had refused to open the door, so the E.S.U. men, all of them white, unlocked it and entered the apartment. Besides guns, they were equipped with special tools for subduing emotionally disturbed persons—or E.D.P.s, as they are referred to in the city bureaucracy—and they carried protective shields and wore gas masks, possibly causing Mrs. Bumpurs, in the few moments left of her life, to wonder which of the hostile presidents had sent them. Thirty seconds after the members of the E.S.U. entered the apartment, people in the hallways heard one shot and then another. Ac-



"I put my heart into it."

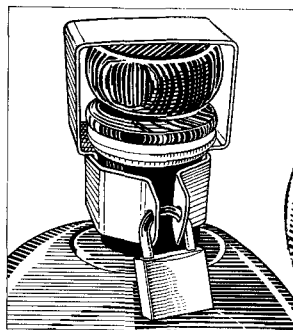
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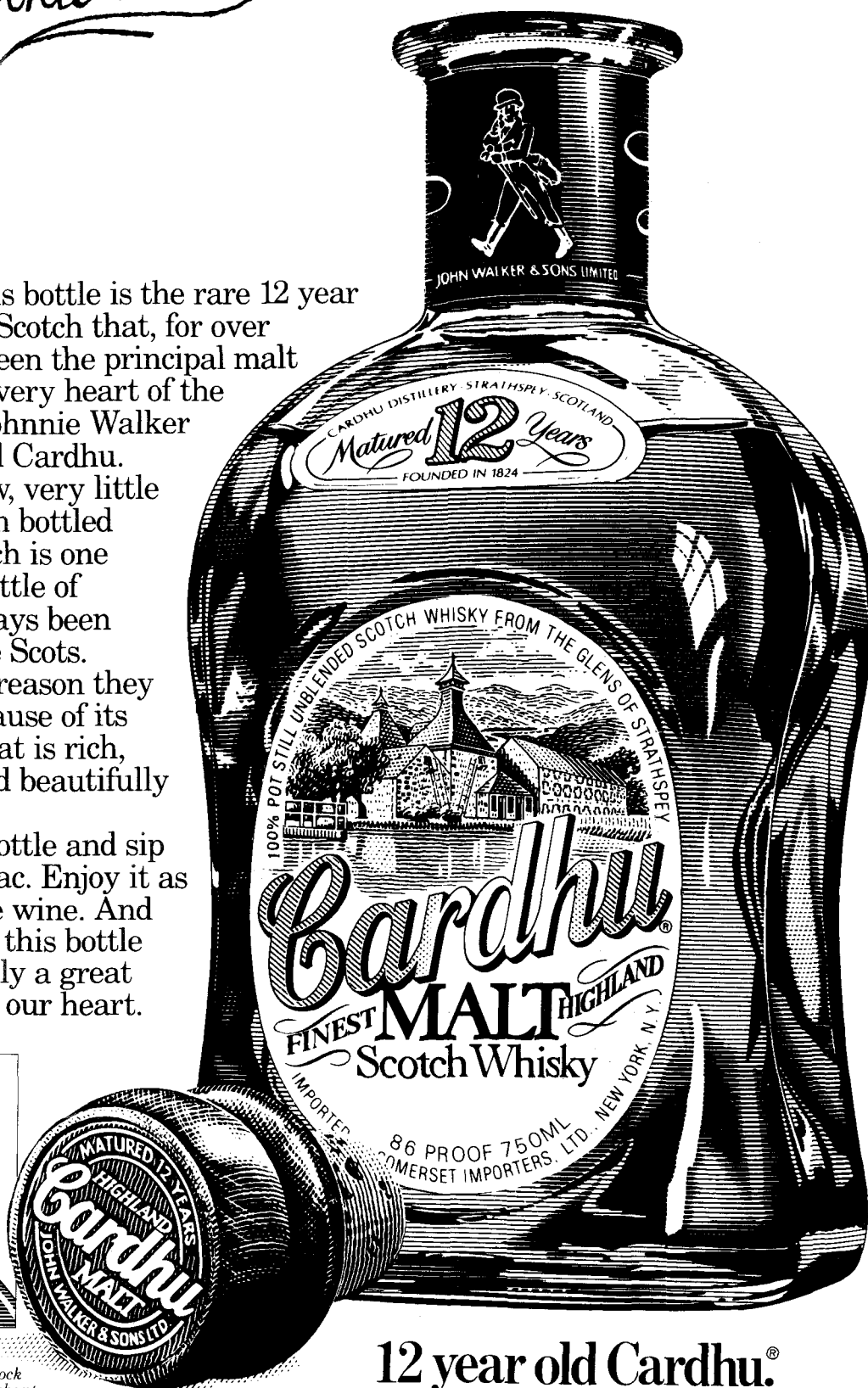
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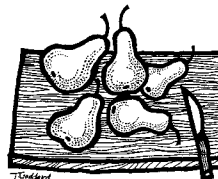
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cording to the grand-jury testimony of a doctor at Lincoln Hospital—where Mrs. Bumpurs was taken—the first shot, which shattered the knife, had left her hand with only two fingers. The associate medical examiner in Gross's office who performed the autopsy and wrote the report specified that there had been two shotgun wounds: he made the notation "(two)." Gross told his assistant to reword the report—the "(two)" was removed—thus offering an opportunity (or so some of his colleagues, and the *Times* article, contended) for the police to claim that all the damage had been done by one shot. This claim would conform with the official police report on the incident, which said that the first shot "apparently missed"—a version that Commissioner Ward passed along at a City Hall press conference three weeks after the shooting. During the press conference, there were many questions about whether the fact that the person who was shot and the person who shot her were of different races had been a critical point. That evening, at a community meeting in Harlem that had been scheduled many weeks before, the Mayor faced the issue, saying, "I know there will always be the question of whether, if she were white, would she have been subject to the same acts. . . . We will never know." From the back of the room, voices said, "We know. We know." There were also a few cries of "Murder!"

As Ward left the press conference that day, he was heard to say to Frederick Schwarz, Koch's corporation counsel, "I can't stand all this talk about racism, can you?" Late in the session with reporters, however, he had indicated that he did not see the color of Mrs. Bumpurs' skin as irrelevant. "I would not have killed her," he had said. "Mrs. Bumpurs looked like my mother. It is obvious that Mrs. Bumpurs and I have more in common than just being *Homo sapiens* on the planet Earth. We have some other things in common, including my skin color." Pointing out that she had had "but one knife," he said, "For me to take that woman down . . . as opposed to taking seven steps back . . . I suspect I would have stepped outside the apartment and re-secured the door." He also suggested that the decision to go into the apartment should never have been made—that the police should simply have waited out the situation

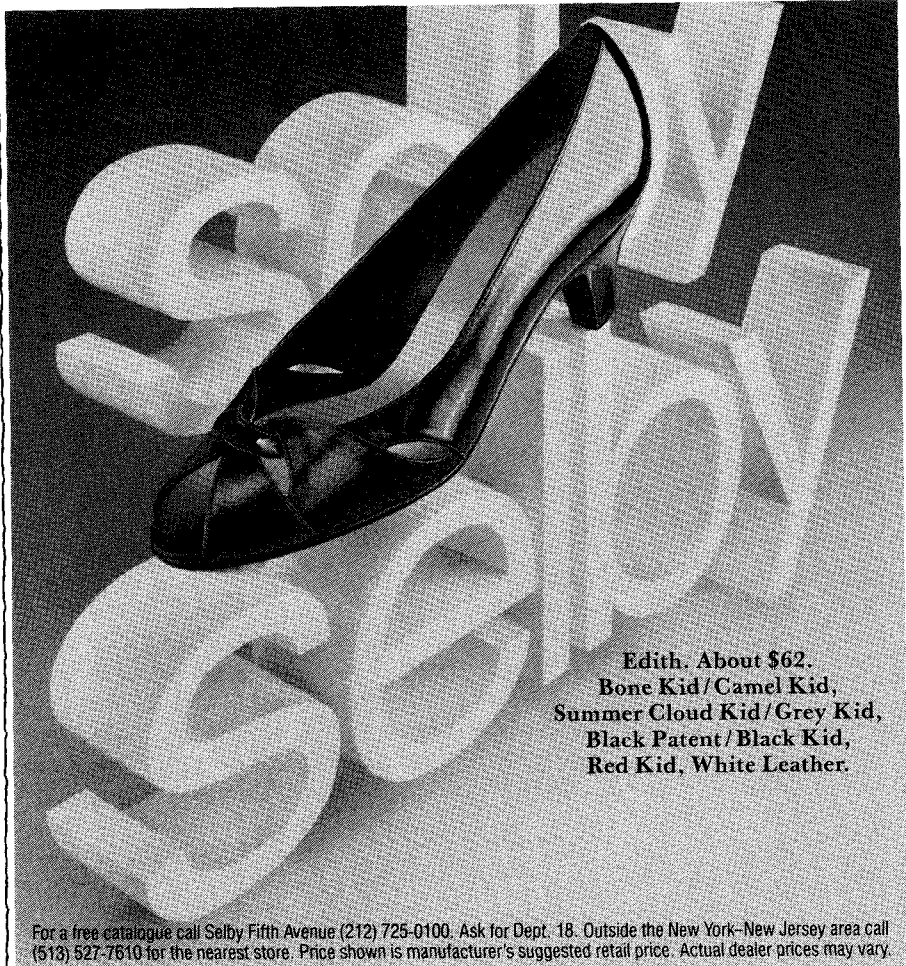


("Time is always our ally in these cases"). Ward is in an awkward position. Before his stints as the state's correctional services commissioner and the city's correction commissioner, he had served twenty-three years in the Police Department, and though his most recent appointment was an immensely important symbol to blacks, his first instincts often appear to be less those of a black than those of a long-time team player on the police force. At one point last fall, he made the comment—which some saw as offensive

and others as possibly accurate—that "racism in this country is as American as apple pie." By the end of December, he had adopted the Police Department's latest position on the Bumpurs shooting—that Sullivan's first shot had hit her but had only "nicked her pinkie." As late as February 4th, four days after the indictment of Sullivan, he repeated this version at a City Hall press conference. Standing beside him, the Mayor asked reporters, "You know what a pinkie is, don't you?" At a press conference on February 13th, Ward noted that Mrs. Bumpurs had not been hit in the legs by the first shot and had therefore continued to pose a threat to the officers.

The scant knowledge that most New Yorkers have of the operations of grand juries has been augmented in recent weeks. Local citizens who have puzzled over what seem to be contradictory actions by the Goetz and Sullivan juries are now clear in their minds that a grand jury has twenty-three members and that the decision whether or not to indict, and on what charge or charges, is made by a majority vote. They already knew, of course, that the ethnic or sociological backgrounds of jury members might affect such decisions. Certainly Caruso, the P.B.A. president, made such an assumption after the indictment of Officer Sullivan by a grand jury made up of ten whites, two Hispanics, and eleven blacks. "A majority of the jury was black and Hispanic," he said. "The rest were white. You can look at that as a situation where racism might prevail." He did not make a similar observation about the actions of the grand jury that failed to indict Goetz for the subway shootings, nor was there any reason for him to, since the police were not directly involved. That jury had consisted of fourteen whites, eight blacks, and one Hispanic.

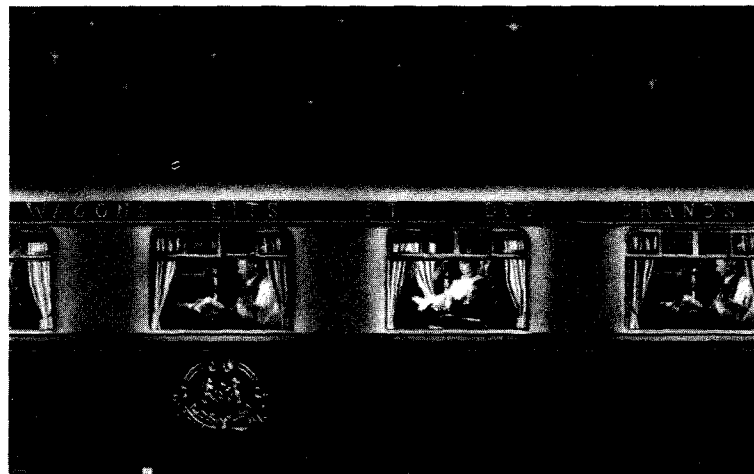
Another aspect of the criminal-justice system that New Yorkers have been learning more about is the relationship between grand juries and district attorneys. After the Sullivan indictment, the Mayor was asked about the contrasting results in the two cases, and the part played by the respective district attorneys. He said that both men were very able and that he respected them both, although in fact he had exchanged many harsh words with Merola last summer, after the Bronx district attorney complained that members of Koch's Human Resources Administration were blocking his investigation of child-molestation scandals in city-funded day-care centers. After Goetz escaped indictment on all counts except those involving illegal possession of weapons, Morgenthau explained that although he had evidence of attempted murder, he had not pushed for an indictment but had followed his usual policy of leaving the decision entirely up to the grand jury. Beginning students in the continuing informal seminar on the local criminal-justice system who thought that Morgenthau's statements illustrated the traditional relationship between a district attorney and a grand jury were colorfully disabused of the notion that same week when Sol Wachtler, the new chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, met with a group of *Daily News* editors and reporters to discuss what he hopes to do in his new post. Among the many reforms he contemplates is an attempt to abolish the grand jury, whose powers have already been reduced in about half the states, and which is no longer extant in England, from which this country inherited it. In Wachtler's view, the interrogation of witnesses and the decision on whether or not to indict might in most cases be better left to a judge. Many who support this reform would do away with the provision for shrouding indictment proceedings in secrecy. The present system, Wachtler believes, allows a district attorney to blame a grand jury for any outcome for which he might later be criticized. If a prosecutor doesn't get an indictment that he didn't want anyhow, it was the grand jury's decision. If he gets one that turns out to be a mistake, once again it was the grand jury's fault. Discussing district attorneys' portrayal of themselves as passive figures in this aspect of the judicial system, Wachtler told the *News* editors that, most of the time, a prosecutor can get a grand jury



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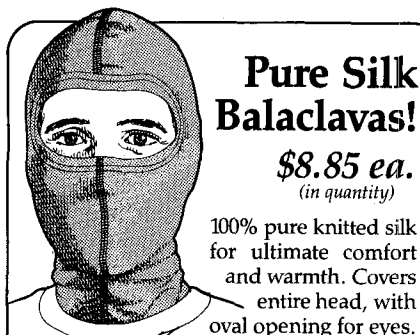
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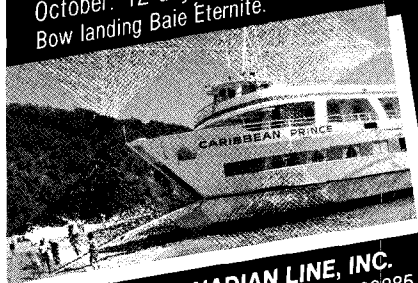
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to "indict a ham sandwich." The next day, Caruso was telling reporters that "Officer Sullivan became the ham sandwich."

On February 4th, Commissioner Ward issued new guidelines for the police, which generally forbid the carrying of shotguns into situations such as the one involving Mrs. Bumpurs unless the person to be confronted is known to have a gun. The P.B.A. issued guidelines of its own the same day: Police officers were no longer to take action in critical situations without a police supervisor present. With regard to such situations in the Bronx, Merola's county, and Brooklyn, where District Attorney Elizabeth Holtzman has angered the P.B.A. by setting up a small bureau to hear police-brutality complaints, the union insisted that an assistant district attorney come to the scene to sign police officers' orders, so that they wouldn't face future indictment. No assistant district attorneys answered subsequent police calls from those boroughs, but police supervisors were summoned on occasion, slowing down police operations. Ward offered no criticism of the slowdown, and the Mayor's comment was that no laws were being broken that he knew of—an observation that infuriated the editorial writers at the *Times*. "When the Mayor and the Police Commissioner take such a threat lying down, they invite insurrection," the paper said in a lead editorial. Of the Mayor, who has been a *Times* favorite in the past, the editorial said, "Mayor Koch can think of nothing bolder to say than 'There are no laws being violated here.'" Calling the union's stand an "attempt to intimidate one branch of the criminal-justice system by striking at another," the *Times* termed it "intolerable."

The same paper's editors were set off again by another police-union action. At a press conference held by Merola after the Sullivan indictment, reporters had mentioned the department's position that Officer Sullivan had followed existing guidelines. Merola's response was "Hitler's people also followed guidelines. You can't just follow orders blindly and escape your individual responsibility." After the Mayor's statement that he was saddened by the Sullivan indictment and hoped for an acquittal, Caruso announced that on February 7th the police would march on Merola's office. More than seven thousand cops converged on the Bronx County Court-

house that day, blocking traffic. They carried signs that said "MEROLA THE AYATOLLAH—FREE THE HOSTAGE" and "IF GOETZ IS A HERO, SULLIVAN IS A SAINT." Caruso called the protest march the largest in Police Department history. "Tell Liz Holtzman in Brooklyn that she's next," he said. Marvin Blue, the head of the Guardians, had urged black officers not to participate. Caruso said that Blue did not deserve to be a member of the department, because he did not "share the kind of brotherhood that most of us do share." Jimmy Breslin, writing in the *News* and referring to the fact that most New York City policemen live far from the inner city, in leafy suburbs, called the turnout against Merola "the largest gathering of suburban whites seen in the Bronx since the football Giants went to New Jersey." The Mayor said that the police had First Amendment rights, like everybody else. In an editorial headed "WHEN POLICE REVOLT," the *Times* recalled Koch's stirring account in "Mayor" of how he had stood up to the unions during the 1980 transit strike, and accused him of now remaining "passive—or worse" in the face of police rebellion. "As election-year politics, that might be profitable. As leadership, it's shameful," the *Times* wrote, and it asked how the public, hungry for a sense of order "in these days of anxiety over crime and vigilantism," could be reassured when its mayor was "so easily bullied by public defiance of his authority." "Does he still run the city?" the *Times* demanded. "Or does the police union?" On Valentine's Day, the board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians nominated Officer Sullivan to be the honorary grand marshal of this year's St. Patrick's Day parade. The same day, District Attorney Merola, who is up for reelection this year, apologized for his "stupid Hitler statement" to all members of the New York Police Department, including Officer Sullivan.

THE efforts of the local black community to come up with a black whom they could unite in backing as an opponent of the man they regard as their nemesis seemed to have been a total failure until February 7th, when Herman Denny Farrell, the Manhattan Democratic chairman, who is black, suddenly announced that he was interested in running. This was a surprise, since he had previously been a supporter of Carol Bellamy, the pres-

ident of the City Council. For some weeks, a group of black leaders known as the Coalition for a Just New York had been interviewing Hispanic and white candidates—including Bellamy and Herman Badillo, who was the first Puerto Rican member of Congress—to decide whom they would throw their support to for the Democratic nomination. Badillo said that he would abide by the coalition's decision and support its choice. Bellamy did not say the same. It had been a source of mortification for local blacks that they were unable to find a plausible black contender, especially since so many large American cities now have black mayors. A little more than twenty-four hours after Farrell's announcement, the black coalition gave him its endorsement. Learning of Farrell's entry, Bellamy suddenly declared herself a candidate while the coalition was still meeting, thus preempting the prime mayoral-race position on the front page of the next day's *Times*. She wasn't the only politician whose plans changed as a result of Farrell's unexpected move. Apparently, Badillo's promise to support the choice of the coalition had been based on a promise by several of its leaders that he would be the choice. Now he said that he would not have done so if he had understood that a black heritage was the essential qualification in the eyes of the coalition.

When Farrell formally announced his candidacy, on the front steps of City Hall on February 11th, a small band of Hispanics heckled him with cries of "Traitor!" and "Judas!" The response of prominent local labor-union leaders—not, of course, including the president of the P.B.A., who endorsed Koch on February 10th—was that they would probably stay out of the mayoral race this year. "It's sad," said Victor Gotbaum, the head of the city's largest municipal union. In 1982, a coalition of blacks, Hispanics, women, and labor unions gave Cuomo a big victory over Koch in the race for the Democratic nomination for governor, but that winning combination is now badly shattered. Some considered it a dismal omen when there was heavy rain on Lincoln's Birthday, when Bellamy formally declared herself a candidate. Koch's comment was that he was "really sorry that Carol Bellamy had such a miserable day to make her announcement." All in all, New York doesn't sound much like a divisionless city these days.

—ANDY LOGAN

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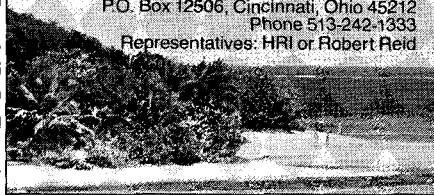
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Plain and Simple

IN the new Peter Weir movie, "Witness," an eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his mother, Rachel, a widow (Kelly McGillis), from the killers, John Book (Harrison Ford), the police captain who's in charge of the investigation, tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. At that point, the film has already built up the contrast between the devout, gentle Amish and the greedy, brutal Philadelphians—seen through the eyes of the child, who takes in everything. In the days of silent pictures, the distinction between rural virtue and big-city vice was a standard theme. The girl on the farm was steadfast; she represented true, undying love. The city girl was fast and spoiled and selfish. This split between good farmers and bad urban dwellers takes an extreme form in "Witness." Last year's rural trilogy ("Country," "Places in the Heart," and "The River") prepared the way: moviegoers have been softened to accept the idea that people who work the land are uplifted by their labor. And "Witness" goes the trilogy

one better by having its farming people part of a pacifist religious community that retains an eighteenth-century way of life and stresses "plainness." (The Amish reject *buttons* as decorative.) Also, in the past twenty years we have been battered by so much evidence of crime in the cities that moviegoers may be ready to believe that city people are, of necessity, depraved. "Witness" seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat and shiny-clean faces, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. Murder is treated as if it were a modern, sin-city invention.

Though you can feel in your bones that a solemn cross-cultural romance is coming, the first section of the story moves along at an even clip until John Book's collapse. There's even a bit of visual comedy in the train station, when the little boy, in his black suit and broad black hat, thinks he sees another member of the sect: he walks over to an elderly Orthodox Jew, and the two look at each other in wordless rejection. But the narrative is becalmed during Book's recuperation at Rachel's farm, because the screenwriters (Earl W. Wallace and William Kelley) haven't provided him with any plan of action. When he rushes Rachel

and the boy back to safety among the Amish, it's because he has learned that the killers are his superiors in the police department, who are involved in a twenty-million-dollar narcotics deal. But once he knows that, his mind seems to go dead. During his stay among the Amish, he gets out to a nearby town and phones the only cop he can trust—his partner—who wonders if they should go to a reporter or to the F.B.I. The suggestion seems to fall into a void, and Book just waits for the killers to track him down and show up at the farm. Maybe the movie is trying to tell us that the whole American system is so rotten that Book has no recourse—that there's no agency that isn't contaminated. Whatever the moviemakers had in mind, the way the story is set up there's nothing for us to look forward to but the arrival of the bad guys and the final fit of violence.

While we wait, "Witness" is a compendium of scenes I had hoped never to see again. There's the city person stranded in the sticks and learning to milk a cow, and—oh, yes—having to get up at 4:30 A.M. to do it. There's the scene with this city person sheepishly wearing clothes that are too short and look funny on him, so that the countrywoman can't restrain herself from giggling. There's the barn-raising (out of "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers") and all the hearty fellowship that goes with it. There's the natural woman who

stands bare-breasted and proud; in earlier American movies, the film frame used to cut her off at the bare shoulders, but you got the idea. "Witness" also takes first prize in the saying-grace department: a whole community of people bow their heads over their vittles. It's like watching the Rockettes kick. We can't have prayers in the public schools, but movies are making up for it.

Weir, an Australian filming in this country for the first time ("Witness" was shot in Pennsylvania), has succumbed to blandness. Book's stay at the farm is like a vacation from the real world; the rural images have a seductive lyricism that's linked to the little boy's dark, serious eyes. He's a sub-



"How long have you been calling Secretary Weinberger 'Cap'?"

THE NEW YORKER

dued child—boyish only in his quiet curiosity and low-key playfulness. Lukas Haas is a good little actor—his shyness is lovely—but the movie-makers' conception of the boy is so idealized it's as if they'd never been driven nuts by the antics of a real, live child. This kid never develops beyond our first view of him. He doesn't argue with his mother, he doesn't complain, he doesn't make any noise. He's a miracle of politeness and obedience—a walking ad for fundamentalist orthodoxy. But Lukas Haas at least stays in his perfect character. As his mother, Kelly McGillis is like a model in a TV commercial that reproduces a seventeenth-century painting of a woman with a pitcher of water or milk. She shifts uneasily between the heroic naturalness of Liv Ullmann and the dimpled simpering of the young Esther Williams. She's so dimply sweet that when she's happy she's like a wholesome, strapping version of a Disney Mouseketeer.

The moviemakers try to balance things by introducing the suggestion that the sect is narrow-minded; Rachel is warned that her interest in John Book is causing talk among the Amish and could result in her being "shunned." But the whole meaning of the movie is that her life and her child's life are far better than anything the two could experience in the outside world. And, of course, John Book comes to love Rachel and her bonnet too much to want to expose her to the ugliness outside. (The spoiled city woman is represented here by Patti LuPone, who plays Book's divorcée sister—a tense urban type to the ultimate degree.) It's suggested that the women in the community don't take part in the decision-making, but never that there's anything basically repressive or stultifying about living in this authoritarian society without music or dance, without phones or electricity, without the possibility of making friends in the outside world. The picture isn't interested in what life in such a closed-in community might actually be like for a woman or a child. The farm country is used as a fantasyland for the audience to visit; it has its allure, but you're ready to leave when Book goes—you wouldn't want to live there and get up at 4:30 A.M. and work like a plow horse. "Witness" uses the Amish simply as a way to refurbish an old plot. And as soon as you see Rachel's galumphing Amish suitor (Alexander Godunov), with his dear, mischievous grin, you know that

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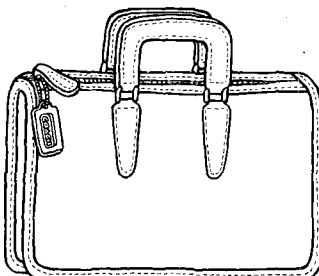
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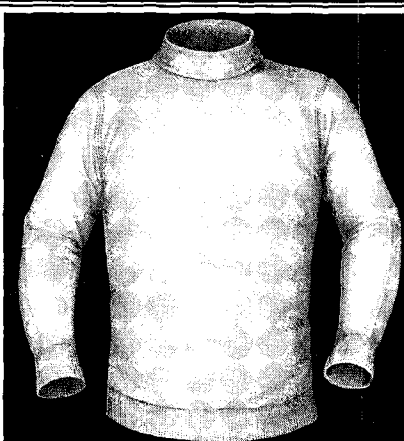
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the film is going to avoid any real collision of cultures, and the risk of giving offense. The suitor is there so that John Book can make the right, noble decision. He makes the decision for both himself and Rachel. The implication is that, coming from the world of violence and being a man who uses a gun—i.e., a sinner—he knows that there's no possibility of true happiness out there.

The picture is like something dug up from the earliest days of movies: it starts off, during the titles, with the wind blowing through the wheat, and the actors often look posed. Weir seems less interested in the story than in giving the images a spiritual glow. (It's easy to imagine this picture being a favorite at the White House.) It must be said that Harrison Ford gives a fine, workmanlike performance, tempered with humor. The role doesn't allow him any chances for the kind of eerie intensity he showed in his small part as a burned-out Vietnam veteran in the 1977 "Heroes," and he doesn't have the aura that he has as Han Solo and as Indiana Jones, but he burrows into the role and gives it as much honesty as it can hold. He's not an actor with a lot of depth, but he has an unusual rapport with the audience—he brings us right inside John Book's thoughts and emotions. Granting him all that, I must also admit that the only time I really warmed to him here was when he suddenly broke out of character and, his face lighting up demoniacally, parodied a TV commercial as he cried out, "Honey, that's *great* coffee!" (It's a free-floating joke, like Jack Nicholson's "Here's Johnny" in "The Shining.") It's a measure of how sedate the movie is that you feel a twinge (as if you were being naughty) when you laugh.

But my instincts tell me that this idyllic sedateness could be the film's ticket to success. In its romanticism and its obviousness, "Witness" has got just about everything to be a "Lost Horizon" for the mid-eighties. There's the charming, obedient child, and there's the widow whose eyes flash as she challenges John Book to look at her nakedness. (And—I swear I didn't make this up—a storm is raging on the night she flashes him. It's the same storm that used to rage for Garbo when her passions rose.) There's the implicit argument that a religious community produces a higher order of human being than a secular society. There's something for just about everyone in this movie—even

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the holistic-medicine people. John Book's bullet wound is healed by folk remedies: Rachel gives him herbal teas and applies poultices to the affected area. (I'm disposed to have some trust in the efficacy of these methods, but I still wish that just once somebody in a movie who was treated with humble ancient remedies would kick off.) Scenes like the one in which some showoff kids try to provoke the Amish to fight can be discussed by editorial writers and in schools. All those dug-up scenes are probably just what is going to sell the movie. There's a little paradox here: "Witness" exalts people who aren't allowed to see movies—it says that they're morally superior to moviegoers. It's so virtuous it's condemning itself.

"BLOOD SIMPLE" has no sense of what we normally think of as "reality," and it has no connections with "experience." It's not a great exercise in style, either. It derives from pop sources—from movies such as "Diabolique" and grubby B pictures and hardboiled steamy fiction such as that of James M. Cain. It's so derivative that it isn't a thriller—it's a crude, ghoulish comedy on thriller themes. The director, Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer, is inventive and amusing when it comes to highly composed camera setups or burying someone alive. But he doesn't seem to know what to do with the actors; they give their words too much deliberation and weight, and they always look primed for the camera. So they come across as amateurs.

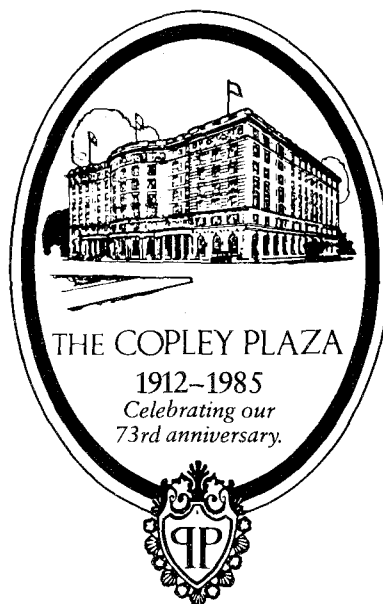
The movie is set in a familiar, cartoon version of Texas, where Julian Marty (Dan Hedaya), a swarthy middle-aged Easterner with a wrestler's crouch, owns a roadhouse, the Neon Boot, and thinks he owns his young wife, Abby (Frances McDormand). When she leaves him and goes off with one of the bartenders—tall, well-built Ray (John Getz)—Marty hires Visser (M. Emmet Walsh), a sweaty, good-ol'-boy private detective, to follow the pair, and after Visser, grinning with malign satisfaction, shows him pictures of the two cuckolding him in a series of positions (it's like a porny slide show) he makes a deal with Visser to kill them. The plot is about how the detective takes Marty's money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while

the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient action. "Blood Simple" gets almost all its limited charge from sticking to this device, which gives the movie the pattern of farce—it works best when someone misinterprets who the enemy is but has the right response anyway. (It's like a bedroom farce, except that the people sneaking into each other's homes have vicious rather than amorous intentions.)

Early in the movie, Marty and his only friend, a German shepherd named Opal, who's like his shadow, sneak into Ray's apartment, and Marty makes a grab for Abby. She breaks free by kicking him hard in the groin, and we know at once that "Blood Simple" is an art movie, because Marty moves front—to the camera—to throw up. It's a splatter-movie art movie. Marty throws up again and again, and he's a mighty good bleeder, too. One liquid or another is always splashing out of him. And there are *film noir* in-jokes: there's a whirring, growling ceiling fan in just about every room in the movie. At one point, Coen cuts from Marty, in his office at the roadhouse, looking up at his fan to Abby, at Ray's place, looking up at *his* fan. The cut should come across as funnier than it does—these moviemakers don't always have their comedy timing worked out. And often you can't tell if something is a gag or just a goof. When Abby, practically overnight, turns out to be living in a magnificent loft with huge arched windows, you may do a double take—she didn't seem to be that chic a girl. Is it a gag when bullets are fired into a wall of her loft and the holes might have been made by cannonballs? I don't know, and it doesn't seem to matter. "Blood Simple" isn't much of a movie; it's thin—a rain-on-the-windshield picture that doesn't develop enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick.

At moments, the awkwardness of the line readings is reminiscent of George Romero's "Night of the Living Dead," but "Blood Simple" doesn't have the genuine creepiness of the Romero film. And though the dialogue is much sharper and smarter than Romero's dialogue, the actors talk so slowly it's as if the script were written in cement on Hollywood Boulevard. The picture is overcalculated—pulpy yet art-conscious. It has the look of *film noir*, but it lacks the hyp-

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notic feel, the heat and the dreaminess of effective *noir*. Even when the material leads us to anticipate something nasty, it often doesn't pay off. When Ray goes to see Marty and tries to collect the two weeks' pay that's due him, they talk together while we look out the window that's between them: there's a huge, blazing incinerator behind the Neon Boot, and a couple of people are tossing large objects into it. In a movie as uninhabited as this one, if a gigantic prop like the incinerator isn't going to be used for body disposal, surely whatever it is used for has to be comic? Coen sets up an inferno and then, except for a bloody jacket being thrown into it, nothing comes of it, one way or the other. Nothing comes of Opal, the German shepherd, either; she disappears, and nobody seems to notice—not even Marty. (This happened in "Rocky" and "Silkwood," too. Sometimes I get the feeling that The Current Cinema is turning into The Lost Dogs Department.)

Joel Coen may flub the point of some of the scenes, and toss in inane closeups of a bludgeoning weapon to show us that it's a piggy bank, but he knows how to place the characters and the props in the film frame in a way that makes the audience feel knowing and in on the joke. The film's technique is spelled out for the audience to recognize. Coen's style is deadpan and klutzy, and he uses the klutzianness as his trump card. It's how he gets his laughs. The audience responds (as it did at "Halloween") to the crudeness of the hyperbole, and enjoys not having to take things seriously. The cinematographer, Barry Sonnenfeld, works in ghouls' colors—thick, dirty greens, magentas, and sulfurous yellows. The film looks grimy and lurid; it seems to take its visual cues from the neon signs in the bar and a string of fish putrefying in Marty's office. What's at work here is a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor.

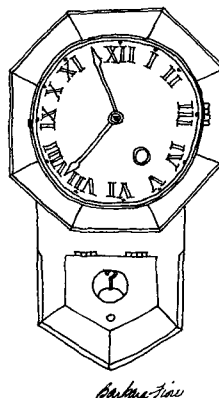
Dan Hedaya's performance as Marty the gusher is almost wrecked by too much lip curling between words, but Hedaya develops a funny presence—he's like a primate version of Michel Piccoli—and his acting seems to get better when Marty is twitchy and writhing and only semiconscious. As Visser, the cackling obscenity,

M. Emmet Walsh is the only colorful performer. He lays on the loathsomeness, but he gives it a little twirl—a sportiness. The Coens wrote the role with him in mind (they didn't have anything in mind when they wrote Abby and Ray), and when Walsh is on-screen in his straw cattleman's hat and his bulging yellow suit the muggy atmosphere is like congealed sweat. Visser drives a VW bug; he is a bug, a rotting one—he draws flies. Most of what's framed by the camera is of no interest—it's barely animate, except for Walsh. His broad buffoonery helps to ground the picture, to keep it jaundiced and low-down. (At one point, when Abby and Ray are in bed together and Visser takes a flashbulb snap of them, the director apparently can't resist having the screen turn white, as if they'd been nuked. The effect nukes the tawdry genre Coen is working in.)

Film students looking at old movies seem to find it exciting when a cheap B thriller or an exploitation picture has art qualities, and they often make draggy, empty short films that aren't interested in anything but imitating those pictures and their "great shots." (The student directors of those shorts never know what to do with the actors—there's nothing for them to express.) "Blood Simple" is that kind of student film on a larger scale. It isn't

really about anything except making a commercial narrative movie outside the industry. The Coens, who live in New York (Joel graduated from N.Y.U. film school), raised their million-and-a-half budget from private investors, most of them in Minneapolis, where the boys grew up. In interviews, the brothers (Joel was twenty-nine when he made the film and Ethan

only twenty-six) are quick and bright; they sound as if they'd popped out of a Tom Stoppard play. But I don't quite understand the press's enthusiasm for these two young, well-educated Americans, the sons of college-professor parents, who want to make the most commercial kind of Hollywood movies but to do it more economically and with more freedom outside the industry. What's the glory of making films outside the industry if they're Hollywood films at heart, or, worse than that—Hollywood by-product? Joel and Ethan Coen may be entrepre-



Barry Sonnenfeld



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neurial heroes, but they're not movie-maker heroes. "Blood Simple" has no openness—it doesn't breathe.

The reviewers who hail the film as a great début and rank the Coens with Welles, Spielberg, Hitchcock, and Sergio Leone may be transported by seeing so many tricks and flourishes from sources they're familiar with. But the reason the camera whoop-de-do is so noticeable is that there's nothing else going on. The movie doesn't even seem meant to have any rhythmic flow; the Coens just want us to respond to a bunch of "touches" on routine themes. (These art touches are their jokes.) "Blood Simple" comes on as self-mocking, but it has no self to mock. Nobody in the moviemaking team or in the audience is committed to anything; nothing is being risked except the million and a half.

—PAULINE KAEI

THE ACADEMIC LIFE

[Memorandum distributed to the faculty of the University of New Orleans]

FROM: E. M. Socola

TO: Full-Time Faculty
 College of Liberal Arts

DATE: October 1, 1984

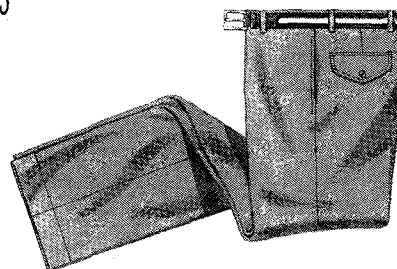
Dr. Seraphia Leyda, who has just been named Acting Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs, was elected last spring to a two-year term in the University Senate (1984-86). On the basis of our spring election results, her replacement in the Senate while she is serving as Vice Chancellor will be Dr. Jerah Johnson.

As it happens, Dr. Johnson is already serving in the Senate during the fall semester as replacement for Dr. Jean Cranmer, who is on sabbatical leave. Someone else must therefore replace him as Dr. Cranmer's replacement for the remainder of the semester.

In last spring's election, Dr. Carolyn Kolb, Dr. Edward Lazzerini, and Dr. Thomas Schlunz were tied for the next largest number of votes after Dr. Johnson's; but Dr. Kolb is also on sabbatical leave during the fall semester, and Dr. Lazzerini and Dr. Schlunz are ineligible since not more than two members of the same department can be elected in the same year to serve in the Senate. (Dr. Lazzerini will be serving in the Senate during the spring semester as replacement for Dr. Norton Nelkin, who will be on sabbatical leave; but his status as replacement was determined by our 1983 election results.) At this point, the temporary position would go to Dr. Malcolm Webb but for the fact that he, too, is already serving in the Senate during the fall semester (as replacement for Dr. Shirley Laska, who is also on sabbatical leave).

The next largest number of votes after Dr. Webb's was received by Dr. George Branam; hence he will serve during the remainder of the fall semester as the replacement for Dr. Cranmer.

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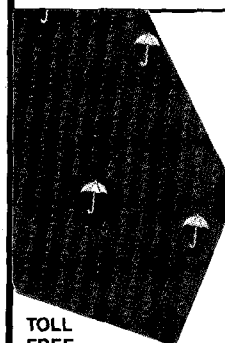
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THE THEATRE

Betrayals

HAVING enjoyed a considerable success in London, Hugh Whitmore's play "Pack of Lies" is being given an able, though oddly muted, production at the Royale, with a cast that includes Rosemary Harris, Dana Ivey, George N. Martin, and Patrick McGeehan. Clifford Williams, who directed the play in London, has performed the same office here, and Ralph Koltai has been the designer of the sets and costumes on both sides of the water. Given that the two productions have so much in common, a minor mystery emerges: everyone I know who saw the play in London has remarked on the intensity of the emotion that it was able to arouse in its audiences there, but this intensity is precisely what the Broadway production fails to arouse. It is the quietest of domestic melodramas that we watch unfolding at the Royale; the note struck is elegiac rather than dramatic. We are induced to shake our heads ruefully over the fact that in our time political convictions seem so often to lead not only to the betrayal of one's country but to the betrayal of one's

friends as well. No doubt it can be argued that the very gentleness and reserve with which these betrayals are enacted in "Pack of Lies" is the point of the play; in that case, I would argue in return that I have learned too little about the inner nature of the characters that Mr. Whitmore has sketched to find myself much moved by the ordeal they undergo.

According to the program, "The play takes place in the London suburb of Ruislip during the autumn and winter of 1960-1961. The main events of the story are true." The Jacksons are a humdrum, middle-class, and middle-aged couple with an adolescent daughter; they are friends and neighbors of the Krogers, an amiable Canadian couple. A suave, ice-cold, upper-class representative of Her Majesty's government arrives on the Jacksons' doorstep to inform them that the Krogers are neither amiable nor Canadian; they are Americans working as Russian spies, and for the good of their country the Jacksons must allow their house to serve as a surveillance point while a trap is being set for

the Krogers. Plainly, the Krogers have betrayed the Jacksons' trust; now, for virtuous, and perhaps even noble, reasons, the Jacksons are being asked to betray the Krogers' trust. Do the two sides of the equation equal each other, either philosophically, in the abstract, or practically, in the situation as it exists? It is a question difficult enough in itself, and is made far more difficult by how little we know about the Krogers. Why are they spies? Why should they wish to do such grave injury to England? What do they take Russia to be? A hint is dropped that they are American ideologues not unlike the Rosenbergs; that hint opens a door that leads only to other doors.

Mrs. Jackson finds her role as a deceiver unendurable; the more or less contented household over which she has presided begins to break down as she breaks down. Evidently, she shares with E. M. Forster the dangerous and highly sentimental assumption that it is somehow better to betray one's country than one's friend. (In some upper-class English circles, it appears to be assumed that one *can* betray both one's country and one's friend—see the Anthony Blunt affair. But Mrs. Jackson, being middle-class, has simpler and more painful notions of what loyalty consists of.) In the end, thanks in part to the Jacksons, the trap is successfully sprung on the Krogers; we hear nothing about their subsequent fate, but we are told that a few years later Mrs. Jackson died, and the implication is that her death was caused by a broken heart.

"Pack of Lies" doesn't so much fail as not quite succeed. Little blame for this can be put upon the cast, which is zealous, or upon the handsome physical production. Mr. Whitmore is a skillful writer, especially of brief scenes that leave a lingering trace of themselves on the scenes that follow, but in his eagerness to tell a sad story briskly he has provided, in



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Henry James's phrase, little tarts instead of beef and potatoes.

—BRENDAN GILL

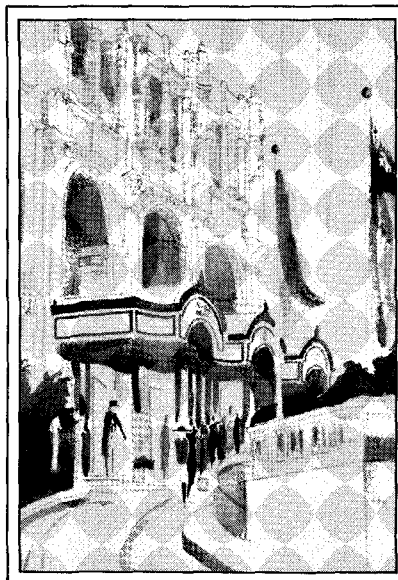
OFF BROADWAY

Misdirected Energy

BOOOTH TARKINGTON'S "Clarence" opened at the Hudson Theatre, on Broadway, in September, 1919, with Alfred Lunt in the title role—it was his first hit—and with Helen Hayes as Cora Wheeler, the extremely ingenuous ingénue. Last week, the Mirror Repertory's revival opened at St. Peter's, with Ivar Brogger as Clarence and Laura Galusha as Cora—both of them doing well in a disastrous production. The play is a comic gem, about a recently discharged doughboy who is hired by the head of the wealthy Wheeler family, in Englewood, New Jersey, to straighten out their lives, on the basis of the doughboy's claim that he was able to handle Army mules without using profanity. The doughboy's name is Clarence Something—nobody is sure what—and his identity remains a mystery until the end. Before that, there are a lot of funny situations and lines and twists of the extremely well-devised plot, the high point, I guess, being Clarence's entrance into the family's living room playing the saxophone and accompanied by the family butler on washboard and the maid on spoons. Above all, there is a pervasive innocence that is irresistible.

In the performance, under the misguided—to put it as kindly as possible—direction of Arthur Storch, much of that innocence either has vanished or is ridiculed. Each of the scenes is introduced by a noisy tape of Al Jolson singing a song of the period—a device that could not be more out of place, and one that also takes the edge off the few period songs that are written into the script. Much of the time, the actors, again under Mr. Storch's guidance, seem to lack the confidence in or respect for the dramatist that will let them play him with the sincerity that comedy demands. Geraldine Page, who was so fine a couple of weeks ago in the Mirror's "Madwoman of Chaillot," broadly clowns the role of the stepmother, rarely taking her eyes off the audience, which is too embarrassed to look back. On the other hand, although Mr. Storch, condescending to Tarkington, rarely establishes the right tone, the play is too strong to spoil, and several of the actors do well. Mr. Brogger, a good

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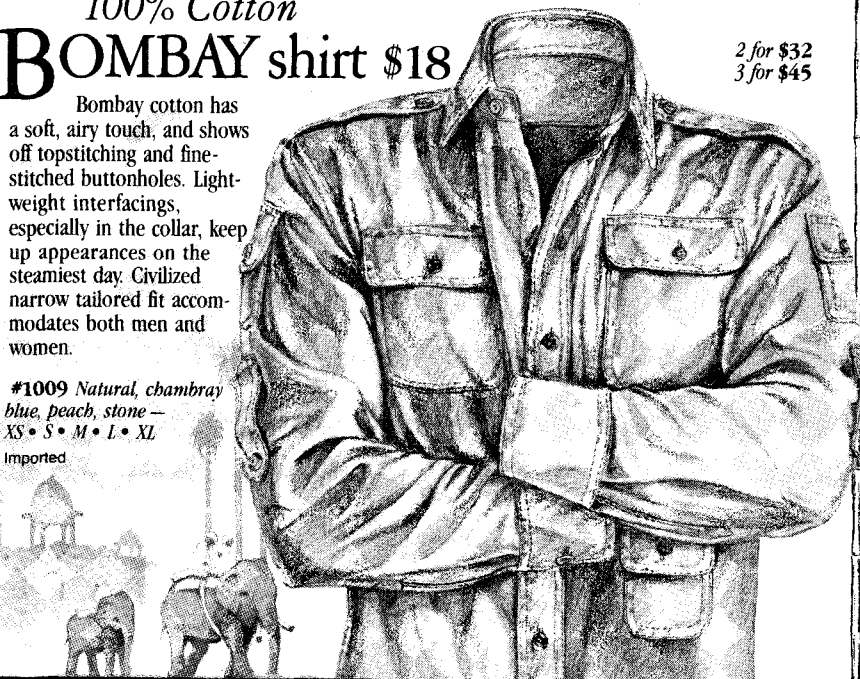
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choice for his role, is properly gawky and droll to start with, and properly natty and in charge as time goes on. (I started out trying to imagine Alfred Lunt young and comical, and then forgot about him and just enjoyed Mr. Brogger.) Miss Galusha, looking pretty and adolescent, is effective, too—bratty and tantrummy at first, and then more and more enamored of Clarence. I also admired Phillip Pruneau, as the beleaguered Mr. Wheeler, and David Cryer, as a divorced man who is up to no good. Scenery and lighting by James Tilton; costumes by Arnold S. Levine.

STEPHEN WYLIE'S "Rude Times," at American Place, records the last days of an old man who lives in one room at "an inner city Y.M.C.A." and dreams of moving to a cabin in Michigan, like the one illustrated in a brochure he has picked up somewhere. He is a crotchety loner, afraid of blacks and of the city, but he does spend some time talking with the black janitor of his building (through the locked door of his room) and with the few people who visit him: his son, who tries to persuade the old man to live in the suburbs with him and his wife; a churchwoman, who brings him trays of food; and a little girl, also sent by the church, who comes to read to him. The play, such as it is, is a series of these conversations. The son and the bustling churchwoman irritate the old man, but he delights in the little girl, to whom he gives all his cash, and who brings him candy and a map of Michigan, which he hangs on a curtain rod. When the child leaves for California, he loses hope and stops eating. Cause of death: loneliness.

The play is a modest, harmless effort, with some touches of humor and observation. Even Tom McDermott, a capable, experienced actor, cannot make the old man entirely credible, but the performance as a whole is adequate, in a straightforward way. Gordon Edelstein directed.

—EDITH OLIVER

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Brunswick (Maine) Times
Record]

The Cumberland County Sheriff's Department sent out an advisory last week-end asking Brunswick Police to be on the lookout for individuals in four vehicles who were attempting to steal sheep in Brunswick or the Islands.

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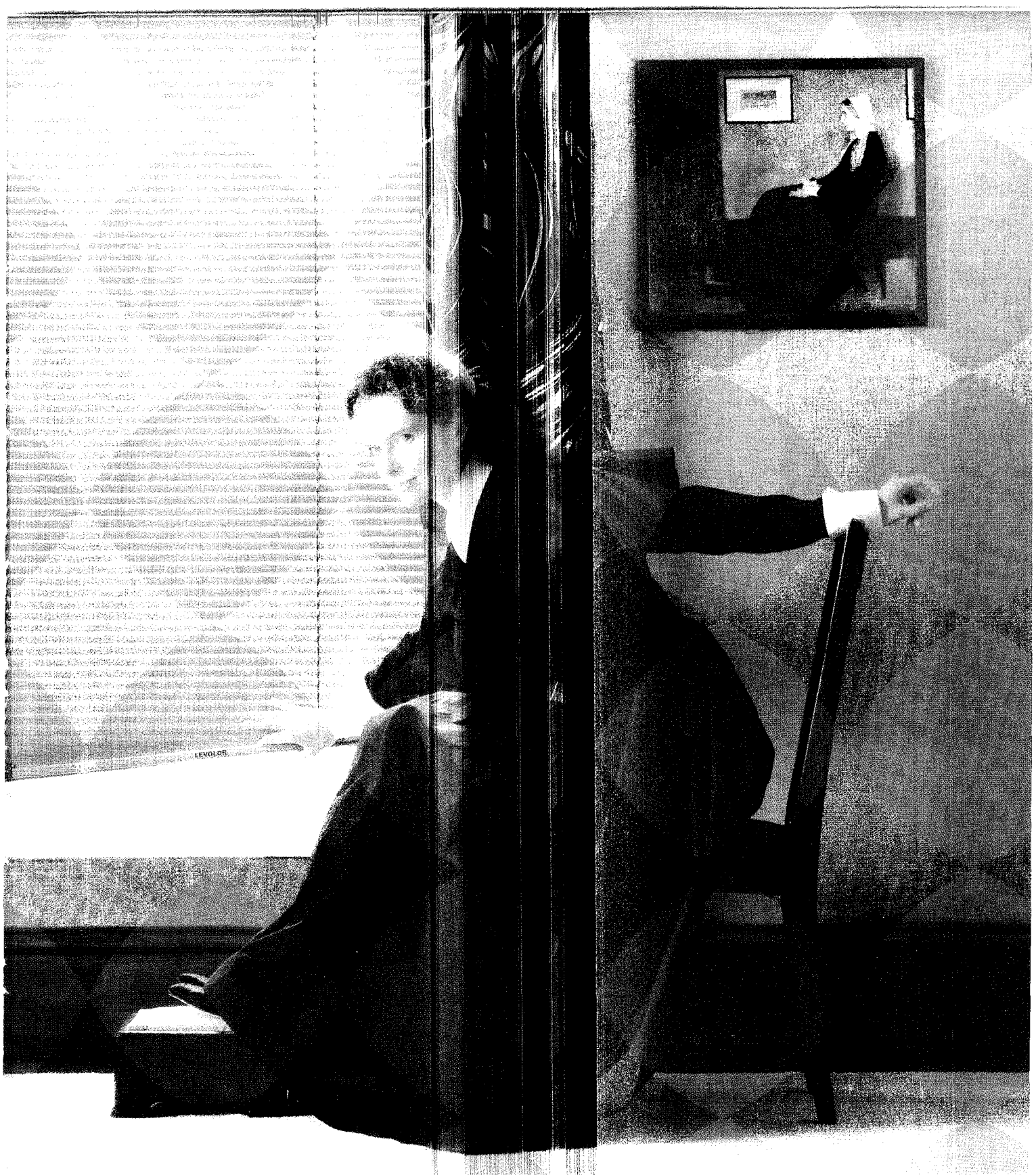
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DANCING

An American in Paris

GEORGE BALANCHINE's ballet to Gounod's *First Symphony*, unperformed for twenty years, has been recovered in a lustrous New York City Ballet revival. Why it was discarded has never been clear; Lincoln Kirstein, in his book on New York City Ballet, lists it among "losses regretted by those who prize delicacy of texture or quiet sweetness of expression." Perhaps the ballet was too quiet for audiences who heard resemblances in the music to Bizet's *Symphony in C* and expected a ballet as brilliant and exciting as the one Balanchine had staged to that score. Maybe now we can begin to appreciate the qualities that Kirstein mentions and to assign the ballet a place in history. "Gounod Symphony," which had its première on January 8, 1958, is the forerunner of "Emeralds" and "Le Tombeau de Couperin." In the chronology of Balanchine works, its nearest antecedent is "Scotch Symphony," especially the last movement, with its steadily unfolding choral symmetry. The great stage and the spectacular corps de ballet of the Paris Opéra were the direct inspiration of all these works. Balanchine himself acknowledged the influence on "Gounod" of a Paris Opéra classic, "Soir de Fête," choreographed in 1925 by Léo Staats to excerpts from Delibes's "La Source." Balanchine could have seen it in the twenties, when its star was Olga Spessivtseva, and again in 1947, when he was a guest choreographer at the Opéra for six months. It was then that he produced, as "Palais de Cristal," his ballet to the Bizet symphony. The inception of New York City Ballet the following year called forth the American production, retitled "Symphony in C," and after that Balanchine kept a Paris Opéra wing in repertory, consisting of his own impressions of Opéra style. These he usually set as full-scale pieces to French music, but not always. "Scotch Symphony" is by Mendelssohn; so is "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "Chaconne" is the Paris Opéra of Gluck's day. "La Source" is a small-scale *divertissement*

like "Ballo della Regina," to the music of Verdi. The quality that all these Opéra pastiches hold in common is femininity. Sooner or later, the stage is flooded with women. "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," the only other Gounod piece in the company's repertory, says it all, both in its pulchritudinous finale and in the dances that come before, which barely permit the passage of the single male in the cast. In "Gounod Symphony," Balanchine uses a corps of twenty women and ten men. The regnant ballerina has a cavalier who partners but seldom dances.

"Gounod Symphony" is a companion piece to "Symphony in C," deliberately chosen as such. Besides the creative challenge of distinguishing between two closely related pieces of music, besides the undoubted pleasure of having a sumptuous new exhibit to add to the Opéra wing, the making of "Gounod" served Balanchine with a polemical purpose in his ongoing struggle for acceptance. Reviewing the première of "Symphony in C" for the *Times*, John Martin had written, "Mr. Balanchine has once again given us that ballet of his, this time for some inscrutable reason to the Bizet symphony." The charge that all his ballets were alike was the biggest weapon in the arsenal of Balanchine's critics. There weren't many people around who were prepared to concede that the ballets looked alike only because, as Martin later came to admit, they were so unlike anybody else's. By creating a completely different work—different

in expression, different in rhythm and contour, in style and spirit—to music that matched the Bizet score in its basic strategy and formal progressions, and even in some of its features (the fugue in the second movement, the droning bass in the third), Balanchine was hoping to respond to his critics, refuting the charge that he had no choice but to repeat himself. He was making a little musical lesson out of his twin Bizet-Gounod ballets—a lesson that began in the perception that, though they dealt with similar material, the two symphonies were differently conceived, by two different musical intelligences. (Bizet had, in fact, closely studied Gounod's symphony before, at the age of seventeen, writing his own; being Bizet, he had achieved fresh and distinctive results.) I think Balanchine was also saying that no true musical intelligence repeats itself without meaning to. Not even Sousa, whom he regarded as America's Offenbach, ever composed two marches exactly alike. To bolster his point, Balanchine made "Stars and Stripes" that same season. He began his choreography to the title march with an extended quotation from the opening of "Pas de Dix," a Glazunov suite he had recently made to selections from "Raymonda." In that ballet and in the "Stars and Stripes Forever," he had the dancers enter with the identical steps. One can almost hear him murmuring to himself as he set this up, "See, I'll repeat myself on purpose and no one will notice." And no one did. He proved that the same steps set to different music are different in effect, just as in "Gounod" he proved that he was not compelled to treat same-sounding music in the same way.

The closer one looks at "Gounod Symphony" and its auspices, the more it appears to be part of a campaign. Balanchine was interested in making his style in ballet the American style. To do this, he would have to persuade the public that an authentic American dance tradition existed on which he—and he alone—could build. He had for years fought the inclination of Americans to regard ballet as ever and exclusively Russian. (Kirstein complained that "balletrusse" was one word.) He seems to have projected

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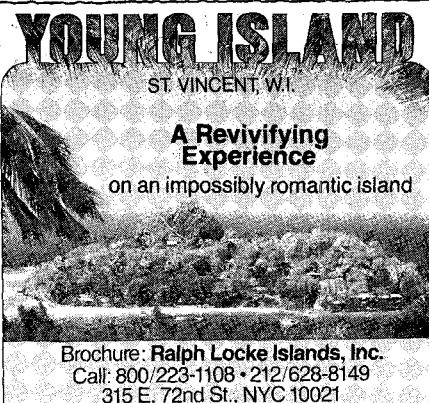
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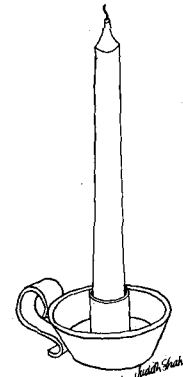
the winter of 1957-58 as his make-or-break season. And he included in it "Gounod Symphony," a ballet most observers of his career have tended to look back on as something knocked off in between preparations for "Square Dance," "Agon," "Stars and Stripes," and a major revival of "Apollo." The new ballets weren't designed with the sole intention of displaying Balanchine's versatility. Their apparent differences were transcended by the singular aim of clarifying and forwarding American classicism. Yes, it was a campaign; Balanchine even used the word to designate the separate sections of "Stars and Stripes."

And, to a great extent, this campaign of his succeeded. The links between the two Stravinsky ballets, "Apollo" and "Agon," were noted at the time. Those between "Square Dance" and "Stars and Stripes" were strengthened by Balanchine's use in the former ballet of a caller to holler out square-dance combinations while the dancers executed classical steps and figures that were actually derived from seventeenth-century dance forms—a cultivated version, in other words, of the steps and figures of traditional American country dancing. In a subsequent revival, the caller was removed, and "Square Dance," set to string music by Corelli and Vivaldi, emerged more specifically linked to the old court dances that had inspired both "Apollo" and "Agon." Balanchine's message to his 1957-58 public was succinct. "Apollo" predicted the classical style that he would develop in America and consolidate in "Agon," "Square Dance" demonstrated the Americanism of classicism, and "Stars and Stripes" outrageously celebrated it.

Where did "Gounod Symphony" fit in all this? The conclusion then and for years to come was that it didn't fit and wasn't meant to. The historic season of 1957-58 is on record as one in which Balanchine, exercising his powers to the greatest capacity ever seen, abundantly and irrefutably made the case for American ballet and for himself as its master, and still found time to write a love letter to the Paris Opéra. But why should Balanchine have chosen to do so much at once? If he had wanted to, he could surely have put off work on the outré Gounod ballet to the next season. He'd still have been the most versatile choreog-

rapher of all time, and the piece might have won more of the critical attention it deserved. True, he held a commission from Paris. But "Symphonie," as the piece was called there, wasn't staged by the Paris Opéra Ballet until March 4, 1959. The ballet was done a year in advance because, as I see it, Balanchine *wanted* it included in the American season. His creative juices were stimulated by the other works he was doing and the connections among them, which extended to "Gounod." Moreover, as soon as the season ended, the company would leave on a five-month Asian tour, and Balanchine

would not be going along. Even if he were to go, his time would be taken up with official functions and the exigencies of the tour; he would not be able to rehearse a new ballet. Those creative juices were already flowing in the direction of a spectacular tribute to the French classical tradition, and he simply couldn't wait.



The relevance of "Gounod" is easier to see now than it was then. Its splashiness and prettiness (which relate it superficially to "Stars and Stripes") may have concealed the formal integrity of a scheme based firmly on the music. Gounod planned all four movements around dance forms that he drew from the same Baroque sources that underpin "Apollo," "Agon," and "Square Dance." The first movement of the symphony is a gavotte, the second a bransle (metrically resembling the bransle gay in "Agon"), the third a minuet, and the fourth a rigaudon that opens with a pavane. Balanchine's choreography is a free fantasy on those models; he doesn't evoke court dances, as he does in "Agon" and "Square Dance." He probably had in mind the Paris Opéra as an institution with the Baroque as its unique heritage. He envisioned a stage fully dressed and filled with women and their consorts, all reposing in clusters as symmetrical as the flower beds in the Luxembourg Gardens, then launching themselves in profuse demonstrations of *la danse d'école*. Every man in the corps has two women to support. What that leads to—two lines of women, each holding a balance as a line of men crosses between them; repeated instances of this, with variations, until finally the lines link together and dissolve in a maze—must be seen to be believed. Kirstein has likened the ballet's imagery to the

ornamental gardens of Versailles. Then, there are the quasi-military formations—diagonals, wheels, and so on—that are the mainstay of spectacle in any large megalopolitan theatre. At one point, the lines form up so as to suggest the radial spokes of the avenues leading from the Arc de Triomphe. (Balanchine didn't have quite enough dancers, but you get the idea.) Throughout the ballet, there is a witty tension between grandiosity of scale and daintiness of detail, between frivolity and *gravitas*. Like America, France has a lively vernacular dance tradition; when the gavotte of the opening movement changes into a galop, the dancers burst into the emboulté hops associated with the cancan. Balanchine, to whom coincidences mattered, would have been interested to know that Offenbach opened his Bouffes-Parisiens in 1855, the year of Gounod's symphony; "Orphée aux Enfers" was produced there three years later. Probably he did know it, just as he knew that Sousa (who was born in 1854) played in Offenbach's orchestra when the French composer toured the United States. The second number of "Stars and Stripes" is "French"—the girls do an entire cancan routine. So Sousa and Gounod are made to exchange a salute to Offenbach, because of whom, as Balanchine once said, "Americans walk fast." The American march was driven by French tempos.

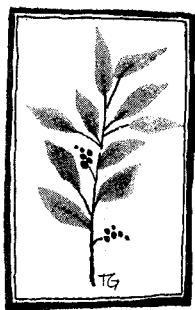
Ballets created in the same moment bear a watermark that time makes plain. All through "Gounod" are traces of things done in "Square Dance" or "Stars and Stripes." We recognize in the blocky evolutions of the corps and in the lavish use of canon a phase in Balanchine's work which was soon to close. The long pas de deux of the second movement is notably short of wind; the adagio phrases that Balanchine would demand of his ballerinas in the sixties—phrases unthinkably fine and invisibly linked—are starting to blossom in "Gounod," not in the pas de deux but in the pavane danced by the corps. The only quotation from "Symphony in C" I have been able to spot occurs in that pas de deux, in the sequence of slow finger turns in piqué attitude lengthening into piqué arabesque. On each arabesque, the ballerina pauses in profile, just as she does in the Bizet adagio, but without bending her sup-

porting knee. The omission of this detail and the very different musical context make the passage new. Other mementos of the Bizet ballet are written into the role of the corps, and are all but buried beneath the myriad elaborations to which Balanchine subjects them. The stately entrance of the ballerina in the Bizet second movement is here done en masse; the Bizet's "country reel" is expanded into the swarming maze of the Gounod's marvellous allegro vivace finale.

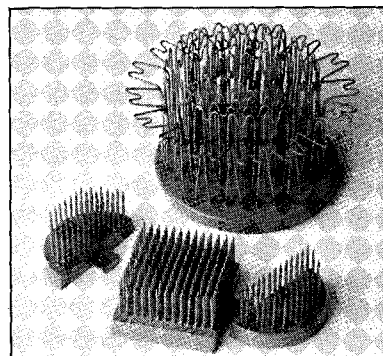
The original première of "Gounod Symphony" marked the tenth anniversary of "Symphony in C" (another reason Balanchine may have been eager to get it on early). Martin, by then a supporter, was a "Gounod" enthusiast. Edwin Denby, to whom the revival is dedicated, wrote of the "autumnal richness of 'Gounod Symphony,' hovering over a stately score, its steady four-bar phrases punctuated in thirty thousand ways, all correct." This hints at a regularity in the music which Balanchine had to find ways of overcoming. Other critics, less admiring, found the piece overambitious, both too large for the City Center stage and too difficult for the dancers. The ballet was given during N.Y.C.B.'s first year at the State Theatre, then it made way for "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," which, though not its equal, covered the vast stage without being too hard for the corps to dance. Since then, the corps de ballet

has matured; it handles with authority the slow parades and promenades that Balanchine made for it a generation ago on faith. "Gounod" always belonged to the corps. Originally, the third movement was danced entirely by groups. Balanchine, after a season or two, inserted two entrées for the principals, and these are the only parts

of his choreography that have been lost. Peter Martins made new choreography that passes for authentic Balanchine. The rest of the ballet has been staged from a choreographic script of her own devising by Vida Brown Olinick, who in 1958 was Balanchine's ballet mistress, and who also staged the Paris première. ("Gounod" has long been defunct in Paris; "Palais de Cristal" is still being danced.) Besides Mrs. Olinick's script, the company had only a silent 16-millimetre film of the corps in rehearsal and the principals in performance. Maria Tallchief and Jacques



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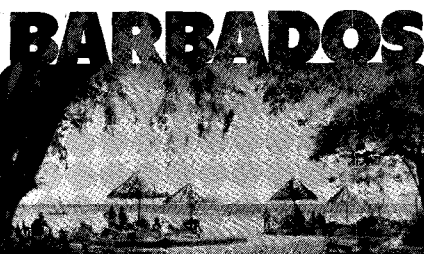
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d'Amboise danced the 1958 première. Tallchief's place was soon taken by Diana Adams (who was in the record film), then by Allegra Kent. Most of the company's ballerinas had their day in "Gounod;" Violette Verdy, now a teaching associate, is especially well remembered. All the current performances have been danced by Merrill Ashley with Sean Lavery. Ashley is at a peak of strength these days, and she has kept on expanding artistically. In the season's single performance of "Symphony in C," given on opening night, she danced the adagio with fresh musical insight and fullness of phrase. But in the Gounod second movement she has problems finding the right punctuation for the four-bar phrases Denby spoke of—problems that have kept her, despite Lavery's excellent partnering, from bringing the long dance to a climax.

Karinska's costumes have been retained, with subtle modifications. The Degas cut and coloring of the women's dresses, the old-gold brocade of the men's doublets are still exactly right (though the ballerina's tutu should be fuller). A new décor, by Robin Wagner, depicts an indoor arboretum with glass walls and a vaulting glass roof. The crystal palace that was Balanchine's original metaphor for the Paris Opéra was a hothouse for the nurturing of delicate plants. In "Gounod Symphony," he was showing the American public how classical ballet flourishes in an institutional setting. In its initial season, it was at once the most old-fashioned and the most forward-looking of the four ballets. It was the ballet that tied together past and future, and said, "See what happened in Paris? It can happen here."

—ARLENE CROCE

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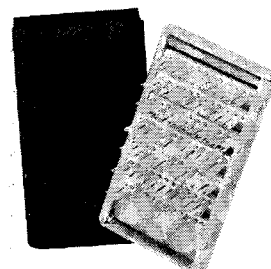
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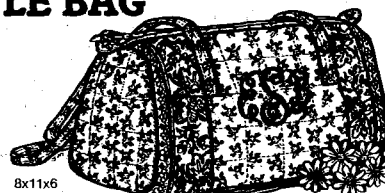
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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Long Pull to Get There

GERSHWIN's "Porgy and Bess" opened at the Metropolitan Opera this month, half a century after its first performances, in Boston and then on Broadway. If Otto Kahn had not died in 1934, the Met might have created the work. Kahn had approached Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, and Gershwin about composing for the Met; his fellow-directors there had less enthusiasm for a "jazz" opera. (The first "Porgy and Bess" records, however, were made by Met singers, Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson, in 1935, and are re-issued on a Victrola disc along with "Porgy" excerpts by Eleanor Steber, Risë Stevens, and Robert Merrill.) There are other ifs in "Porgy" history: if plans for a Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein musical with Al Jolson as Porgy had not fallen through, Gershwin's opera might not have been written. On Broadway, the opera had only a hundred and twenty-four performances, and so it was counted a failure; the backers lost their investment. The success came after Gershwin's death. "Porgy and Bess" arrives at the Met not as a novelty but as a classic that many opera houses have mounted. Glyndebourne stages it next year.

The Met production, which ran for nearly four hours on the first night, was not altogether an unmixed delight. It raised old questions about the work which I thought had been laid to rest for me in a buoyant, stylish, and totally enjoyable performance by the Indiana University Opera Theatre five years ago—questions about the merit of both the score and the subject. Gershwin aimed high. Talking to the *Herald Tribune* about "Porgy and Bess" in 1934, he said, "If I am successful, it will resemble a combination of the

drama and romance of 'Carmen' and the beauty of 'Meistersinger,' if you can imagine that. I believe it will be something never done before." The "Carmen" analogies are obvious. "Die Meistersinger" doubtless suggested community hymn singing (here spirituals, not Lutheran chorales), the choral fugue for the quarrel, and perhaps the street cries. There is also something of "Louise" in the work, some influence from Berg's "Wozzeck," an opera Gershwin much admired, and some influence—as the Gershwin scholar Wayne Shirley has pointed out—from "Der Rosenkavalier." Good models. Received wisdom about "Porgy and Bess" declares that it contains excellent songs and duets connected by stretches of recitative and instrumental interludes of markedly lower quality. Between 1935 and 1976—in which

year a complete London recording appeared, with Willard White and Leona Mitchell in the title roles, and the Houston Grand Opera staged a full production that later came to Broadway for fifteen weeks and was recorded by RCA, with Donnie Ray Albert and Clamma Dale—"Porgy and Bess" was revived in abridged versions from which much of the connecting matter had been removed. Back in 1935, Virgil Thomson wrote that "Gershwin has not and never did have the power of sustained musical development." In 1976, David Hamilton, reviewing the complete London recording, wrote:

In much of the scene music, there isn't any consistent idea of how to get from one place to another, except to write lots of music, and ambitious-sounding music, at that. But the musical development is consistently short-breathed, undercutting both the ambition and the need to fill large spaces of time. Much of it isn't really very good: The Hindemithy fugue to which Porgy kills Crown [a reprise of the choral



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fugue to which Crown kills Robbins] is quite dreadful, scholastic and meaningless. The problem of what kind of musical fabric would best surround, connect, and set off these wonderful songs has not really been faced.

But Gershwin did, I think, face the problem, although he failed to solve it. If his "in-between" passages are feeble, it is not for lack of care and effort on his part. I spent a fascinating day last week poring over the "Porgy and Bess" sketches now in the Library of Congress. In them one can discover not only the famous tunes moving through draft versions to their definitive forms but also many studies for the music that links the numbers: development passages, contrapuntal essays, thematic transformations and conjunctions, harmonic experiments. Melodies are written out in inversion, in retrograde, in retrograde inversion. Motifs are tabled. Such preliminary toil, of course, affords no guarantee that good music will result. Received wisdom is not wrong. But it is at least plain that Gershwin did not simply write inspired songs and then join them up with musical Scotch Tape. His goal was a through-composed and thoroughly composed grand opera, a "Wozzeck" in an American idiom. That he did not achieve it—and that "Porgy and Bess" has succeeded most often when reduced to a ballad opera—is due partly to his lack of technical command; partly to the nature of his musical material, its frequent unaptness to the kinds of procedure through which he puts it; and partly to the "book."

Linking the first and second points, Mr. Thomson wrote that Gershwin's "lack of understanding of all the major problems of form, of continuity, and of straightforward musical expression, is not surprising in view of the impurity of his musical sources and his frank acceptance of them." (Those impure sources are devastatingly described as "at best . . . a piquant but highly unsavory stirring-up-together of Israel, Africa, and the Gaelic Isles.") About the libretto, separate points—sociological and dramaturgical—need making. It derives from the play "Porgy," by Dorothy Heyward and DuBose Heyward, which the Theatre Guild staged with success in 1927. And the play derives from DuBose Heyward's novel "Porgy" (1925), an evocation of Charleston black scenes that he knew well—"my own white man's conception of a summer of aspiration, devotion, and heart-break across the colour wall," as he

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put it in a preface to the play. The novel begins:

Porgy lived in the Golden Age. Not the Golden Age of a remote and legendary past; nor yet the chimerical era treasured by every man past middle life, that never existed except in the heart of youth; but an age when men, not yet old, were boys in an ancient, beautiful city that time had forgotten before it destroyed.

Heyward envies the Negroes, he says; and he seems to envy them simplicity, naturalness, the ability to sing away their cares. Credulity, fecklessness, gullibility are found charming. "Porgy" is affectionate, and not patronizing by intention, but some things about it give one pause. From the start, Gershwin's opera has inevitably aroused a certain uneasiness in both blacks and whites—and in both performers and spectators. Duke Ellington scorned Gershwin's "lampblack Negroisms." Douglas Watt, reviewing the London album in these columns, noted that it is "hard to find trained black singers willing to immerse themselves, with what must amount to almost atavistic abandon, in a white man's version of black folkways and characterizations from which their race has so painfully fought to escape." It's a tricky matter. Maybe it's enough to conclude that when a black cast today is prepared to throw itself heart and soul into the work white spectators should simply forget their scruples and enjoy the show. The Met has expunged the word "nigger" from the libretto.

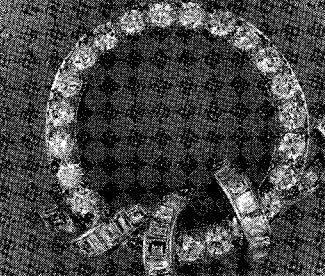
The dramaturgical side is easier to discuss. "Porgy" the play already included a deal of music; when, for the opera, Heyward added songs (the lyrics for some of them written by Ira Gershwin) and devised ensembles, he broke the dramatic narrative into what can seem like a succession of loosely connected genre scenes. There are stretches of "Porgy and Bess" that bump from episode to episode, from number to number. It's a perfectly good dramatic technique when deliberately employed, but it seems like clumsiness in a work evidently intended for straight-line, veristic presentation.

Any simple, unquestioning surrender to "Porgy and Bess" was made difficult at the Met by the less than convincing presentation of the two principal roles. On Simon Estes, the Porgy, judgment must be reserved. At the dress rehearsal, he had dislocated his right knee, and on the first night he sang the part resting on his left

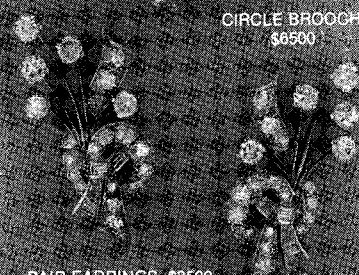
knee with his right leg stretched out straight before him. It is an uncomfortable and soon becomes a painful posture, and so one can hardly blame Mr. Estes for not enacting the role or giving it much expression. Heyward envisaged Bess as "a gaunt, tragic figure," and in the play she is described as "slender, but sinewy; very black, wide nostrils, and large, but well-formed, mouth. She flaunts a typical, but debased, Negro beauty." However, the first Bess of the opera, Anne Brown, was (to judge from photographs) slender, attractive, and of distinguished appearance. She was only twenty, and so she had to don years for the role. ("Dat girl's thirty if she's a day!") So did my first Bess, Leontyne Price, who was twenty-five when I saw her. (Miss Price made beautiful "Porgy" recordings, now reissued on RCA; John W. Bubbles, as in 1935, is the Sportin' Life.) Grace Bumbry, the Met interpreter, looked rather mature for the part, and short, tight-fitting dresses did not flatter her. Still, we have seen affecting Butterflies who plainly carried more than fifteen years, and matronly Mimis who were nevertheless moving. The trouble was more that Miss Bumbry played not so much Bess as a world-famous diva attacking the role with undisciplined, even vulgar, relish. She didn't suggest the sort of person who would naturally say, "Porgy, I's yo' woman now, I is!" She did, however, sing the notes securely.

Otherwise, the cast was pretty strong. Gregg Baker, the Crown, was Heyward's "huge Negro of magnificent physique," and he sang vigorously. Bruce Hubbard, the Jake, sang even better, resisting the temptation (to which many others succumbed) of oversinging—pushing—in an endeavor to fill the enormous auditorium. Myra Merritt, the Clara, began a shade thinly but then improved, and she has the "sweet, wistful face" Heyward asked for. Florence Quivar's Serena was admirable. Charles Williams' Sportin' Life was spry. There were many new faces and voices on the stage, and there was a large new chorus, which made a fresh, full, and lively sound. (The Gershwin estate insists on an all-black cast in American performances of the opera.) Nathaniel Merrill's production was a routine affair, neither punchy nor poignant. Robert O'Hearn's design for Catfish Row was traditional but carried little suggestion that the tenement court had grown up in what was "in Colonial days one of the finest build-

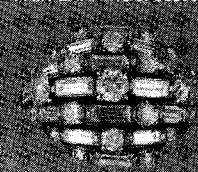
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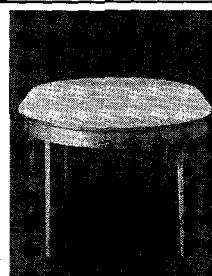
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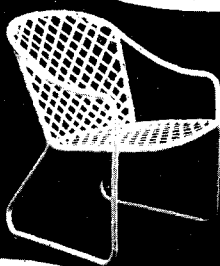
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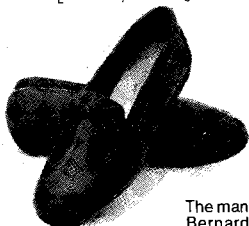
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ings of the aristocracy." His set for Serena's room was very awkward—the people huddled together as if packed on a narrow shelf. The style veered between stock verismo and—in the dances, done by a gleaming, long-limbed ensemble from Dance Theatre of Harlem, and in Sportin' Life's songs—show numbers. James Levine's conducting was at once energetic, heavy, and bland. By comparison with the youthful Indiana presentation, everything seemed rather heavy and overblown. Perhaps in the Met that's inevitable.

After Indiana, I wrote that "the genre scenes built into a coherent whole; the threads of personal tragedy ran through them unbroken; the sense of a linked community and of the individual sufferings and solaces of those within it was vividly conveyed." And also that "the more of the score that is done the better." I can't say as much after the Met production. It seemed badly in need of cutting—though perhaps all it needs is a lighter, keener, more imaginative touch in the execution. If, on the other hand, the Met feels like *adding*, there's a scene for Bess and Serena, in Act III, that has never been staged. It needs orchestration. Mr. Shirley found it in Gershwin's pencil short score of the opera, which is also in the Library of Congress (as is the autograph full score, some of whose readings should be used to correct what is generally performed). He described it in the summer, 1981, issue of the Library's *Quarterly Journal*, which includes a recording of the scene, given with piano accompaniment. It provides Bess with a solo ("Oh let me be, Serena, can't you see I's changed? . . . I's done with yesterday an' I got a new tomorrow"), which otherwise the heroine lacks, and it closes with a duet, "Lonesome boy," which the two women sing tenderly over Clara's orphan baby.

—ANDREW PORTER

Someone was locked inside the town dump last week, but not Paul Gibson and his daughter. The selectmen heard it was Mr. Gibson and subsequently sought to make sure that the dump is not locked before all residents have left. But it was not Mr. Gibson who was locked in there.—*Shelburne Falls & West County (Mass.) News.*

O.K., but we still hear those faint cries.

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[Stephanie Whittaker in the Montreal Gazette]

It was as if someone had discovered that Michelangelo didn't paint the Mona Lisa.



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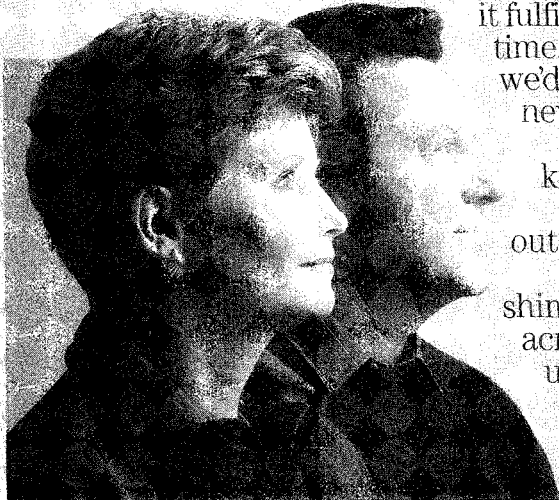
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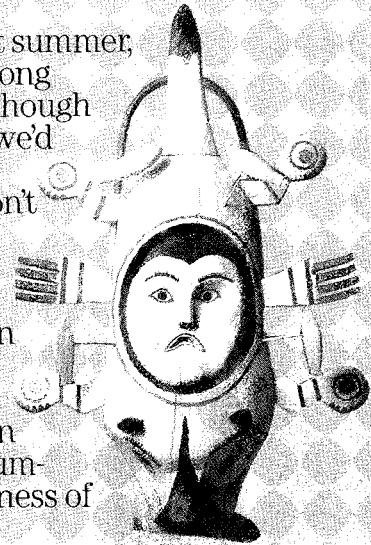
I think of watching the moon shimmering a magical reflection across miles of still water. The untouched beauty spreading in all directions. The gigantic summer blossoms. And the richness of the native art and culture.

But mostly, I think of the people.

So friendly. So open. So free with their time. The spirit there is so fresh and alive. Robert is sure that kind of pride and spirit is what our grandparents must have felt years ago.

I think the hard part about dreams that stay with you is when they finally come true, they are oftentimes disappointing. But not Alaska.

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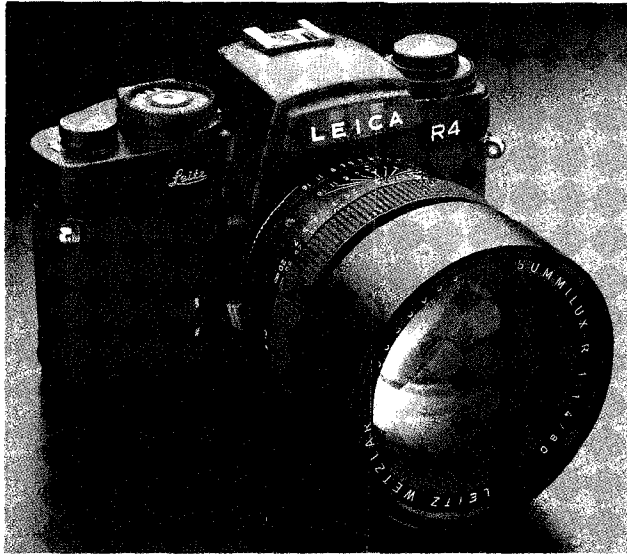
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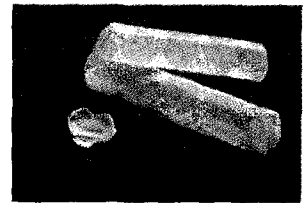
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BOOKS

The Habit of Recording

VOLUME V of "The Diary of Virginia Woolf," edited by Anne Olivier Bell, assisted by Andrew McNeillie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$19.95), extends from the beginning of January, 1936, at which time she was fifty-three, through March 24, 1941—four days before she drowned herself. In the preface to the one-volume selection that Leonard Woolf published in 1953, he remarks, "It is, I think, nearly always a mistake to publish extracts from diaries or letters, particularly if the omissions have to be made in order to protect the feelings or reputations of the living." Among the passages that he cut for this reason was a sentence about the bibliophile, bibliographer, and editor John Hayward, who suffered from muscular dystrophy: "Has a great thick soft red lip: frozen green eyes; & angular attitudes like a monkey on a string." No doubt Hayward's feelings would have been hurt by Mrs. Woolf's description of him if it had been published during his lifetime. But there he is, preserved without particular malice but with no sympathy either, as he must have appeared. And here is another: "Willie Maugham came in: like a dead man whose beard or moustache has grown a little grisly bristle after death. And his lips are drawn back like a dead mans. He has small ferret eyes. A look of suffering & malignity & meanness & suspicion . . . Sat like an animal in a trap: or like a steel trap. And I could not say anything that loosed his dead man's jaw." Not counting the introduction and index, the volume of selections is only three hundred and sixty-five pages. The five volumes of the present edition add up to more than seventeen hundred pages. It would have been a great pity if, for any reason, the diary had never been published in its entirety. Mrs. Bell's ten-year labor of editing has provided a text that is trustworthy, and her crisp footnotes have left no question unanswered that could be answered.

"At the best and even unexpurgated," Leonard Woolf continues, "diaries give a distorted or one-sided portrait of the writer, because, as Virginia Woolf herself remarks somewhere in these diaries, one gets into the habit of recording one particular kind of mood—irritation or misery, say—and of not writing one's diary when one is feeling the opposite."

Probably. But it seems to me that the image of Mrs. Woolf that emerges from her uncut diary is less distorted than the impression of her character that one has from reading her letters. If that impression is not entirely likable, it is perhaps because—particularly when she wrote to her sister—her letters tended to be a performance, and it is more entertaining to be savage about one's friends than to do them justice. But if it is for her own eyes only, her judgments are noticeably more rounded out, and more charitable. When she writes, after the death of Lady Ottoline Morrell, "To Philip to choose a ring & emotionalise," it is not Philip Morrell's grief that she is being sardonic about but the element of falseness in her own relations with that generous but also very odd and sometimes tiresome woman. Having read in a newspaper that Katherine Cox, who was devoted to her in her youth and helped nurse her during an earlier period of madness, had died of a heart attack, she wrote, "And what do I feel? Oh that one could feel more

for the deaths of ones friends! But it comes & goes, feeling." After a neatly balanced list of the dead woman's virtues and exasperating qualities, she concludes, "I wonder, did she know she was dying? & what did she think of it all? And why? As usual, I regret: that she sent me cream at Christmas, & in the flurry of L.'s illness I never wrote & thanked; that she suggested coming, & absorbed in Nessa last autumn, I did not arrange it." But when her nephew Julian Bell was killed driving an ambulance in Spain, she grieved sincerely, without self-examination, and for a long time.

In general she was more candid about her feelings than most people manage to be: "Owing to my impulsive idiocy—saying I hoped to see him—Eddy Sackville has imposed his petulance upon us for this week end. Shall I tell him so? or must impulsiveness be punished? But remember another time how people grasp at straws. And how I hate being a straw." But she is also given to—the novelist in her is given to flights of understanding

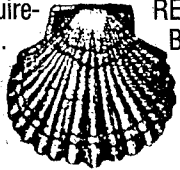


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of the emotional situation of others. In writing about the death and funeral of her mother-in-law, for whom she had only a very moderate liking, she remarks, "I always notice the weather in which people die, as if the soul would notice if its wet or windy . . . The truth was, age had taken everything away that was real, I think: only age left the pathetic animal, which was very real; the body that wanted to live."

"One cant dislike people in the flesh" is something that the letter writer would have hesitated to confess.

THROUGH habit and so many years of practice her journal style attained a kind of nervous perfection of density and expressiveness. It was written at odd moments—usually before lunch, when she had finished working for the day—and in haste. When she does stop and consider something carefully, for example Elizabeth Bowen's stammer ("her whirr of voice as she cant alight on a word—a whirr of sound that makes the word quiver & seem blurred"), it is like an intense white light being focussed on the subject. As in the preceding volumes there are items dealing with the Hogarth Press; with her literary jealousy (less as she grew older) and vulnerability to criticism; relatives and friends; her walks in London or in the country; plays; politics; public events ("The marriage stretches from one end of the paper to another. Pictures of the D. of York & the Princesses fill every cranny. Mrs Simpson is snapped by lime light at midnight as she gets out of her car. Her luggage is also photographed. Parties are forming. The different interests are queueing up behind Baldwin, or Churchill").

There are wonderful set pieces, as is only to be expected from the diary of a novelist. They spring from the page, almost without the help of words. The sounds of an English village on Sunday. The crowd gathered outside Buckingham Palace at midnight waiting for bulletins on the condition of George V, who was dying at Sandringham. A visit to Penshurst Place, the Elizabethan house of the impoverished Algernon Sidney, 4th Baron De L'Isle and Dudley. The offstage appearance and character of the actress Viola Tree. What is surprising when one goes back and rereads these set pieces is how little space they take.

The journal that has no bizarre or small domestic details is not likely to be very readable. One enjoys knowing

that when Leonard Woolf found a drowned hedgehog in the lily pool he tried to resuscitate it. And, remembering how irritable that saintly man could be, smiles when the clumsy maid-of-all-work trod on his spectacles. And is charmed by this entry for October 22, 1937: "Waking at 3 I decided I would spend the week end at Paris. Got so far as looking up trains, consulting Nessa about hotel. Then L. said he wd. rather not. Then I was overcome with happiness. Then we walked round the square love making—after 25 years cant bear to be separate. Then I walked round the Lake in Regents Park. Then . . . you see it is an enormous pleasure, being wanted: a wife. And our marriage so complete."

A conversation overheard in the ladies' lavatory of the Sussex Grill at Brighton is preserved from oblivion. Likewise, tea with Lady Colefax. There are entries dealing with writing and writers ("A[uden]. wants innumerable blankets on his bed; innumerable cups of tea; then shuts the shutters & draws the blinds & writes"); with the books she is reading ("Home, & dine alone, & sleep over Mr Clarkson's memoirs. He had a sexual kink, & a passion for fish—ran Sarah Bernhardt's errands; & I suppose—but all details are lacking, made 40,000 wigs for one show"); with her fear that a loan of a hundred and fifty pounds to an improvident friend will not be repaid; with improvements at Monks House, their weekend place in Sussex. Abnormal mental states are studied as if they were a slide under a microscope ("I wish I could write out my sensations at this moment. They are so peculiar & so unpleasant. Partly T[ime] of L[ife]? I wonder. A physical feeling as if I were drumming slightly in the veins: very cold: impotent: & terrified. As if I were exposed on a high ledge in full light. Very lonely. L. out to lunch. Nessa has Quentin & dont want me. Very useless. No atmosphere round me. No words. Very apprehensive. As if something cold & horrible—a roar of laughter at my expense were about to happen").

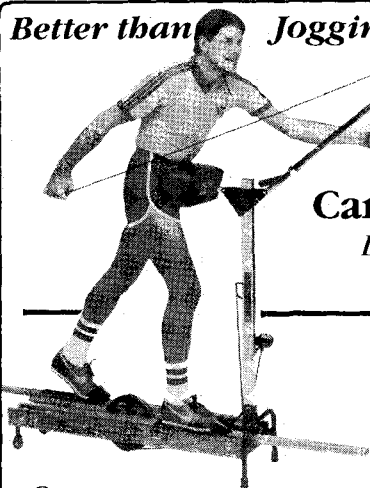
Changes in the weather are noted, as they are in most diaries, though of what interest it will be to the diarist to read at some much later time that there was "a great gale all yesterday & a dusk over everything & rain" it is difficult to see. However, it offers a way of getting started. Motoring to Scotland, she sits by the side of the

road, under the Roman Wall, while Leonard cleans the spark plugs. She tries to imagine what it will be like to be old, to lose the power of sequence, be unable to prolong an emotion. She remembers her parents: "How beautiful they were, those old people—I mean father & mother—how simple, how clear, how untroubled. I have been dipping into old letters & fathers memoirs. He loved her—oh & was so candid & reasonable & transparent . . . How serene & gay even their life reads to me: no mud; no whirlpools."

The Woolfs have weekend visitors. Servants give trouble, and leave, and are later rehired. And leave again. And there are, of course, a great many entries about her work. During the period covered in this book she published that heavy, lifeless novel "The Years," a biography of Roger Fry, and "Three Guineas," in which she attempted to deal simultaneously with women's rights and the threat of Fascism; and wrote "Between the Acts"—the last of her major novels. Her refusal to believe that it was as good as her husband and John Lehmann, the only two people who had seen the manuscript, said it was either brought about or coincided with a return of her madness and she chose not to go on living.

Though to judge by the diary alone she was not morbidly preoccupied with the thought of suicide, external events obliged her to dwell on it. There was every reason to believe that when the fighting in France ended, the invasion of the British Isles would follow. Leonard Woolf was Jewish, and she did not wish to live if he died. He kept a can of gasoline in the garage of their Sussex house for suicide, and it is obvious that this haunted her mind. On May 15, 1940, she wrote, "This morning we discussed suicide if Hitler lands. Jews beaten up. What point in waiting? Better shut the garage doors. This a sensible, rather matter of fact talk." And later on in the same entry added, "Mr Pritchard (the old one) dead at last. No, I don't want the garage to see the end of me. I've a wish for 10 years more, & to write my book wh. as usual darts into my brain." And on June 9th: "I don't want to go to bed at midday: this refers to the garage." But before any of this the reader is brought up short by the entry for August 17, 1938: "The old woman who lived up at Mt Misery drowned herself 3 days ago. The body was found near Piddinghoe—my usual walk. Her son died; she turned queer;

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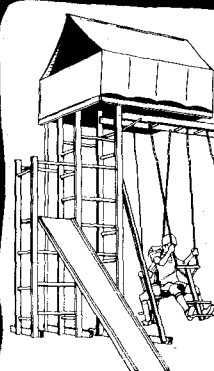
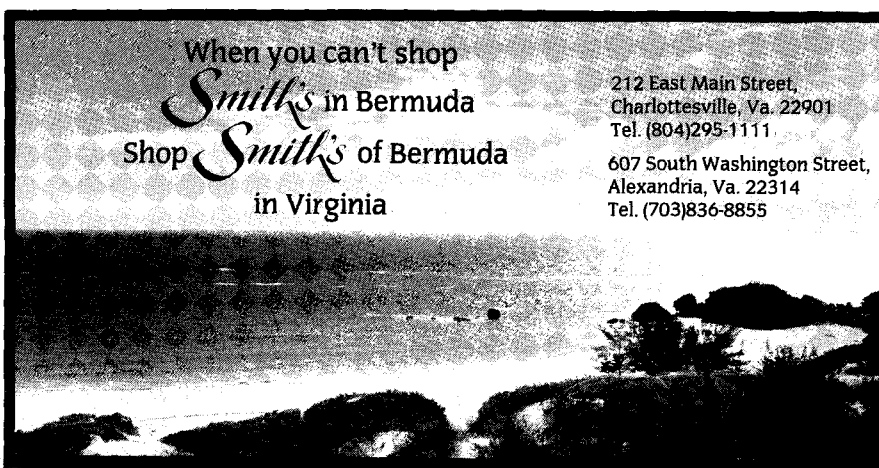
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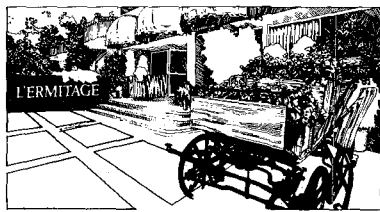
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Yousuf Karsh

had been a midwife in Brighton; lived in the broken windowed half of Mr Bradfield's house. She used to moon over the downs with a dog. Once she came to the shop late on Sunday to beg 2d of paraffin—she was alone in the dark. They threatened to turn her out—farm wanted. She had killed her dog. So at last off she goes, on Monday perhaps when the tide was high in the afternoon, & jumps in. Louie [the cook] says her brother found a drowned woman the other day at Barcombe Mills—a horrid sight.” It seems possible that these two incidents were stored away in the back of her mind and were reenacted in her own drowning.

THROUGHOUT this final volume, the war comes nearer and nearer until the German planes are flying over Monks House. “We lay down under the tree. The sound was like someone sawing in the air just above us. We lay flat on our faces, hands behind head. Dont close yr teeth said L. They seemed to be sawing at something stationary . . . Will it drop I asked? If so, we shall be broken together . . . Then another came from Newhaven. Hum & saw & buzz all round us. A horse neighed on the marsh. Very sultry. Is it thunder? I said. No guns, said L.”

Her concentration is destroyed by a bomb dropping so close that she curses, thinking it is Leonard slamming a window. They become accustomed to the sinister sawing noise, which occurs generally about eight-thirty in the evening, grows louder and fades. Then begins once more. “Now & then theres a thud. The windows shake. So we know London is raided again.” While they are outside watching a dogfight, the cook joins them, looks at the sky, and then inquires if the fish is to be boiled or fried.

They drive up to London, having been informed that their house in Mecklenburgh Square has been severely damaged. At eleven-thirty in the morning there is already a queue, mostly children with suitcases, outside the Warren Street Underground station. Their old house, at 52 Tavistock Square, is gone. “One glass door in the next door house hanging. I cd just see a piece of my studio wall standing: otherwise rubble where I wrote so many books. Open air where we sat so many nights, gave so many parties.” In the Mecklenburgh Square house they find windows shattered, ceilings down, and most of their china

smashed. “All again litter, glass, black soft dust, plaster powder . . . Books all over dining room floor. In my sitting room glass all over Mrs Hunter's cabinet—and so on. Only the drawing room with windows almost whole. A wind blowing through. I began to hunt out diaries.” At three o'clock, on their way back to the country, the line outside the Warren Street tube station has grown very much longer, with men and women now, carrying bags and blankets, queueing up for shelter during that night's raid.

Characteristically, Leonard Woolf figures how much it will cost to repair the damage, and she remarks in the diary, “But its odd—the relief at losing possessions. I shd like to start life, in peace, almost bare—free to go anywhere.” The Hogarth Press was moved to Letchworth, in Hertfordshire, and the furniture and books from Mecklenburgh Square were stored at Monks House or in the village. After heavy rains, the River Ouse, nearby, overflowed its banks and the marsh became a sea with gulls on it. She read Michelet, cooked dinner, and listened to music. The butter disappeared while they were outdoors playing bowls; suspicion pointed to a voluntary collector for St. Dunstan's, whose card they found tucked in the door. And the bombs continued to fall on their part of Sussex. “Yesterday a raider came popping over the hill: L. saw a smoke rise. In fact it was shot down at Tarring Neville. Louie says the country people ‘stomped’ the heads of the 4 dead Germans into the earth.”

She tries to imagine what it would be like to be killed by a bomb. “I've got it fairly vivid—the sensation: but cant see anything but suffocating non-entity following after. I shall think—oh I wanted another 10 years—not this—& shant, for once, be able to describe it.”

THE editor's claim that this is one of the great diaries of the world does not strike me as an exaggeration.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SECRETS, AND OTHER STORIES, by Bernard MacLaverty (Viking; \$13.95). A diverse and memorable collection of fifteen stories, all antedating the author's novels, and for each of which the title story's title would be apt. “The Exercise” is about a schoolboy whose father tries

to help him with his homework; "St Paul Could Hit the Nail on the Head" features a mother who does not practice what she preaches; in "A Pornographer Woos," set on a beach, a writer writes to his wife, a few feet away, while his mother-in-law sits between them, and his children come and go. Not all the stories live up to the promise of their titles ("Umberto Verdi, Chimney Sweep," for instance, and "A Rat and Some Renovations"), but the others make the reader feel content—like the drunk in "A Present for Christmas" gloating over his bottled merriment, which "tinked like full bells."

VOICES IN AN EMPTY ROOM, by Francis King (Little, Brown; \$15.95). Mr. King's new novel—different, as always, from its predecessors—is chiefly concerned with three Englishwomen: Sybil, a beautiful, fiftyish headmistress of a school for girls; Lavinia, a highly successful actress in her forties; and Bridget, a woman of about the same age with three children. All are deeply bereaved. Sybil grieves for her beloved brother, who jumped or fell from a hotel window. Lavinia grieves for her bastard teen-age son, who, feeling unloved, hanged himself. Bridget grieves for her husband, a journalist killed while covering the Falkland Islands war. All believe, or want to believe, that there is communication from beyond the grave. This hope brings them together, and brings about a stunning climax—to a stunning and thoroughly bewitching novel.

GENERAL

LAY BARE THE HEART: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, by James Farmer (Arbor House; \$16.95). Powerful, passionate, and candid, these memoirs recall a Southern childhood as the son of a distinguished university professor—a great man in the black community who, his child observed, was forced to make himself small when he dealt with whites. After studying theology at Howard University, Mr. Farmer went to work as the Chicago representative of a pacifist organization, the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The unpredictabilities of Northern patterns of racial segregation impelled him to think of ways to cure the United States of its Jim Crow habits; influenced by Gandhi and Thoreau

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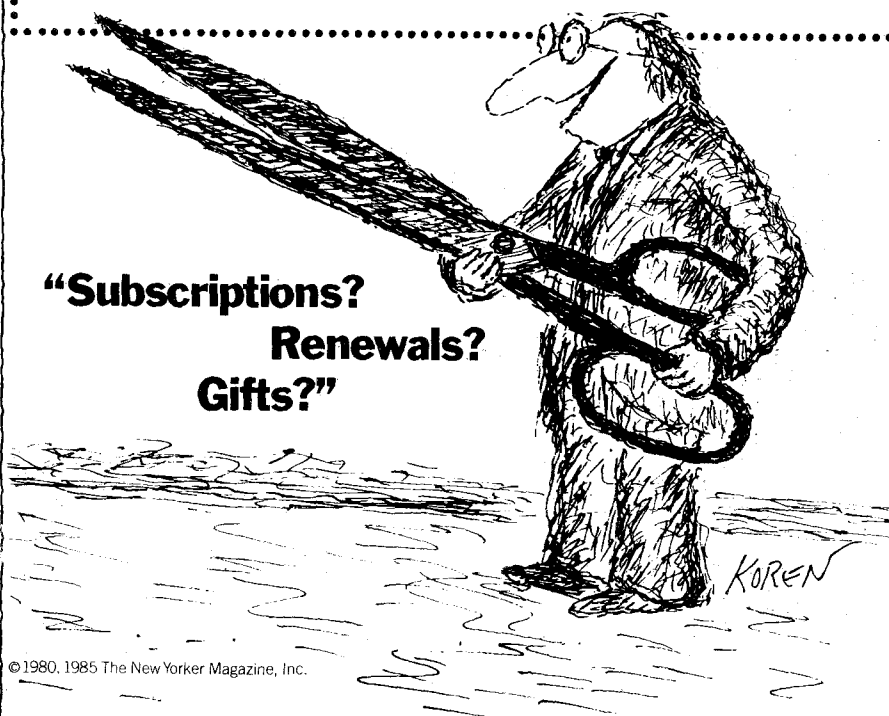
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and helped by black and white friends, he tried out nonviolent sit-ins to desegregate public places—a restaurant, for example, and a skating rink—as early as 1942. These experiences led to the founding of the Congress of Racial Equality, a volunteer interracial organization dedicated to nonviolent change. In 1961, Mr. Farmer—who had supported himself and his family by working as a student organizer for the League for Industrial Democracy, and on the staff of the N.A.A.C.P.—was chosen to lead CORE through the epoch of sit-ins and Freedom Rides that ultimately changed American life. He is frank about his fears as he led teams of nonviolent protesters against violent men, and equally truthful in describing his naïveté in, for example, dealing with President Lyndon Johnson. Legitimately proud of the achievements of the civil-rights movement, Mr. Farmer never exaggerates—and very likely underestimates—his own importance in it.

"SURELY YOU'RE JOKING, MR. FEYNMAN!" by Richard P. Feynman (Norton; \$16.95). Richard P. Feynman, of the California Institute of Technology, is perhaps the most original theoretical physicist to appear since the Second World War. He won the Nobel Prize in 1965. This book, which is based mostly on stories he told his friend Ralph Leighton over several years, is quintessential Feynman—funny, brilliant, bawdy, and sometimes childish. It gives little real idea of Feynman's contributions to physics, however, and a non-scientist may well wonder what to make of him. It is as if one were tone-deaf and knew Mozart only from his letters to his cousin Bäsle and from the writings of musicologists telling how marvellous a musician he was. Certainly readers will find Feynman enormously entertaining (he is one of the truly great scientific lecturers), but they may feel, as Salieri did, that the dear Lord distributes His gifts in strange ways.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CONSTANCE, by Joyce Bentley (Beaufort; \$13.95). A brief life of Constance Mary Lloyd, who married Oscar Wilde. Constance is a vague and shadowy figure in most of the Wilde biographies, but the author of this book can show, from the memoirs and letters of those who knew her, that she was anything but dim and

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inconsequential. She had a conventional upbringing in Dublin and in England, against which she rebelled. She was strikingly beautiful, an accomplished pianist, a fluent writer (of magazine articles and a children's book), a champion of women's rights and of dress reform (she refused to wear a bustle), and a friend of George Meredith, John Ruskin, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. At the conclusion of Wilde's trial, in 1895, Constance was forced into exile on the Continent with her two young sons (whose surname and hers she was prevailed upon to change), and from then until her death, in 1898, at the age of forty, she was an innocent victim of the worst kind of Victorian hypocrisy. This little book, although it is rather artlessly written, goes far to right a historical injustice. Illustrations.

THE MAN FROM THE U.S.S.R. AND OTHER PLAYS, by Vladimir Nabokov, translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$24.95). The Nabokov estate continues to come up with treasures. This volume, following the three posthumously published volumes of lectures by the great novelist, poet, and lepidopterist, contains two full-length plays, two short plays, two lectures on drama, and two introductions by the translator, Nabokov's son. All make entertaining reading; the elder Nabokov's famed trickiness, which often threatened to burst the bounds of prose fiction, fits nicely on the stage, where a high level of artifice is already established. "The Event," a three-act play composed in 1938 and successfully produced in Paris that year (and given subsequent performances, all in Russian, in such unthinkable locales as the Warsaw and Belgrade of 1941), with particular brilliance teases theatrical commonplaces like the unities of time and place, stage asides, "character" parts, twins played by the same actor, and melodramatic audience expectations. Three years after writing "The Event," Nabokov, lecturing in the Palo Alto of 1941, at Stanford University, set forth his shrewd criticisms of conventional stagecraft and his wish to see the "secret rhythm of chance... pulsating in the veins of the tragic muse." His farces flirt with desolation; his abiding sense of the deceptions of art within nature gives a

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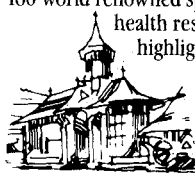
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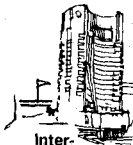


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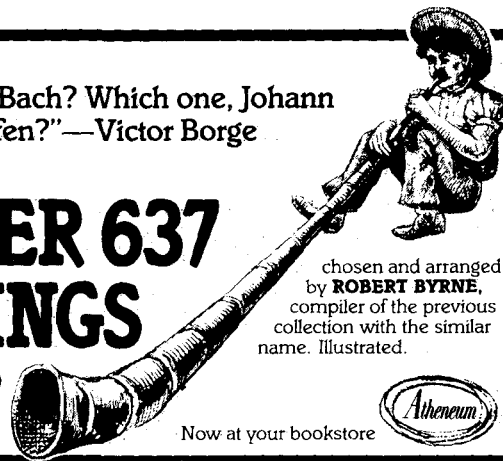
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SECRETS



A new book by Peter Taylor has always made reviewers and fellow writers marvel that he remains a secret to so many readers. Especially since, as Paul Gray recently said in *Time*, "his work is not difficult, only miraculously engaging and evocative."

But with his latest book the secret seems to be out. Robert Penn Warren writes, "*The Old Forest* confirms to me what I have believed for a very long time: Peter Taylor has been, and is, in this century, one of the real, and probably enduring, masters of the short story in America." And Jonathan Yardley of the *Washington Post* agrees: "By comparison with *The Old Forest* almost everything else published by American writers in recent years seems small, cramped, brittle, inconsequential... Taylor has been compared to Chekhov; certainly both are virtuosos of the short story and of human psychology. But in the literature of his own country, Taylor can be compared to no one except himself; he is, as every word in this book testifies, an American master."

None of this comes as a surprise to readers of *The New Yorker*. Indeed, seven of the fourteen stories in *The Old Forest* appeared originally in this magazine. "Taylor is nonetheless almost unknown outside the literary community," *Publishers Weekly* says. Why? Perhaps, our friends at *PW* muse, it's because "in an age when writers shout, Taylor is the master of the whisper."

We're glad that some secrets can't be kept and that the whispers about Peter Taylor's glorious writing have turned to shouts.

L.L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY'S Dial Press publishes Peter Taylor's *The Old Forest* and *Other Stories*. It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

curious power to the fragile illusions of theatre. "The Pole" and "The Grand-Dad," one-act verse plays written in 1923, poetically present terminal historical moments—the end of Scott's ill-fated polar expedition, the encounter of an intended victim of the guillotine with his now senile would-be executioner. The title play, dating from 1925-26 and set in Berlin's émigré community, displays in five acts a jumble of actions from which nothing more clearly emerges than the young playwright's hopeless longing to return to Russia. Dmitri Nabokov, in his role of introducer and annotator, does an eerily good job of mimicking his father's testy pedantry and lofty turns of phrase.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GHOSTWAY, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row; \$13.95). With every additional novel about the Navajo Tribal Policeman Jim Chee (this is No. 6), it becomes harder and harder to remember that Mr. Hillerman is not himself a Navajo. Here, as always, we are offered not simply a first-rate story of suspense and mystery and murder but a story in which the suspense and the mystery and the murder are wholly and inseparably intertwined with the culture of the Navajo nation. The suspense and the mystery and the murder this time involve a missing young Navajo girl, a missing Navajo elder, and a corpse buried in a way quite contrary to Navajo ritual, and Mr. Hillerman is at his best both as a writer and as an anthropologist.

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[From an article on the Princess of Wales in *Cosmopolitan*]

As she eases into the job, her confidence is growing, and instead of relying on Charles for the instant repartee, she does pretty well by herself. Her sense of fun came out just recently when she visited a hospital for war veterans and was introduced to a one-armed man propped up in a wheelchair. Shaking him warmly by the hand, Diana grinned and said, "I bet you have fun chasing the soap around the bathtub."

Another reader had a problem with flavor changes upon standing in a fruit salad using papaya and pineapple. The culprit could very well be the enzymes again.—*Los Angeles Times*.

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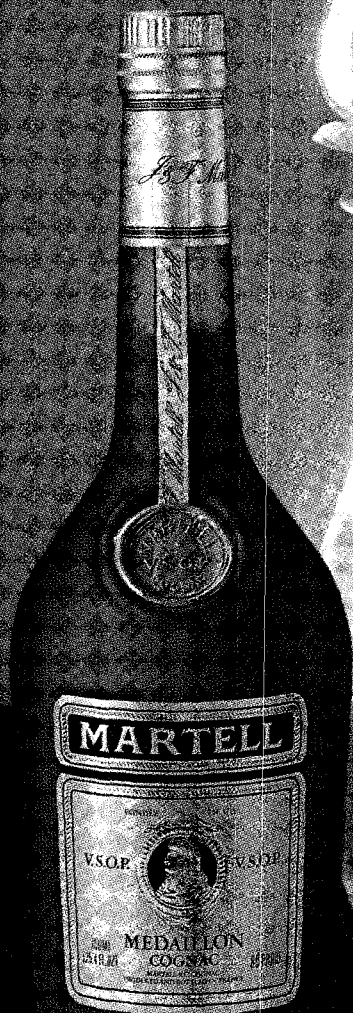
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